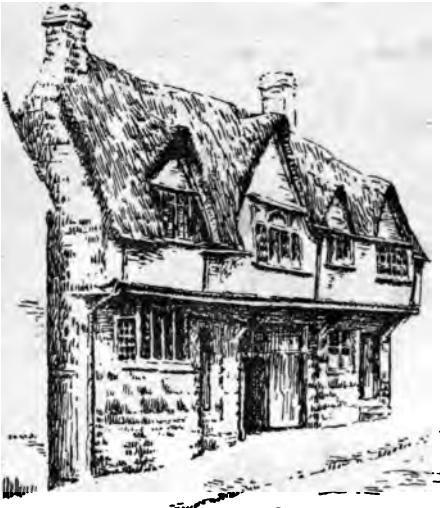
John Goldsmid.

Ex-Libris.

"Remove not the ancient land mark."—*Prov. xxii.*, 28.



The Old Cottages Sheep Street

J. Edward Ekins.

THE

SPIRIT

OF THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS

FOR

1814.

BEING

AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION

OF THE MOST INGENIOUS

ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS

THAT APPEAR IN THE

NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES, AND ANECDOTES

OF

MANY OF THE PERSONS ALLUDED TO.

VOL. XVIII.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGWAY, NO. 170, PICCADILLY,

OPPOSITE BOND STREET.

1815.

S. Gosnell, Printer,
Little Queen Street, London.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As the commencement of this Publication was nearly coetaneous to the French Revolution, and as its main object was to record the ingenious essays and satires to which that event gave birth; it has been thought expedient and proper to terminate the present Series with the conclusion of the war. For wit and humour the Eighteen Volumes that have now been published may boldly challenge comparison with any former production of the kind.

A few complete Sets of this Work, in Eighteen Volumes, still remain on sale; and Subscribers, whose Sets are not perfect, may complete them by an early application.—The price of each volume is 7s. in boards.

CONTENTS.

Dupery

On

Epigram,

A Letter

Lines

Epigram

New

THE

SPIRIT

OF THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS,

FOR 1814.

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE,

For the Commencement of the Year 1814.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

I.

IN happy hour doth he receive
The laurel, meed of famous bards of yore,
Which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore,
In happy hour; and well may he rejoice,
Whose earliest task must be
To raise th' exultant hymn for victory,
And join a nation's joy with harp and voice,
Pouring the strain of triumph on the wind:
Glory to God, his song—Deliverance for mankind!

II.

Wake, lute and harp! My soul, take up the strain!
Glory to God! Deliverance for mankind!
Joy,—for all nations, joy! but most for thee
Who hast so nobly fill'd thy part assign'd,
O England! O my glorious native land!
For thou in evil days didst stand
Against leagu'd Europe all in arms array'd,
Single and undismay'd,
Thy hope in heaven and in thine own right hand.
Now are thy virtuous efforts overpaid,
Thy generous counsels now their guerdon find,—
Glory to God! Deliverance for mankind!

III.

Dread was the strife, for mighty was the foe
Who sought with his whole strength thy overthrow:
The nations bow'd before him; some in war
Subdu'd, some yielding to superior art;
Submiss, they follow'd his victorious car.
Their kings, like satraps, waited round his throne;
For Britain's ruin and their own,
By force or fraud, in monstrous league combin'd.
Alone in that disastrous hour
Britain stood firm, and brav'd his power;
Alone she fought the battles of mankind.

IV.

O virtue, which above all former fame
Exalts her venerable name;
O joy of joys for every British breast!
That, with that mighty peril full in view,
The Queen of Ocean to herself was true!
That no weak heart, no abject mind possess'd
Her counsels to abase her lofty crest,—
Then had she sunk in everlasting shame,—
But, ready still to succour the oppress'd,
Her red cross floated on the waves unfurl'd,
Offering redemption to the groaning world.

V.

First from his trance th' heroic Spaniard woke;
His chains he broke,
And, casting off his neck the treacherous yoke,
He call'd on England, on his generous foe:
For well he knew that wheresoe'er
Wise policy prevail'd, or brave despair,
Thither would Britain's succours flow,
Her arm be present there.
Then too regenerate Portugal display'd
Her ancient virtue, dormant all too long:
Rising against intolerable wrong,
On England, on her old ally, for aid
The faithful nation call'd in her distress:
And well that old ally the call obey'd,
Well was her faithful friendship then repaid.

VI.

Say, from thy trophied field how well,
Vimeira! rocky Douro, tell;
And thou, Busaco, on whose sacred height
Th' astonish'd Carmelite,
While those unwonted thunders shook his cell,
Join'd with his prayers the fervour of the fight;
Bear witness those old towers, where many a day,
Waiting with foresight calm the fitting hour,
The Wellesley, gaining strength from wise delay,
Defied the tyrant's undivided power—
Swore not the boastful Frenchman, in his might,
Into the sea to drive his island-foe?
Tagus and Zezere, in night
Ye saw the baffled ruffian take his flight!
Onoro's springs, ye saw his overthrow!

VII.

Patient of loss, profuse of life,
Meantime had Spain endur'd the strife;
And though she saw her cities yield,
Her armies scatter'd in the field,
Her strongest bulwarks fall,
The danger undismay'd she view'd,
Knowing that naught could e'er appal
The Spaniard's fortitude.
What though the tyrant, drunk with power,
Might vaunt himself, in impious hour,
Lord and disposer of this earthly ball?
Her cause is just, and Heaven is over all.

VIII.

Therefore no thought of fear debas'd
Her judgment, nor her acts disgrac'd;
To every ill, but not to shame resign'd,
All sufferings, all calamities, she bore.
She bade the people call to mind
Their heroes of the days of yore,
Pelayo and the Campeador,
With all who, once in battle strong,
Live still in story and in song:
Against the Moor, age after age,
Their stubborn warfare did they wage;

Age after age, from sire to son
The hallow'd sword was handed down;
Nor did they from that warfare cease,
And sheathe that hallow'd sword in peace,
Until the work was done.

IX.

Thus, in the famous days of yore,
Their fathers triumph'd o'er the Moor:
They gloried in his overthrow,
But touch'd not with reproach his gallant name;
For, fairly and with hostile aim profest,
The Moor had rear'd his haughty crest,
An open, honourable foe:
But as a friend the treacherous Frenchman came,
And Spain receiv'd him as a guest.
"Think what your fathers were!" she cried;
"Think what ye are in sufferings tried;
And think of what your sons must be,
E'en as ye make them—slaves or free!"

X.

Strains such as these from Spain's three seas,
And from the farthest Pyrennees,
Rung through the region. Vengeance was the word:
One impulse to all hearts at once was given,
From every voice the sacred cry was heard,
And borne abroad by all the winds of heaven.
Heaven too, to whom the Spaniards look'd for aid,
A spirit equal to the hour bestow'd;
And gloriously the debt they paid
Which to their valiant ancestors they ow'd;
And gloriously against the power of France
Maintain'd their children's proud inheritance.
Their steady purpose no defeat could move,
No horrors could abate their constant mind;
Hope had its source and resting-place above;
And they, to loss of all on earth resign'd,
Suffer'd, to save their country and mankind.
What strain heroic might suffice to tell
How Zaragoza stood, and how she fell!
Ne'er since yon sun began his daily round,
Was higher valour, holier virtue found,
Than on that consecrated ground.

XI.

Alone the noble nation stood,
When, from Corunna in the main,
The star of England set in blood.
Ere long, on Talavera's plain,
That star resplendent rose again;
And though that day was doom'd to be
A day of frustrate victory,
Not vainly bled the brave!
For French and Spaniard there might see
That England's arm was strong to save:
Fair promise there the Wellesley gave,
And well, in sight of earth and heaven,
Redeem'd the pledge which there was given.

XII.

Lord of conquest, heir of fame,
From rescu'd Portugal he came.
Rodrigo's walls in vain oppose;
In vain thy bulwarks, Badajos;
And Salamanca's heights proclaim
The conqu'ror's praise, the Wellesley's name.
O! had the sun stood still that hour,
When Marmont and his broken power
Fled from their field of shame!
Spain felt through all her realms th' electric blow!
Cadiz in peace expands her gates again;
And Betis, who, to bondage long resign'd,
Flow'd mournfully along the silent plain,
Into her joyful bosom, unconfin'd,
Receives once more the treasures of the main.

XIII.

The fame of that victorious fight
Reviv'd the spirit of the farthest North;
And England in auspicious hour put forth
Her whole unshackled might.
With her in many a field approv'd,
The Lusitanian legions mov'd:
Nor longer now did grateful Spain
Disdain her willing sons to see
By England train'd to victory.
Patient awhile their force the hero nurst,
Then like a torrent from the hills he burst.

XIV.

What now shall check the Wellesley, when at length
Onward he goes, rejoicing in his strength?
From Douro, from Castille's extended plain,
The foe, a numerous band,
Retire; amid the heights which overhang
Dark Ebro's bed, they think to make their stand.
He reads their purpose, and prevents their speed;
And still as they recede,
Impetuously he presses on their way;
Till by Vittoria's walls they stood at bay,
And drew their battle up in fair array.

XV.

Vain their array, their valour vain:
There did the practis'd Frenchman find
A master arm, a master mind!
Behold the veteran army driven
Like dust before the breath of heaven,
Like leaves before th' autumnal wind!
Now, Britain, now, thy brow with laurels bind;
Raise now the song of joy for rescu'd Spain!
And, Europe, take thou up th' awakening strain—
Glory to God! Deliverance for mankind!

XVI.

From Spain the living spark went forth:
The flame hath caught, the flame is spread!
It warms—it fires the farthest North.
Behold! th' awaken'd Muscovite
Meets the tyrant in his might:
The Brandenburg, at Freedom's call,
Rises more glorious from his fall;
And Frederic, best and greatest of the name,
Treads in the path of duty and of fame.
See Austria from her painful trance awake!
The breath of God goes forth—the dry bones shake!
Up, Germany—with all thy nations rise!
Land of the virtuous and the wise,
No longer let that free, that mighty mind,
Endure its shame!—She rose as from the dead,
She broke her chains upon th' oppressor's head—
Glory to God! Deliverance for mankind!

XVII.

XVII.

Open thy gates, O Hanover! display
Thy loyal banners to the day;
Receive thy old illustrious line once more!
Beneath an upstart's yoke oppress'd,
Long has it been thy fortune to deplore
That line whose fostering and paternal sway
For many an age thy grateful children blest.
The yoke is broken now!—a mightier hand
Hath dash'd,—in pieces dash'd the iron rod.
To meet her princes, the deliver'd land
Pours her rejoicing multitudes abroad;
The happy bells, from every town and tower,
Roll their glad peals upon the joyful wind;
And from all hearts and tongues, with one consent,
The high thanksgiving strain to Heaven is sent—
Glory to God! Deliverance for mankind!

XVIII.

Egmont and Horn, heard ye that holy cry,
Martyrs of Freedom, from your seats in heaven?
And William the Deliverer, doth thine eye
Regard from yon empyreal realm the land
For which thy blood was given?
What ills hath that poor country suffer'd long!
Deceiv'd, despis'd, and plunder'd, and oppress'd,
Mockery and insult aggravating wrong!
Severely she her errors hath aton'd,
And long in anguish groan'd,
Wearing the patient semblance of despair,
While fervent curses rose with every prayer!
In mercy Heaven at length its ear inclin'd;
Th' avenging armies of the North draw nigh,
Joy for the injur'd Hollander,—the cry
Of Orange rends the sky;
All hearts are now in one good cause combin'd,—
Once more that flag triumphant floats on high,—
Glory to God! Deliverance for mankind!

XIX.

When shall the dove go forth? O when
Shall peace return among the sons of men?

Hasten, benignant Heaven, the blessed day!
Justice must go before,
And Retribution must make plain the way;
Force must be crush'd by force,
The power of evil by the power of good,
Ere Order bless the suffering world once more,
Or Peace return again.
Hold then right on in your auspicious course,
Ye princes, and ye people, hold right on!
Your task not yet is done:
Pursue the blow,—ye know your foe,—
Complete the happy work so well begun!
Hold on, and be your aim with all your strength
Loudly proclaim'd and steadily pursu'd!
So shall this fatal tyranny at length
Before the arms of Freedom fall subdu'd.
Then, when the waters of the flood abate,
The dove her resting-place secure may find:
And France restor'd, and shaking off her chain,
Shall join th' avengers in the joyful strain,
Glory to God! Deliverance for mankind!

CHRONOLOGY EXTRAORDINARY.

REMARKABLE EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1813.

[From the Champion, Jan. 2, &c.]

January.

DURING this month there was no report of Buonaparte's death; and of our navy, comprising about a thousand sail of armed vessels, only one has been taken by the American marine, although they have nearly ten sail in commission.

An old black-letter missal sold at public auction by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby;—it was obviously not worth one farthing intrinsically; and yet, owing to the absence of several discerning amateurs, it only brought 57*l.* 10*s.*

During great part of this month several *guineas* were exhibited in the window of a lottery-office in Cornhill: the crowd was immense.

Frosty

Frosty weather during great part of the month, and yet only thirty women burnt to death by their clothes catching fire.—One morning's skaiting—not above ten people drowned by the breaking of the ice, and one of them a man of sense.

The Princess Charlotte of Wales permitted to pay a visit to her own mother.

No offer of marriage made by the Duke of Clarence.

February.

Mr. C—t-s drove down St. James's Street, in his curricle; and was taken for a gentleman, by a rustic, who happened to be passing at the time.

A Court of Common Council was held on the subject of renewing the East India Company's charter; when several speeches were delivered:—one of them was short, and the speaker appeared to understand his subject.

Five hundred copies of Rokeby sold at two guineas each.

Adultery made *misfortune* by Law.

Two decisions made in the Court of Chancery.

A tucker mentioned in the female fashions for this month; and no specification of stays in the fashions for gentlemen.

A Prayer-book published, with notes done by a Justice; and an edition of Dryden, without any justice done to the notes.

A Vice-chancellor appointed; because, as the Chancellor was the keeper of the King's conscience, it was deemed appropriate to have a *Vice*-chancellor to keep the Prince Regent's.

March.

Although the 10th of this month was fast-day, the number of grand dinners in the upper circles, and of drinking-bouts among the lower classes, was not more than might have been expected.

An independent barrister, an honest lawyer, and a genteel-looking Jew, seen walking arm in arm in Lincoln's Inn.

Lord P—t—s—m and Lord Y-r—th met on Sunday in Pall Mall, and were enabled to catch a glimpse of one another without putting aside their whiskers.

One of the life-guards, walking down Bond Street in his new dress, was taken for a soldier.

April.

Mr. Pitt's monument opened in Guildhall, inscribed with lofty eulogies. The deceased Premier has found an Apollo in one of his pupils; and it is therefore not wonderful that he should have a *lyre* by his side.

The lottery finished drawing, and, by some unaccountable accident, one of the capital prizes did not fall to the lot of the contractors. By a similar fatality, Sir James Shaw voted conformably to his conviction, though it was against Ministers,—and Sir William Curtis ought not to have blushed, and did blush.

Some of the cowardly hirelings who had been in the habit of attacking the P——s of W——, began to eat their words, and appeared positively ashamed! It is, probably, this habit of eating their own words that makes them so foul-mouthed.

The coffins of Charles I. and Henry VIII. opened at Windsor, in presence of the P—— R——, who made several observations on their respective characters, as the work proceeded.—A drawing of the ceremony represents His R—— H—— as standing between both.

Lord M—— set off from London to embark for India; but, in the hurry of his departure, unfortunately left his character behind.

The Douglasses having been discovered at Jersey, a hue and cry was raised, and a regular hunt commenced; but the chase took to the water, and escaped to Guernsey, to the great mortification of their pursuers.

An

An animal named C—t-s, brought upon the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, for the benefit of the stage-manager. The public, having protested against horses, should not have been insulted by creatures of a lower order.

The Don Cossack exhibited in a balcony of the Royal Exchange, by Sir C——s F——r, the Lord Mayor, &c.; when his Lordship proposed three cheers for *h*our *h*illustrious *h*ally, the *H*emperor *H*alexander.

A merchant discovered residing in the city; and several blue-stocking ladies observed to be awake at an institution lecture.

May.

The Royal Exhibition opened; a great number of artists came in their own carriages to view the portraits they had sent; and two historical painters of merit, having obtained a day-rule from the King's Bench, walked to Somerset House for the same purpose.

The Duke of C———d left town for Berlin, and an individual was heard to express regret on the occasion. It is presumed he was a tradesman whose bill was unpaid.

Mr. Theodore Hook selected as the fittest person to be appointed *Accomptant* and *Treasurer* at the Mauritius.

June.

Moore's Almanack proved correct in one of its predictions; and a tavern quart bottle discovered to contain nearly a full pint.

About this period it began to be whispered in the blue-stocking circles, that Madame de Stael, the great idol of their idolatry, was, like many other idols, most respected when worshipped at a distance.

July.

Punch and the puppet-shows began to disperse themselves over the country, in consequence of the shutting of the regular theatres.

Several genteel shopkeepers and others, in Wapping and its vicinity, intimated their intentions of not going to Margate this season.

The P——e R——t prevented going to the Vittoria *Fête* at Vauxhall, by the fear of meeting his wife.

A great dearth of hearty laughs and dull jokes, owing to the conclusion of the session of Parliament.

August.

Five thousand pounds bequeathed by Lord Vernon to his son-in-law, for the purpose of purchasing a seat in that Parliament which is asserted to be returned by the unbiassed and unbought suffrages of the people of England.

The papers having stated that the French had crossed the *Waal*, Sir William Curtis expressed his regret that it had not been built higher, and broken bottles stuck at the top.

September.

More birds than sportsmen wounded on the first of this month. Such a circumstance has not been known to occur before, nor probably ever will again.

The weather becoming chilly, our fashionables retired into the country, where they will remain, enjoying the delights of summer during October, November, December, January, February, March, and April: they will return in May, to pass the winter in London.

A physician of Lyons published a dissertation on beards and mustachios; affirming that they promote strength,—and that the present age might not be without men as strong as Sampson, were they permitted to grow.—N. B. Our experience in England seems to prove the contrary: those among us, who are distinguished by beards and mustachios, are the *weakest men*.

The regular theatres were opened;—the streets were in consequence thinned of prostitutes; not a dog of talent

lent was to be found disengaged; overtures were made to the learned Pig, and authors of real genius were requested to try what they could do to improve Shakspeare.

The public were informed, through the medium of the Morning Herald, that the R—— made several bows upon the Steyne at Brighton, "in a manner which will ever set imitation at defiance." The assurance was unnecessary; for no one ever doubted his matchless talent in lowering himself.

Several children, inoculated for the small-pox, died in consequence.—The parents and other parties implicated in the murders will, it is hoped, be brought to condign punishment.

Informations commenced against various publicans for sending out beer in pewter pots. Tavern-keepers, vintners, and other bottle-conjurors, expected similar proceedings for sending out quarts in pint measures.

Mr. Southey appointed Poet Laureat to the Prince Regent!

October.

In this month Mr. Wellesley Long Pole published his adventures, in a journey from Wanstead to London, in search of a *midwife*. His lady survived, although it is stated that she had six physicians in attendance.

Napoleon, being "an invincible genius," and his territory "sacred from invasion," found himself every where beaten; and France was entered by Lord Wellington's victorious army.

Some dashing young fellows of family and fortune passing arm in arm along St. James's Street, a blind man bawled out, "Serve them right, the rogues!" He was led by the clanking of their chains to take them for felons being escorted to prison.

An eminent baker was discovered to have been in the habit of mixing plaster of Paris with his flour. If a man eat a *brick* or two for breakfast, a little *plaster bread* for dinner, and a *great deal* for supper, he will

carry

carry, like the spider, the materials for his house in his stomach.

Doctor B——y was delivered of a still-born Lucretius.

A Mr. Murray swore, that Mr. Pitt, who died in 1806, had come back to us in leather breeches. Most persons, however, doubted the truth of this; inasmuch as our arms were successful abroad, and no new taxes were imposed at home.

LETTERS FROM A TOURIST.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 3.]

"Egressum magnâ me excepit Aricia Româ
Hospitio modico." HORACE.

Green Man, Barnet.

THE date of this scrawl will surprise you, I 'm sure;
But you know you desir'd an account of my tour;
And I now have ten minutes with nothing to do—
How happy I am to devote them to you!
We arriv'd here in darkness—envelop'd in fog,
('T is not the first time I have travell'd *incog.*
As you very well know;) but the North road I find
Presents very little to call forth the mind—
No *room* for description, save this where I sit,
And nothing can be for description less fit.
Our *scenery* here is all deal and oak,
A rushlight our moon, our atmosphere smoke;
I believe I should really expire in this state,
If a beautiful Venus, just over the grate,
Did not peep thro' the gloom with a sweet smiling face,
In whose every look, every feature, I trace
Some resemblance of you. O God! what an eye!
That warm flush of passion—'t is by Bunbury.
I have just seen the glorious despatches from Spain,
We will talk of a fête when I see you again;
And Turner reports some good news of the weather,
The fog and the French are retreating together.
So adieu, for we now must reach Hatfield to-night,
You shall hear from me there if I find time to write.

(D. D.) G.

LETTER

LETTER II.

[From the same, Jan. 4.]

Cock Inn, Biggleswade.

WE arriv'd here just now in a terrible plight;
Now I'll hastily tell you what happen'd last night.
We reach'd Hatfield House as the clock struck eleven,
(The Marquis's dinner had waited from seven;)
The bells were all ringing, the Hertfordshire corps
Were drawn up to salute us on ent'ring the door;
But, sad to relate, the curs'd fog, which has damp'd
So many men's joys, so many plans cramp'd,
Cast a damp on their prime, baulk'd their loyal desire;
And, like Salisbury's jokes, every firelock miss'd fire;
The Captain would fain have me wait at the door
While they loaded and prim'd, and presented once more;
But I begg'd to decline, as the air was too raw,
And a warm Rumford stove is the best *feu de joie.*
To describe our repast would be useless to you;
I've said all, when I say it was quite to my *gout*—
Exactly according to order—you know
I despatch'd my forerunner a long time ago:
It travell'd, as usual, to Hatfield, by post;
And from thence, after read, to my next noble host;
For, in order to give people time to prepare,
I am always a month after my bill of fare.
We had Westmoreland, Lonsdale, Cranbourn, and Sandys,
And, in spite of the fog, the Sebrights and Brands,
Some Hertfordshire belles, and two or three others—
Twenty in all, with myself and my brothers.
In the ev'ning we danc'd; I waltz'd with Georgina—
Pray don't *stab yourself*—O, if you had seen her!
A lady was there whom you met once in France,
Of slight reputation, except for a dance.
When we ask'd her to give a *pas seul*, she fought shy—
"She never could do it, she did not know why."
But Lowther still press'd her a long time in vain,
Till at last very rudely (you know his odd strain),
He declar'd it was cursedly strange, 'pon his soul,
That one fam'd for *faux pas* could not make a *pas seul.*

"Not

"Not at all strange to me," she replied, "I must own—
You ninny, do ladies make *faux pas alone?*"
Adieu! we are off—this most charming of tours
Must amuse you, I 'm sure.
Devotedly yours, G.

EPIGRAM.

[From the same.]

TO THE EARL OF ——.

YOUR body and mind coincide, my good Lord;
Being never at home, but *always abroad.*

EPIGRAM,

ON NAPOLEON'S FLIGHT FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 4.]

FULL thirteen days the *Hero* ran,
Nor stay'd to look behind;
In every voice he heard a *ban*,
Saw death in every wind.

His flight outstripp'd the death-fraught wind,
For which the world will weep;
But when at home, he 'll surely find
The *curse* not "loud, but deep."

A PETITION TO PARLIAMENT,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY DR. DROMGOOLE.

[From the same, Jan. 11.]

TO the Lords, Knights, and Burgesses noble, who sit in
The Parliament House of the Empire of Britain,
The Pope's Irish subjects present this petition,
To state their pretensions and paint their condition.
Imprimis, we hold that our good Lord the Pope
Is the only sure anchor of comfort and hope;
And although he 's a slave, 't is our steadfast opinion,
That to him belongs truly all earthly dominion.

With

With rage, therefore, burning, and fierce indignation,
We behold in these islands a tergiversation
From all that is holy, and ancient, and true,
To a system of faith that is false as 'tis new;
While Kings, Lords, and Commons, for heresy's sake,
Deserve to be *blown up*, or burn'd at the stake.
We *firmly* demand, then, ye Lords and ye Knights,
A *full* restoration of Catholic rights;
Let all that we ask, and no less, be our own,
Than the bench and the woolsack, the sceptre and throne:
Then soon shall fair order from tumult arise,
And our Church rise triumphant aloft to the skies;
Our Bishops and Abbots, our Priests and our Friers,
Rekindle with rapture in Smithfield their fires;
Whilst an union with France, which no power can sever,
Shall establish our holy religion for ever!
Grant this, Legislators, and then we may say,
That, whilst heretics burn like stubble and hay,
To the sticks and the stones, in their good ancient way,
Your pious Petitioners ever will pray.

Dated in the Valley of Glenullin, near
Garvah, in Ireland, this memorable
day, the 5th of November 1813.

ON WALTZING.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 11.]

MR. EDITOR,

SOME lines appeared in your paper a few days ago upon the subject of Waltzing, with the initials of Sir H. E. affixed to them *. They certainly contained heavy charges of impropriety against those Ladies who practise that dance—such as in the following lines:—

"What! the girl I adore by another embrac'd?
What! the balm of her lips shall another man taste?
What! touch'd in the twirl by another man's knee?
What! panting, recline on another than me?"

* See Vol. XVII. p. 355.

After

After having allowed your paper to be the channel of such serious imputations, you cannot in candour refuse admission to the following Justificatory Address to the author of them :—

Shall *another* man touch ! by *another* embrac'd !
Shall *another man* taste her lip's dew ! ! !
Why, it 's only another that can be so grac'd;
For d—n it, she 'd never let you.

REFLECTION ON THE LINES ABOUT THE WALTZ.

Sir H. E. thinks each waltzing Miss
From every partner takes a kiss ;
Then, O ! how natural the whim
That makes them loath to dance with him.

QUODLIBETS,

LATELY COME OVER FROM NEW BRITANIOLA, OLD NEWFOUNDLAND, &c.

By R. H.

Sometime Governor of the Plantations there.—London, 1628.

[From the British Press, Jan. 13.]

" The Married to the Chaste.

IT would this world quickly depopulate,
If every one should die in your estate."

" The Chaste to the Married.

Therein you have the odds, herein we 're even ;
You 'll fill the world, but we doe people Heaven."

" Why Wives can make no Wills.

Men dying make their wills: why cannot wives ?
Because wives have their wills during their lives."

" What Use old Moones are put to.

What doth become of *old moones*, thou dost aske,
And where her borrow'd influence she shades ?
For me to telle thee, 't were too hard a taske,
A witty wagge sayes, They fill *women*'s heads."

" *A mad*

"*A mad Answer of a Mad-man.*

One askt a mad-man, if a wife he had?
A wife! (quoth he,) I never was *so* mad."

"*Will's Error.*

Will sayes his wife's so fat she scarce can go:
But she as nimbly answers, "Faith, Sir, no."
Alas! good Will, thou art mistaken quite,
For all men know that she is wondrous *light*."

"*Spinus his Choice.*

Spinus would wed, but he would have a wench
That hath all tongues, Italian, Spanish, French;
But I disswade him; for, if she hath any,
She hath enough; if two, sh' has two too many."

"*To the Bookseller.*

Nay, feare not, *bookseller*, this book will sell;
For, be it good, as thou know'st very well,
All will go buy it; but, say it be ill,
All will *go by it* too: and 't is so *still*."

A SONG OF TRIUMPH AND PEACE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 14.]

O! LATELY each sense was wound up in suspense,
The mighty conclusion to wait:
'T'was fear and 't was wonder, till, loud bursting in thunder,
We heard the dread mandates of Fate!
Far from Elbe's hidden source to his broad-rolling course,
Where he visits the dark German flood,
For freedom or power all Europe's young flower
Embattled and menacing stood.

But a sound is come forth on the winds of the north,
That shall quicken each bosom to gladness;
For low is the arm of Oppression and Harm,
And Ambition, the sister of Madness!
Such marvels, I ween, Old Leipsick hath seen:
In her streets the avengers are met!
But Poland's bright star *, the last prop of her war,
In Partha's sad water is set.

* Prince Poniatowski, drowned in crossing the Partha, Oct. 1813.

O! mourn

O! mourn not the tale of the heroes who fell:
It brings us no tidings of woe:
From the blood that was shed on their cold grassy bed,
An olive shall flourish and grow.
Yes; Europe shall feel the effects of their steel,
And honour the deeds of the brave,
When the arm of Carl-John shall be moulder'd and gone,
And Blucher shall sleep in his grave.

And thou, Sister! too long estrang'd from the throng,
Like a separate nation and savage,
While the sons of thy clime, so belov'd in their time,
Seem'd but form'd to destroy and to ravage;
Awake! wretched France, from thine horrible trance,
And look round on the world thou hast wrong'd!
O! turn ye again to the footsteps of men,
And the ties to which once you belong'd.

Rejoice to command your own beautiful land,
That paradise Nature hath given;
And let others abide in their freedom's just pride,
And exult in the birthright from Heaven.
Then Love be our law! and a veil let us draw
On the rivers of blood we have spilt;
And confusion shall choke the foul tongues that provoke
A renewal of horror and guilt! H.

IMPROMPTU

ON READING THE PROCLAMATION OF DAVOUST, IN WHICH BUTCHERS AND CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS ARE EXEMPTED FROM THE GENERAL ORDER GIVEN TO THOSE WHO COULD NOT LAY IN A STOCK OF PROVISIONS FOR SIX MONTHS, TO LEAVE HAMBURGH.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 15.]

THO' the Hamburghers who in their homes would remain,
From Davoust nothing gain by their prayer,
The *butchers* he's anxious to keep;—so 't is plain
Those skill'd to shed blood he can't spare.

The *chimney-sweeps*, too, 't is his pleasure should stay:
After this we've no means of concealing,
That for *blackguards*, whenever they come in his way,
He has something of *heathenish* feeling.

DIDO

DIDO ET GERUNDIA.

BY A SCHOOL-BOY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 15.]

WHEN the great Prince to Dido did not come,
She mourn'd in silence, and was *Di-Do Dumb*.

FOGGIANA.

[From the British Press, Jan. 15.]

A CORRESPONDENT, under the signature of "*Nebulosus*," after quoting the ancient adage, that "Every thing in the Creation is produced for some useful purpose," proceeds gravely to inquire, what benefit is derived from *fogs*, which he seems inclined to exclude from the general principle above recited. This gentleman's mental eye must certainly have been obscured by the *erroris nebulæ*, or he would have at once perceived, without our assistance, the multifarious advantages which attend that dense state of the atmosphere generally known by the appellation of *fog*; a few of which we shall endeavour to point out.

That surely must be considered a great blessing, which renders invisible, objects, the sight of which would induce unpleasant reflections—that enables us to pass by acquaintances whom we wish to avoid—and shields us from the attacks of enemies whom we dread to encounter. In all these, and many other points, a *fog* is pregnant with benefits. This assertion we shall proceed to verify, by selecting a few examples.

How would the tender feelings of Lord Castlereagh have been harrowed, if he had not passed the island of Walcheren in a *fog*, which completely veiled it from his sight?

How happy was it for the ——— ———, that, in his journey to Belvoir, the *fog* hid from his view a

number

number of his *early friends*, a sight of whom would not have been very agreeable!

To what was Lady B——, a few nights since, indebted, for several tender embraces from her Noble Lord, a luxury which she had not enjoyed for many years before?—To the *fog*; which prevented his Lordship from seeing that he was embracing the mistress instead of her maid.

How has it happened, that Mr. *Distich*, the poet (who, during a twelvemonth, could not venture forth, except on *Sunday*), recently enjoyed the sweets of liberty for an entire week?—The *fog* procured him this indulgence—under its friendly shade he was enabled to elude the Sheriff's officers.

What was Miss *Hoyden*'s best friend, when she eloped from a fashionable boarding-school with a dancing-master, a fortnight ago?—The *fog* unquestionably, which rendered all search after the fugitives vain.

What has occasioned such a sudden change in the temper of the Hon. Mr. *Squander*, who, not a month ago, appeared in the deepest melancholy, but is now as gay as the most thoughtless of fashion's fools?—The *fog*, which has just carried off his penurious father, and placed him in possession of a large estate.

By what miracle did the Earl and Countess of T—, who never before met without quarrelling, sit in the same room for an entire hour, without worrying each other?—The *fog* intervened, and prevented the Countess from seeing her spouse.

Finally, the last Paris papers roundly assert that the *fogs* are favourable to the operations of the allies.

These are benefits, plain and palpable, which have been produced within our own knowledge; but, if we go back to ancient times, we shall find that *fogs* were eminently useful.—Strange as it may appear, the *Poets*, who, of all others, are a class of men that

might be supposed least capable of deriving aid from *obscurity*, have repeatedly, and with very great effect, called *fogs* to their assistance.

Homer, the father of the Poets, by these *obnubilations*, frequently rescues his heroes from the most imminent danger. Thus, in the third book of The Iliad, when Paris, defeated by Menelaus, is on the point of losing his life, Venus snatches him away in a *fog*:—

"Then, as once more he* lifts the deadly dart,
In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,
The Queen of Love her fav'rite champion shrouds
(For Gods can all things) in a *veil of clouds*."

Again, in the 17th book, when the battle is raging around the corse of Patroclus, Jupiter, favouring the Trojans, suddenly covers the field with a thick *fog*:—

"But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield
That shaded Ide, and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A *rolling cloud*
Involv'd the mount."

In the 20th book, Neptune preserves Æneas by placing a *fog* before the eyes of Achilles:—

"The King of Ocean to the fight descends,
Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And casts *thick darkness* o'er Achilles' eyes."

By the same means Apollo saves the life of Hector, who is near falling a sacrifice to the vengeance of Achilles:—

"Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow;
But, present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favoured hero in a *veil of clouds*."

* Menelaus.

And,

And, in the first book, Apollo kindly shields Agenor from the force of Achilles, by sending a fog to his assistance :—

"——Apollo shrouds
The godlike Trojan in a *veil of clouds.*"

In the first book of Virgil's Æneid, we find Venus enveloping the hero in a singular kind of *fog*, which, though it conceals Æneas from the Tyrians, does not prevent *him* from perceiving every thing that is passing around :—

"At Venus *obscuro* gradientes *aëre* sepsit ;
Et multo *nebulæ* circum Dea fudit amictu ;
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,
Molirive morant, aut veniendi poscere causas.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
Infert se septus *nebulâ* (mirabile dictu !)
Per medios, miscetque viris ; neque cernitur ulli."

Horace, also, Ode vii. lib. 2, expressly tells us, that he owed his life to a *fog*, which Mercury conjured up to his aid in the battle of Philippi :—

"Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit *aëre.*"

Henceforward, then, let us not be told that *fogs* are useless. We think the contrary is proved.

THE OPERA.

[From the same, Jan. 18.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the Lord Chancellor is laid up in the gout, and cannot move, we are happy to hear that Mr. Taylor is resolved upon moving the more quickly ; and, therefore, the lovers of this *fashionable lounge* are not likely now to be disappointed.

For this purpose, Mr. Taylor, at a great price, has engaged a very spacious apartment near the walls of the

the King's Bench, where the performers will be restrained from neglecting their duty by *rules* that cannot be transgressed.

The engagements, at present, are not numerous, but very select.

Mr. Taylor himself means to give an "O. P." song, to the popular tune of "*Drops of Brandy*," by way of introduction.

A young lady is to sing, from the walls, the pathetic air of

"O, Richard! O, mon Roi!"

The first *serious dancer* is now engaged on the composition of a ballet, to be called, "*Prison's Bars; or, a Fig for Chancery!*" in which many *new motions* will be introduced.

In the room of Mr. Const, we understand Mr. Jones, *the Marshal*, is to become trustee to the concern, and to be answerable for the success and appearance of the parties.

The only circumstance we have as yet heard against its success is, that many young gentlemen of fashion seem to think the situation a dangerous one for an opera-house; as they might catch cold in going thither; and, therefore, it would be safer for them to remain at home; which, to many of the creditors of the house, would be a great disappointment.

TRANSLATION OF A PAPER

SECRETLY CIRCULATED IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[From the Times, Jan. 18.]

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL DE L'EMPIRE.

SIR,

THE following is an Address of the French People to the Emperor Napoleon, which is not much known, although it is of a naïveté so striking, that it

hurl upon the guilty, if it were not tempered by the most extreme gentleness.

Some ill-intentioned persons endeavour to persuade us, that the moment is ill chosen for a fête; that we should have waited for the arrival of a bulletin, as true, and less mournful than the preceding one, which should inform us definitively in what state and condition was our ever-victorious army. Our response to these malicious sophisms is simple.

We have tempered our souls to the same degree of hardness as the triple bronze which envelopes your own. We have made the sacrifice of 450,000 heroes, who in three months have gained twenty victories under you. They have done their duty. The terrors of the feeble sex, and the delusive rhodomontades of our enemies, exaggerate our losses in vain. We know positively, that, at the end of December, the Russians had in their hands 170,000 prisoners, of whom 41 are generals, and 1200 officers. These are still alive. You will go to deliver them, and will bring them back triumphant; dragging also in your chains those barbarous Cossacks, who, being no longer the objects of our fear, will serve to amuse our curiosity during the triumphal fêtes that shall attest the complete submission of the vast Russian empire, which, mistaking your philanthropic views, has regarded a war of *simple policy* as a war of devastation; and has completed its blind obstinacy by exhausting your clemency, which you had carried to such a point as to refuse them the light and happiness of that liberty which we enjoy, for fear of arming them one against the other.

Be assured, Sire! that nothing can equal our sentiments towards you. We shall enjoy the fêtes which you are preparing for us, with the innocent simplicity which characterizes all your faithful subjects. We have no country but you. The great Napoleon is our Moses—our Mahomet—our Mango Capac. You have

have lost 400,000 men. Fear not, that, imitating the example of the weak Augustus, we should exclaim —*Varus, give us back our legions!* On the contrary, give the order, and we will double—we will triple those happy victims of your glory. Take our children, ourselves, our property; all is yours. Finish your glorious work. Do not content yourself with the two wars which you support with so much glory and success, at a thousand leagues distance one from the other, at the two extremities of your empire —immovable, because it is founded upon love and admiration, particularly since your last triumphs.

Send 150,000 men into Spain, to chastise the brigands of that obstinate peninsula; and to throw their perfidious allies into the sea.

Send 300,000 men into Turkey, to punish the feeble Sultan for the peace he has made, and to drive him from Europe.

Send 20 ships of the line, and 50,000 men, to Sicily, to chase from thence the odious Bourbons and the English.

Send 50 vessels and 100,000 men to the support of the United States.

Send the same number of ships and men to secure to you the two Spanish Americas, which adore you.

Send into the Baltic 50 vessels, to destroy there the Russian, Swedish, and English navies. Let that same squadron carry also 100,000 land soldiers, to conquer Sweden, and chase from thence that Bernadotte who dares to brave you.

Leave in your own ports of France 50 vessels, with numerous flotillas; and place along the coasts 150,000 men, all ready to invade England.

These diversions, worthy of your high conceptions, and proportioned to your incalculable power, only require 950,000 men, and 220 ships of the line: when these are once arranged with the prudence that charac-

terizes all your political and military plans, then march yourself at the head of 600,000 men, to recover Poland and conquer Russia. We will keep for you an equal number in reserve, for you have already proved to us that 450,000 veterans are not sufficient to subdue those barbarians. Most assuredly, Sire, with two millions of soldiers, and 250 ships of the line, you will succeed, by the sole force of your genius, in the conquest of the universe, and in shutting up the temple of Janus; and you will then be, not only the only sovereign, but the god of the age Napoleon.

We conclude this humble address, the expression of vows the most ardent and sincere, by the urgent prayer which we make to you, that you would often show yourself in the Senate, where your person is as sacred as that of Romulus in the Senate of Rome; that you would appear at our fêtes, in our amusements, in our *spectacles*, of which you are too rare an ornament; and, above all, that you would labour with zeal to multiply your dynasty. Though there is nothing human in you, have the condescension not to disdain those weaknesses of humanity which assimilate you to us. Dead or living, you will always be to us the same incomprehensible being. Our sentiments as well as our opinions will be invariable. We will say, and the most remote posterity will repeat the saying with a religious terror,

"There never has existed, nor ever will exist, another Napoleon!"

THE VISIT RETURNED.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 18.]

WHEN I visited Russia last year, in the frost,
Every city to plunder and burn,
I little expected the barbarous *host*
So soon would my *visit return*,

At

At his premature coming I 'm perfectly scar'd,
To receive him in *trim* I 'm unable;
When he sees but a few *hasty dishes* prepar'd,
On me he will soon *turn the table.*

Could I get him to *parley* before he begin,
I would manage the matter, I think;
What I've practis'd so often I 'd practise again,
And posset with poison his drink.

Should Austria dare to complain of the ill,
And call it an act savage, wild,
His mouth should be clos'd, for I 'd give him a pill,
And do the same thing for his child.

Then for Prince Bernadotte, I sha'n't care a jot,
When these two mighty chiefs I've ensnar'd;
For he 'd sooner rot than come near a spot
Where his comrades so awkwardly far'd.

From Wellington still I should dread every ill,
With his shopkeeping islanders back'd;
For he 'll never depart till he strikes at my heart,
"Or my flesh from the bones he has hack'd."

To honour his guerdon
They bring forth a Bourbon,
A name I detest, dread, and fear;
For my levies are slack,
And my conscripts keep back,
No signs of resistance appear.
O! then let me fly;
For here I must die,
If the Bourbon with Wellington join;
Like Joseph, in Spain,
I shall soon cease to reign,
So, like him, I 'll be off and purloin.

But where shall I go
To escape ev'ry foe?
For by all I am hated and scorn'd;
With thought nearly frantic
I 'll cross the Atlantic,
To Madison, whom I've suborn'd;
In hopes that the land
My creatures command

Will shelter my recreant head;
Then their Senate I'll mangle,
Their laws all new-fangle,
And reign in Prince Madison's stead.

NAPOLEON.

A LOYAL EFFUSION,

ON THE COURIER ATTRIBUTING THE LATE ABUNDANT HARVEST, AND THE OVERTHROW OF THE FRENCH AT MOSCOW, TO THE VIGOROUS EXERTIONS OF THE PRINCE REGENT AND HIS COUNSELLORS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 19.]

THAT the wisdom and skill of our Prince
Caus'd the conflict of ice and of snow,
That at Moscow so puzzled the French,
Is a fact that we all of us know:
All you, then, that smart now with cold,
Let us join in a loyal address,
That His Highness would please to behold
The frosts that his subjects distress;
And that, "by and with the advice
Of his Ministers"—excellent men!
He would graciously order the ice
And the snow back to Moscow again.

THE OSCARS.

[From the British Press, Jan. 19.]

MR. EDITOR,

I OBSERVED, with very great surprise, in the daily prints of Saturday last, a letter, purporting to have been written by the Crown Prince of Sweden, to his son *Oscar*, on the occasion of the capture of Lubeck. I can assure you, Sir, that the letter in question is a complete imposture. That which has been audaciously obtruded on the public, as the emanation of the great warrior whom I have just named, is neither more nor less than a *parody* on the note sent by Mr. Byrne, the celebrated dancer, to Master Oscar Byrne,

in

in consequence of his extraordinary success, in executing the dance with which the new opera of Narensky terminates. Chance has thrown in my way a copy of this affectionate effusion, which I enclose; by giving it a place in your paper, you will at once oblige me, and assist in undeceiving the public, who are, with respect to the article alluded to, as well as many others, grossly imposed upon.

MR. BYRNE TO HIS SON.

MY DEAR OSCAR,

THE people of London have assisted many of the votaries of Terpsichore in raising a fortune. That assistance is a debt due to genius, and you are free to claim it. I had the happiness once of gaining possession of the public voice; but not, I assure you, without great exertion. That advantage was extremely dear to me, though it cost many painful evolutions. How happy are we, my dear son, when we can command the approbation of an audience! How sound and quiet must be your sleep, when, fatigued with the efforts of the evening, you retire to rest! If all men could be convinced of this truth, there would be no more *actors*—good dancers alone would govern the stage.—I set off this evening for the Haymarket; and, in the morning, whither events may call me. I do every thing to forward the good cause of my profession. The only recompense I desire is, that my conduct may inspire you, my dear child, to undertake every thing for the prosperity and welfare of an art so dear to every polished community.

Your affectionate father,

———

It is unnecessary to offer any comment on this note. It is most natural that so good a father as Mr. Byrne should thus address his son; but what object the editor of *The Hum-bug-you* could have in publishing a

poor imitation of the delicate address of this kind father to his beloved child, and attributing it to the Crown Prince, I am at a loss to conceive. He might, with equal propriety, have given a different version of the letter, and stated it to have been sent by the Prince Regent to his daughter.

Jan. 16. VERITAS.

N. B. The following is the parody in *The Humbug-you.*—Pray insert it, that the public may be able to compare its merits with the original, as above.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN TO HIS SON.

Extracted from "The Ambigu."

"MY DEAR OSCAR,

"THE people of Lubeck assisted Gustavus the First in restoring liberty to his country: I have just paid this debt of the Swedes—Lubeck is free. I had the happiness of gaining possession of the city without bloodshed. This advantage is dearer to me than a victory in a pitched battle, even though it might not cost me many men. How happy are we, my dear son, when we can prevent the shedding of tears! How sound and quiet is our sleep! If all men could be convinced of this truth, there would be no more conquerors, and nations would be governed only by just kings. I set off to-morrow for Olderslohe, and the day after whither events may call me. I do every thing to make them conducive to the good cause and the benefit of my country. The only recompense I desire is, that it may second you, my dear child, in every thing you will one day undertake for its prosperity and welfare.

"Your affectionate father,

"CHARLES JOHN."

Lubeck, Dec. 7, 1813.

TIMES

TIMES PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME:

A RHAPSODY.

WRITTEN IN HASTE—TO BE READ AT LEISURE.

BY JOHN MITFORD, ESQ.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 19.]

'TIS thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade,
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worm fade.

The year so big with fate is gone,
And never to return;
When many a gallant fellow's groan
Made countless thousands mourn.
With indignation and surprise,
As o'er the deep I bend my eyes,
I see whole nations kiss the rod,
And shrink before th' oppressor's nod.
I see Germania's numerous states
Dissolve before Napoleon's fates;
Helvetia, yielding to his arms,
Beneath his claw is safe from harms.
In galling fetters rudely bound,
To prison dragg'd, brave Reding see!
Whilst Truth low whispers from the ground,
Such is Napoleon's liberty!

Where rising from the troubled sea,
Her bulwarks Holland spreads along:
They whom Eliza first made free *,
When Alva fled from valour's throng,
Now by Napoleon are proclaim'd
Unworthy of a nation's name;
And who the post of honour claim'd,
Are left to beggary, scorn, and shame.

* But for the generous aid of Elizabeth, Holland never could have established her independence against the *then* strong powers of Spain, led on by Alva; a monster whose character would form no bad parallel with Napoleon's. It should never be forgotten by us, that to Holland, which that shallow legislator Napoleon declared only "fit to rank as a commercial province," we are indebted for our glorious deliverer William, of immortal memory.

Napoleon draws the sword in wrath,
With marshall'd thousands by his side,
To Russia treads the wayward path,
To humble Alexander's pride.
Sarmatia trembles at his frown,
Through realms of frost he speeds his way;
All Russia flies—submits each town
To Buonaparte's giant sway.

All private sorrow sinks—all home-felt care—
Before confusion, horror, and despair;
Beneath his feet, whilst suffering thousands groan,
Triumphant *Murder* mounts her elevated throne;
And where retiring *Peace* made nature gay,
Stern and relentless *Havoc* bends his way;
He breathes in fire, and blasts the hopeful year,
Rage in his front, and *Famine* in his rear.
Swift as the death-flash lights the gloomy skies,
On ev'ry side see *Desolation* rise;
The ruin rises from Iberia's shore,
To where the winds o'er Scythia's deserts roar;
And, soak'd in human blood, the Duna's side
Bears earth-born fiends to cross his crimson'd tide,
Where the sweet pipe cheer'd many a happy vale,
With shrieks of murder mourns the loaded gale;
And where rude virtue smil'd in realms of snow,
The crested flames of Gallic vengeance glow;
Where Northern grandeur rear'd her spires on high,
Lo, one wide waste of smoking ruins lie!
Dim o'er the scene Gaul's struggling eagles play,
And point the *bloody spoiler*'s treacherous way.
Disastrous way!—behold, he turns—he flies—
Keen for revenge a million Russians rise.
He flies at last before th' avenging rod,
Who shook Heaven's thunder, and defied his God.
Red o'er the snow the sun of vengeance gleams,
And Gaul turns pale where Russia's ensign streams.
The veteran Kutusoff, with locks of grey,
Scatters before him terror and dismay.
The hardy Chief of Scythia's barren lands,
Th' unwearied Platoff, spreads his gallant bands;
Heaven aids the cause—*Destruction* rides on high—
They fight—they yield—expire—and feebly fly;

Religion's

Religion's banner, wide in air unfurl'd,
Appals for once the *Tyrant of the World.*
No, not the Prince who Persia's glories knew,
O'er the dark Hellespont so meanly flew;
No, not the Prince who first was taught to yield
To Peter's fortune in Pultowa's field;
Fled half so meanly from their suffering bands,
As Buonaparte did from Russia's lands:
Dragg'd in a sledge—*Fear, Famine,* by his side,
Flew Europe's *scourge* and boasting Gallia's pride.
He flew to tell, what France will long deplore,
Three hundred thousand sleep to wake no more!
Cold o'er their bosoms sweeps the Northern gale,
For none will bury whom none can bewail.

O, thanks be to Him who the tide has thus chang'd,
For *retreat,* since that period, hath been Boney's aim;
And all the great plans, by his wisdom arrang'd,
Have ended in misery, FLIGHT, fear, and shame.
Through Poland he hied, as tho' Satan had kick'd him,
Through Prussia and Germany kept up the dance;
At Leipsic, poor soul! his own friends turn'd and lick'd him,
And he'll meet with the same from his old friends in France.
Quintus Curtius the modern, upon a mad horse *,
Plung'd into the gulf, and was never seen more;
And of all his brave generals, the devil a corse
By the light of the bridge made the opposite shore.
With *hook-nose* all dripping, and *lantern* jaws shrivell'd,
From Cassel to Paris he jumps at one spring:
At the foot of his brother he trembled and snivell'd,
The *well-pickled, smoke-dried,* Westphalian King.
Ah, Boney! this year hath determin'd thy fate;
To a hair's breadth the Crown Prince hath measur'd thy span;
And shrunk to a nothing these bugbears of late,
The *Great Nation* of *rogues,* and their *little great* man.

Hail, thou bright Janus, herald of the year,
Which closes only on Napoleon's bier;
This year shall sweep th' *Oppressor* from the world,
And every eye see Freedom's flag unfurl'd:

* Poniatowski, celebrated for his bravery and want of principle.

Beauharnois trembles, Murat hides his head,
And hope from Davoust has for ever fled;
E'en Talleyrand bends low his *reverend* form *,
And yields, in sullen silence, to the storm:
Prince, Bishop, Monster, arm'd with Satan's powers,
How dark and hopeless must be thy last hours,
When o'er thy pallid brow death's blossoms wave,
And damning blasphemy leads to the grave!
Die with thy *Master*'s reign—for short 's the day
Whose sunbeams glitter on a murderer's sway;
Soon from his bloody and polluted throne,
Unpitied shall he fall—nor fall alone;
His life-blood reeking on the dagger's blade,
Will reach those hearts whose counsels were his aid;
The joyful news will spread to every shore,
And unchain'd millions breathe in peace once more.

Crawford Street, Monday evening.

FRENCH ENTHUSIASM:

AN HEROIC FARCE.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 21.]

SCENE—*The Hospital of Invalids at Paris.*

First Invalid.

IT seems the Emp'ror's coming here to-day,
To take the little life we have away:
Sad is our fate while in this wretch's clutches,
Oblig'd to hop to battle upon crutches.

Second Invalid. It is too bad. 'T was but this time last year,
He *forc'd* all who could stand to *volunteer*.
They went to fill the place of those he lost,
By Cossacks' spears, and Russia's blasting frost;
To Germany he led them.

---

* I consider this ex-bishop as the *very* worst character that ever lent his abilities to Napoleon's service. If he did not strike the blow, he handed the dagger;—if he did not administer the poison, he mixed the cup. He only appears less atrocious than his master, because what one avows with the face of a braggart, the other hides with the secret veil of cunning and cowardice.

Third

First Invalid. There their fate
They met, and ceas'd to burden more the state.
Third Invalid. It seems to me that this is a new trick
The Butcher's hit upon to kill his sick:
The maim'd and wretched he begrudges breath,
And sends out crippled companies to death.
What's your opinion?—
Second Invalid. That which you've confess'd;
He means to send us to eternal rest.
Why don't he kill us off at once? and give
The Egypt dose, if we are not to live?
First Invalid. Of this I'm satisfied, that one and all
Were better in the Egypt hospital.
I'd rather take my poison in my bed,
Than hobble to the fight my blood to shed.
I've lost one leg, and from my heart I rue
That the same bullet did not take off two.
Second Invalid. I *have* lost two, but still there's little chance
Of getting off.—He'll make my stumps advance.
Fourth Invalid. I've lost an arm; he cannot seek my aid.
Fifth Invalid. I'm blind as Cupid, so I'm not afraid.
Fourth, Fifth, and other Invalids. We who are useless quite, and cannot go
As volunteers ourselves, will boldly show
You, who have but a leg or two gone dead,
Had better hide, or else be sick in bed.
First, Second, and Third Invalids. We'll do it instantly; but hark! the drums
Announce the butcher of his army comes.
[*Exeunt with others who are maimed in the same way.*
Fifth Invalid. I little thought that I should bless the day
That took the sight from both my eyes away.
Fourth Invalid. My wounds, thank Heav'n, from duty must secure.
Fifth Invalid. The villain's here; be dumb—

Enter BUONAPARTE, CAULINCOURT, *and others.*
Invalids. *Vive l'Empereur!*
Boney (to Caulincourt.) Why, d—n these fellows, from that squeaking shout,
It seems they know what we are come about.
(Aloud.)

(Aloud.) Thanks, my brave fellows, for your noble zeal
In my just cause—that of *the common weal.*

Fifth Invalid. Emp'ror, for you our lives we'll all lay down.

Boney. You would not give me a "degraded crown."

Fourth Invalid. Indeed we would not, Sir—we'd rather fall:

(Aside.) We would not give you *any crown at all.*

Fifth Invalid. We pant to serve you, Sir—accept of me;
I still can march.—*(Marches.)*

Boney. But, zounds! you cannot see.

Fifth Invalid. True, I'm a little at a loss just there;
But still I'll march to battle any where.

Boney. Your ardour touches me. In fate's despite,
If possible we will restore your sight.
(To Surgeon.) Take this brave fellow, for the field he sighs,
No, lead him in; this instant couch his eyes.

Surgeon. This done, he'll surely lose his life.

Boney. You lie.
How should you know? What if he does?—Go try.

Fifth Invalid (falling on his knees.) O! do not doom me to such cruel pain.

Boney. Away! you'll thank me when you see again.

[*Exit Surgeon with Invalid.*

To bless my people ever still inclin'd,
'T is mine to furnish eyesight to the blind.

Caulincourt. Yes, you'll cure all his ills.

Boney. 'T is very true,
As Captain Wright was doctor'd once by you.
Where's the next volunteer?—*(To Fourth Invalid.)* O! you're the man.

Fourth Invalid. Yes, Sir, I'll fight your battles if I can.

Boney. *If* you can?—Why that if? I much should like
To know why you can't battle with a pike.
What if you've lost an arm? one's quite enough.
To hint you cannot fight, is all d—'d stuff.

[*He passes him with others, who have lost an arm.*

These men will form two good *one-handed corps,*
Let them be rang'd as *rights* and *lefts* in scores.
But half your number do not yet appear.
(To Officers.) Go drag the rest to come and volunteer.

[*Exeunt Officers.*

Enter

Enter Surgeon.

Surgeon. Th' experiment you order'd has been tried.
Boney. What 's the result?
Surgeon. The patient groan'd and died.
Boney. 'T is no great matter—more remain behind:
Try the experiment on all the blind. [*Exit Surgeon.*

Enter Officers, forcing in the Invalids who had tried to hide themselves.

O, here you are—now form yourselves in rows,
You shall the regiment form of *timber-toes*.
Doubtless, each, thinking all his work was done,
"Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won."
But greater happiness is yet in store—
Of glory you shall have a taste once more.
Say not a word; your faces show your joy,
Your raptures need a something of alloy.
(To Guards.) Here, bring *the chains*, to hold these *generous* bands,
And pinion close their yet remaining hands.
Heroes! you for your country go to fight,
For liberty!—*(To Guards.)* Be sure you make all tight.
O let it not be heard, though but in joke,
That France would ever bear a tyrant's yoke.
[*The Volunteers are marched off in chains—Exeunt Omnes.*

BUONAPARTE.

[From the British Press, Jan. 22.]

THIS gentleman having now reorganized his *Corps of Cripples*, under the name of the "National Guard of Paris," who are chiefly intended to defend the *National Institute*, and other *receptacles* of *stolen goods*, from being entered by the rightful owners of such goods: this gentleman, having ceased to be a warrior, has now become an historian entirely; and, referring to his own campaigns, and the authorized violations of his own soldiery when they entered an enemy's country, describes, in very animated terms, all the excesses which he supposes the Allies will commit

commit when they overrun France. No man can describe these things better than himself—for he knows them practically and scientifically—

"And is himself the great sublime he draws!"

But the confessions of a malefactor may be expected when the gibbet hangs over his head.

Yet, if human nature did not shudder at the *monstrous buffoonery* of the attempt to hear a *fellow* appealing to the *press* for support, when he has stopped it in every country where he had power—to hear him talk of the wickedness of violating the dominions of another, who has violated every country, from "*Dan to Beersheba*"—and to hear him lament the shedding of human blood, and the sacrifices of life, who has been the means of destroying a *million of human beings!*—hearing and seeing all this, our detestation must be complete.

ON THE LATE REPORT OF THE DEATH OF BUONAPARTE.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 22.]

NINE lives they say a *cat* has got,
This is in conscience plenty;
But there have fal'n to Boney's lot
Already more than *twenty!*

R. B. G.

TRANSLATION OF BUONAPARTE'S SPEECH TO HIS SENATE, DECEMBER 30, 1813.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 26.]

SENATORS!

PITY the sorrows of your Emperor Nap!
Who, trembling, on his knees, is now before ye.
Those curs'd Allies have given me such a rap,
They 've hurl'd me from the pinnacle of glory.
With sensible emotion!—O how true!
I feel the sentiments which you express;
My life no other object has in view,
Than that of peace, and France's happiness.

You've

You 've seen the documents I 've laid before ye;
  You 've seen how ardently my wish for peace is;—
That I consent (this blessing to restore ye)
  T' accept the hard preliminary basis.

Meantime Franche Comte, Bearne, Alsace, Brabant,
  Are all invaded by inveterate foes;—
Our rallying cry is "Peace! deliverance grant!
  Rescue our country from its dreadful woes."

Pity my sorrows, and my fame respect!
  Th' afflictions of my family wound my heart;
I call on Frenchmen,—Frenchmen to protect!
  To arms then, Frenchmen! rise with Buonaparte.

The question is no longer—*Conquests* made!
  These I will sacrifice without regret;
But let us, and our friends, while foes invade,
  To arms, then, Frenchmen! and you 'll conquer yet.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S DISORDER.

[From the British Press, Jan. 28.]

WE are given to understand that the malady under which this respectable nobleman labours puzzles the medical world exceedingly. At first, it was attributed to a *gouty affection*; but as this never was known to proceed from *abstinence*, and where the disease must have been *starved out*, this idea was rejected.

A *surgeon* of great eminence, and who is well acquainted with the theatres, suggested, that as his Lordship had been much engaged behind the scenes of all the theatres lately, whether he might not have caught cold in taking a part in some of the *new pieces* which have appeared lately; particularly as Mr. Taylor *(late of the Opera)* would be ready to start any thing that might *inflame* his Lordship.

Sir Walter Farquhar (who is one of the most jolly of the sons of Æsculapius), on seeing the front of his Lordship's house, in Bedford Square, attributed the

complaint

complaint entirely to the *new stucco*; observing, "that the novelty and elegance of the appearance intimated that there must have taken place some change in his Lordship's habits—and when symptoms of this kind break out suddenly, they prove the constitution not to be sound." He would have recommended the lancet—but he knew his Lordship's objection to—*bleeding freely*.

A GREAT MAN BELOW GROUND.

[From the same, Jan. 27]

MR. EDITOR,

IT has become a matter of political inquiry, what could induce Messrs. Bournes, of Liverpool, to entertain Mr. Canning in a salt-mine. Some have imagined it was intended as a pun upon his *wit (Sal Atticum)*; while others contend, that, as he is a *luminary* betwixt the hemispheres, it would not have been consistent to give him *any entertainment upon earth*.

As Mr. Canning is now supposed to be in a state of *fluctuation* betwixt parties, and, like the Hon. Mr. John Ward, ready to side with any that will adopt him; it was at first imagined it would have been more appropriate to have received him in a *balloon*. But to this Messrs. Bournes, who are weighty and timid gentlemen, objected immediately, and particularly as they did not wish to lose sight of their own salt-works, knowing there were sufficient numbers of people in Liverpool who would be ready to join in an *airy scheme*.

On this ground, therefore, it is supposed the plan was adopted of entertaining Mr. Canning subterraneously, and out of sight; where, should the politics of Liverpool ever change, it would not be possible to be proved that they had given Mr. Canning any other support than a *basket* to descend in.

We

We are the more confirmed in this opinion, by learning, notwithstanding the number of lights mentioned, that the *only light* there was the gentleman himself: and as to the *explosions* among the company, they only arose on the dread of one of the *salt pillars* having given way; but whether they were composed of *Epsom* or *Glauber*, was not able to be distinctly ascertained.

Liverpool. ANTI-LOT.

DOTTREL-CATCHING.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 27]

MR. EDITOR,

THE method of taking this bird is somewhat singular, and is described in an old book in the following terms:—

"The dottrel is a foolish bird, of the crane species, very tall, awkward, and conceited. The dottrel-catcher, when he has got near enough, turns his head round sideways, and *makes a leg* towards him: the bird, seeing this, returns the civility, and makes the same sidelong movement. These advances are repeated with mutual satisfaction, till the man approaches near enough, and then the bird is taken."

A Poet-laureat, or a Treasury sophist, is often taken much in the same way. Your *oppositionist*, Sir, was ever a true *gull*. From the general want of sympathy, he sets more store by it than it is worth, and for the smallest concession is prevailed upon to give up every principle, and to surrender himself, bound hand and foot, the slave of a party, who get all they want of him, and then—"Spunge, you are dry again!" A striking proof of this has lately occurred in the instance of a celebrated writer, whose lucubrations are withheld from the public, partly, no doubt, because he has honestly declared against the project of restoring the Bourbons.

A

As the court and city politicians have spoken out on this subject, permit me, Sir, to say a word in behalf of the country. I have no dislike whatever, private or public, to the Bourbons, except as they may be made the pretext for mischievous and impracticable schemes. At the same time I have not the slightest enthusiasm in their favour. I would not sacrifice the life or limb of a single individual to restore them. I have very nearly the same feelings towards them which Swift has expressed in his account of the ancient and venerable race of the Struldbruggs. It is true they might in some respects present a direct contrast to Buonaparte.

A tortoise placed on the throne of France would do the same thing. The literary sycophants of the day, Sir, are greatly enamoured (from some cause or other) with hereditary imbecility and native want of talent. They are angry, not without reason, that a Corsican upstart has made the Princes of Europe look like wax-work figures, and given a shock to the still-life of kings. They wish to punish this unpardonable presumption, by establishing an artificial balance of *weakness* throughout Europe, and by reducing humanity to the level of thrones. We may, perhaps, in time improve this principle of ricketty admiration to Eastern perfection, where every changeling is held sacred, and that which is the disgrace of human intellect is hailed as the image of the Divinity!

It is said, that in France the old royalists and the revolutionary republicans are agreed in the same point. Buonaparte is the point of union between these opposite extremes, the common object of their hate and fear. I can conceive this very possible from what I have observed among ourselves. He has certainly done a great deal to mortify the pride of birth in the one, and the vanity of personal talents in the others.

others. This is a very sufficient ground of private pique and resentment, but not of national calamity or eternal war.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

EICONOCLASTES SATYRANE.

BOTANICAL PRESENTS.

[From the Champion, Jan. 30.]

"*The Times* persists in the story respecting the present to a Noble Marchioness. It is not very *gallant*, however, to make more of this matter than it is worth. The fact, we learn, is precisely as follows:—Some time ago the Marchioness of Hertford sent over to the Ex-Empress Josephine (who is very much attached to botanic pursuits) a present of curious seeds and plants. In return for these, Josephine sent over, by Lady Webbe, a present of a lace gown and a velvet pelisse, valued at 9000 francs. This has been perverted into a present from the Empress Louisa."—*Chronicle.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAMPION.

SIR,

I HAVE singular pleasure in being able to hand you a copy of the letter from the M—r——ss of H—tf—d, accompanying the botanical present to the Ex-Empress Josephine, of which so much has lately been said in the public papers. For this interesting communication I am indebted to Mr. Goldsmith, of the Anti-Gallican; and I can assure you, that it is not a whit less authentic than the many other disclosures of which his paper has been made the vehicle.

I am, yours, &c.

BOTANICUS.

(Copy.) *Manchester Square.*

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MADAM,

Conformably to your request, I have the honour of transmitting you an assortment of our most striking botanical

botanical curiosities of the vegetable, flower, and plant species. For this purpose I have not only drawn from my own collection, but have laid under contribution those of the most eminent persons in this country; so that I hope the *tout-ensemble* will afford you a full specimen of our various natural productions, and meet your entire approbation. I should have had sincere pleasure in complying with your urgent demands for *Laurel*, of which you say there is so great a dearth in France at this moment, that his Imperial Majesty has been unable to collect a single sprig; but all the genuine growth of this country has been lately monopolized by the Marquis of Wellington; and, as he is probably ere this in the immediate vicinity of Paris, I must refer you to him for a supply.

I send you a *Crown Imperial*, of which you must be particularly careful in a French soil at this changeable season, else it will be very apt to tumble from the stalk, and be replaced by a *Fleur-de-Lys de Bourbon*.

As to our *Roses*, they are all so fond of sticking to their places, that they will not bear transplanting: none of them, however, are of the blushing sort:—the principal is the *Dog*, or *Full-blown Cabbage Rose*, which thrives best amid the rankest corruption. Our *Bachelor's Buttons*, too, are so eagerly sought to be plucked by the maids of honour, and other spinsters, that I have not been able to procure any. I would gladly supply you with some *Heart's Ease*, but I have lately lost all mine:—of *Rue*, however, my stock increases daily, and has continued to do so ever since I cleared my grounds of the *Chaste Flower*.

The R——t, having always kept his pleasure-garden well stocked, has been enabled to make you some valuable offerings, but he cannot supply you with any plants of the *Poplar* kind, as all that he once possessed have lately withered away. They flourish, however,

however, with great luxuriance about the residence of his repudiated wife at Blackheath, where, by an intermixture with the plant *Honesty*, they have lately formed an effectual fence even against the attempts of assassins and conspirators. Whilst adjusting his umbrageous whiskers, his Royal Highness gave orders for packing up a *Devil in a Bush*; and, in a bisquit basket of his own invention, you will find some withered *Love Apples*, adorned with flowers of the *Coxcomb*, *Love in Idleness*, *French Bean*, and various exotics. He is by no means partial to *Green plants*, but rather prefers *Elders*; and of the various kinds of *Peas*, appears most attached to the *Marrowfat* and *Everlasting* sort, of which I can myself afford you a sample. I am particularly charged to express his regret that he cannot send you any *Thyme*, as he has lost all his, and it is now too late to recover it.

From the P——ss of W—s I am commissioned to transmit you some samples of the *Balm and Balsam*, from which she has experienced very great relief. In a late violent attack, brought on by a deadly compound of *Nightshade*, *Hemlock*, *Dogstooth*, *Dragons*, *Ratsbane*, *Stinging Nettles*, and other poisonous plants, mixed up with the *Prince's Feather*, she derived great benefit from the use of *Broom*, of which she sends you some slips, to serve in case of need.

I have it in command from the P——ss Ch———e of W—s, to desire your acceptance of some *Beet Root*, with some seedlings of a *Passion Flower*, just now coming out, and which generally gives more than one *blow* in a season. Attempts are making to engraft this flower upon the *Orange Tree*.

The Lord Chancellor humbly begs to present to you the trunk of an old *Sloe Tree*, from which several branches of *Weeping Willow* spontaneously shoot. He cannot undertake to pronounce an opinion on this *Lusus Naturæ*, but will take the papers home with

him that have been written on the subject, and will give you his judgment by the next opportunity.

Mr. C—k—r, of the Admiralty, respectfully offers a specimen of a remarkably quick-shooting *Mushroom*, together with some *Creepers*, which in congenial situations quickly change to *Climbers* of the *Iris* species. His contributions would have been larger; but having been seized by mistake by the Society "For superseding the necessity of Climbing Boys," he has not had leisure to attend to my request.

Mr. Whitbread presents you with a sample of the real British *Heart of Oak*, together with two or three specimens of the *Medlar*.

From Sir V—y G—s I have received a large assortment of shoots from the *Crab Tree*, *Snapdragon*, *Rue*, *Wormwood*, and *Bitter Almonds*.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor transmitted a large bundle of *London Pride*; and Sir W—m C—s, having plenty of stuffing, although no *Sage*, offers you all that he has to boast of, viz.—some *Stocks*, and a *Plum*.

My Lord E——h presents a specimen of a large esculent plant, only fit for the Kitchen Garden,—a wild *Passion Flower*, and some seedlings of the *Lappa*, or *Newcastle Bur*, of which he is so fond, that he always carries some of it in his mouth.

Without in any way committing himself, Mr. C—n—g feels himself at liberty to offer you a plant of *Jesuit's Bark*, raised originally from rubbish, in the shelter of a *Pit*, together with some seeds of the *Heliotrope*, which has the constant property of turning to the rising sun. He would have forwarded you some *Alder* for pop-guns; but the only shoot he ever had was presented some time ago to L—d Castlereagh, and the *Alder*-men in this City offer nothing but a spurious kind, which is generally swoln and puffy about

about the trunk; while the head is apt to be weak, sappy, and hollow, without the least pith.

The specimen of an old *succulent Plant* is presented by Mr. Sheridan, as well as some blossoms of the Vine; to which he is so partial, that he is in the constant habit of carrying its *Calix* or *Cup* in his hand, which for some years past has made his *Nosegay*.

From Mr. Southey I have to forward you a sprig of *Bays* rather blighted by having been removed to an uncongenial Court at the west end of the town; but he has used all his *Poppies* while writing his *Carmen Triumphale*.

Sir John and Lady Douglas offer you a *sour Pear*, only fit for crushing, and a great variety of shoots from the *Poison Tree*. As they have lately disappeared, it is hoped they have been sent to Botany Bay, to enlarge their collection.

Some seeds of the *Numscull*, and a few cuttings of the *Goose*—berry, the fruit of which makes a capital Fool, are all that I have been able to procure from Dr. B——. I saw him lately carrying a singular *bulbous excrescence* upon his shoulders; but he would not part with it, and appeared to value it very highly, although it had no *Scions* whatever. I applied to him for some *Birch*; but I find he wants it all for his son.

Such, Madam, is a list of the articles which I convey to you by this opportunity; and should any others, worthy your acceptance, be hereafter presented to me, I shall be proud to add them to your collection. In the mean time, and always, I have the honour to be,

Most Illustrious Madam,

&c. &c. &c.

The following Ballad also relates to the famous interchange of presents. It gives, to be sure, a different account of the transaction from the above; but which is correct we cannot pretend to determine. It was at first stated, that they came from the reigning, and not from the Ex Empress:—but we are inclined to rely on Mr. Goldsmith.

A MODERN BALLAD.

I.

Beat from pillar to post,
His conquests all lost,
Depriv'd both of army and navy,
From Leipsic's affray
Boney scampers away,
And lustily bawls out "Peccavi.

II.

"O grant, if you please,
Your petitioner peace,
My bosom recoils from these slaughters;
Give me back all my men,
And I never again
(Till I'm stronger,) will beat up your quarters."

III.

But the cruel Allies
All his canting despise,
And to France the poor fugitive follow;
While all food, but the frogs,
Those long-bearded dogs,
The Cossacks, voraciously swallow.

IV.

So he cries at St. Cloud,
"Pardi, and Morbleu!
I'm plac'd in an awkward quandary;
But, when beaten by force,
It becomes us, of course,
To be ten times more cunning and wary.

V. "A

V.

"A peace of some years
Will banish my fears,
(Of a peace I will henceforth be thrifty,)
Should his Highness the Regent
E'en think it expedient,
To grant me a good one of fifty.

VI.

"So, Marie Louise,
To propitiate peace,
Send these baubles by way of Court Plaster;
They 're meant (as you 'll guess)
For the plump M———ss,
Not the wife—nor the mistress—but *Master*.

VII.

"Let Cornelia * aver,
That her boys were to her
Of jewels the best in creation:
Such high-sounding words,
In the mother of Lords,
(And *such* Lords!) would be sheer affectation."

VIII.

So the diamonds and plate
Were forwarded straight,
And, to flatter her Ladyship's taste,
The jewels were *loose*,
Though once tied in a noose,
And the silver was none of it *chas'd*.

IX.

May the first in command
In our tempest-toss'd land,
Grant to Boney this much-courted peace;
And that Englishmen may
For his government pray,
May all petticoat government cease!

* Mother of the Gracchi.

EPISTLE FROM THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON FREDERICK KING OF SAXONY.

BY OWEN AP HOEL, ESQ.

Iniqua nunquam regna perpetua.—SENECA.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 1.]

AMID confusion and dismay's wild reign,
To whom shall Buonaparte now complain?
As gazing round on all the human race,
Where shall a Tyrant find one friendly face,
One eye a ray of comfort to impart,
A tongue that speaks not daggers to his heart?
Like Ishmael's race accurst, I rais'd my hand
'Gainst all mankind—invaded every land—
Dire imprecations burst aloud from all,
And every hand accelerates my fall.
What direful evils o'er my head impend!
Where shall I turn? what Tyrant has a friend!
Rais'd to a dizzy height on Fortune's wheel,
My brain turns round—my giddy senses reel;
Too mean a footstool, earth, my feet to tread,
The skies too low to canopy my head:
Thus, like th' Aëronaut aloft, who springs,
Spurning the earth, up-borne on gaseous wings;
And as he views the lessening globe below,
In fancy kicks the foot-ball to and fro;
But, 'mid his dream of greatness, storms arise,
Howl adverse winds, and thunder shakes the skies:
Th' inflated bubble, sport of every blast,
No more he guides, but sits with fear aghast;
Darts the red bolt, th' avenging stroke is given,
And, like a shooting star, he falls from heaven—
Unmark'd, his lower path in darkness lies—
He falls; like Lucifer, no more to rise.
O! but for that curs'd Isle, and hated race,
The ocean's lords, and held in her embrace;
Had not their thunders on my head been hurl'd,
This hand had grasp'd a subjugated world—

But vain my countless hosts all ready stand,
And barks innumerous blacken Boulogne's strand;
Derision beckons on th'opposing shore,
And boastful threat'nings hide our shame no more.
A gallant navy, once the pride of France,
Scarce dares a league on ocean to advance;
Our fleets are captur'd if but once espied,
Nay, not in safety in our ports they ride.
When with a treacherous hand I seiz'd on Spain,
And led her King a captive in my chain,
'Twas cursed England rous'd the sleeping fires,
And slothful Spain to liberty aspires.
There burst the flame, and straight, thro' Europe borne,
It spread like wild-fire 'mid the standing corn.
Then came the Wellington—O hated name!
O! Britain's pride, and Gallia's lasting shame!
While vaunting Massena the hero braves,
With threats, to drive him to his native waves—
Vain, empty threats!—his arm the boaster feels,
And flies with rout and terror at his heels.
Chief after Chief I try without avail,
Superior genius bids our efforts fail.
Still on he presses, as our hosts retreat,
While envied laurels spring beneath his feet.
Nor arms, nor barriers, stay his bold advance,
And hostile armies tread the soil of France!
But, O my Frederick! what is most my bane,
No rapine blights, no ruthless murders stain,
The hero's path—no village wrapt in fire,
Rouse my cold subjects to revengeful ire.
Alas! my armed bands alone can feel
Th' uplifted vengeance of the Victor's steel.
Hence spring my worst of fears, and bid me own,
Dire consternation shakes Napoleon's throne.
Such are the clouds my southern realms present;
While on the North an armed continent
Threatens with ten-fold vengeance to o'erwhelm,
As with a trembling hand I hold the helm:
Alas! what evils o'er my head impend!
Where shall I turn? what Tyrant has a friend?

Rack'd with its daily cares, this tortur'd breast
Knows not at night, alas! the balm of rest;
Nor can Louisa, deck'd in beauty's charms,
Condemn'd by force to fill a tyrant's arms,
One smile of comfort to my bosom bring,
Assuage one pang, or deaden conscience' sting.
If o'er my burning brain the powers of sleep
Prevail awhile, and on my eyelids creep,
Then injur'd Josephine is ever near,
Drops on the ingrate's heart her scalding tear.
Then deeper horrors all my breast invade;
Rivers of blood, D'Enghien's murder'd shade,
And visions hateful to my soul, arise;
As in a mirror, flit before my eyes
The future Monarchs of the Bourbon line;
While clouds disgrace, and darkness covers mine!
That name which bade appalled Europe stand,
Froze every heart, and palsied every hand,
Becomes the theme of every babbling nurse,
To fright her babe, or utter'd with a curse.
Alas! I feel, while o'er my head impend
Death and disgrace—a Tyrant has no friend!
In vain the base usurper round him flings
The pomp of state—the sacred stole of kings.
Alive, detested—dead, his meanest slave
Shall spurn his clay, and trample on his grave!
The huge Colossus that bestrode the world,
Down from its pedestal shall soon be hurl'd.
No more shall nations deem the structure brass,
No more look up, and tremble as they pass.
'T was sordid clay assum'd the giant form
That melts and trembles to the beating storm;
Or blown to dust, its parts, no more combin'd,
Disperse in air—' nor leave a wreck behind.'

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

[From the Satirist.]

"I HAVE stolen a lock of your beautiful hair,
The delight almost makes me run crazy."—
"Had I known," straight replied my beneficent fair,
"The possession of one would bring raptures so rare,
I 'd have given you up the whole jazey."

SUFFERINGS OF THE POOR IN THE METROPOLIS.

[From the British Press, Feb. 1.]

MANY letters have been received at The British Press Office, complaining of the *tardy* and very incompetent relief afforded to the poor during the late extremely severe season. The following report of a case in point is, no doubt, from one of those dissatisfied complainants:—

A meeting of the Churchwardens, Overseers of the Poor, and inhabitants of a populous parish at the west end of the town, was held a few days since, for the purpose of devising some means to alleviate the distresses of the lower classes of society, who have been so severely afflicted by the extraordinary inclemency of the weather.

Mr. *Julap*, the parish apothecary, *opened* the business of the day with an *emollient* harangue. He expatiated, at great length, on the miseries endured by the poor; which, he contended, ought to *stimulate* the meeting to adopt some efficient measure for their relief. While so many efforts were making to succour the wretched inhabitants of other countries, he hoped the misery which was at their own doors would not be passed over unnoticed. If, however, they would not act from principles of humanity, he trusted the demands of justice would be attended to. They all knew that he had contracted, for a very trifling

stipend, to give medical aid to the poor of the parish; but this he now found it impossible to do, without incurring a very great loss; for, in consequence of the severity of the weather, and the want of the common necessaries of life, the number of the sick were daily increasing, and would continue to increase, unless a supply of beef, mutton, bread, and potatoes, was immediately granted. He should therefore propose, "that a subscription be opened for the purpose of procuring provisions for the poor; and that the Rev. Mr. *Beau-Clerc*, the Rector of the Parish, be requested to undertake the management of the same."

Mr. *Beau-Clerc* begged leave to decline so troublesome an office. He could by no means pay the necessary attention to such a trust; as he was engaged to different dinner, tea, supper, and card parties, for the ensuing month; besides, he did not think the situation of the poor was so very desperate. If they attended regularly at their parish church, they would be plentifully supplied with the *bread of life:* that celestial food was alone worth seeking.

Mr. *Coke*, a gentleman in the black-diamond trade, in a very *warm* speech, expressed his opinion, that the wants of the poor should not be neglected. He, however, thought it was more necessary to afford them *comfortable fires*, in this inclement season, than *food*. If such should be the sense of the meeting, he had a considerable quantity of coals on hand, which he would dispose of very cheap.

Mr. *Wick*, a tallow-chandler, concurred in the opinion which the last speaker had supported with such *melting* eloquence; but begged leave to suggest the propriety of affording the poor room-keepers a little light during the dreary winter evenings—he therefore submitted to the meeting a specimen of candles; which, as his heart was cast in the *mould* of pity, he was willing to sell under first cost.

Mr.

Mr. *Blubber*, oilman (across the table):—"With all due submission to the Worthy Gentleman, I think *train-oil* infinitely preferable."

Mr. *Dough*, the baker, in a very *flowery* oration, reprobated the conduct of the last three speakers, which, he said, savoured strongly of the *leaven* of selfishness. For his own part, it struck him, that the poor could not possibly be in so wretched a situation as had been described. He could prove, beyond the reach of contradiction, that food could be procured *gratis*. Surely the meeting could not forget, that an ingenious gentleman of his profession had recently been very successful in making bread from *paving-stones*; a second had used *pulverized bones*, for the same purpose; and a third had manufactured loaves, of peculiar *whiteness*, from *plaster of Paris*. It was true, the Lord Mayor, who was an enemy to such *wholesome* experiments, had punished those enterprising characters; but, if the poor chose to regale on diet of that description, it was not in his power to prevent them. He had no doubt that excellent bread could be made from *saw-dust*—and even *brick-dust*, he believed, might be used for that purpose. When materials of this kind were so plenty, he knew not why they should be called upon for subscriptions.

Mr. *Comfit*, an eminent confectioner, contended, that the poor, so far from being in a pitiable situation, were revelling in luxuries. What, he would ask, was more excellent than *snow-water*, in the composition of pancake batter? What was more palatable than *frost*, when placed on the top of a twelfth cake? And, as to *ices*, every person must allow that they were very great delicacies.

Much confusion here took place—a dozen of orators were on their legs together—*Marrowbones*, the butcher, roared out, that the poor should be supplied with *offal*. *Snip*, the tailor, declared that they ought

first to be *clothed*. *Puff*, the bellows-mender, hoped, if they were furnished with coals, that he might have an order to send in twenty pair of *bellows*.

In the midst of this uproar, the waiter of the tavern where the meeting was held entered the room, and announced that a sumptuous dinner, provided for the occasion, was on the table.

The Rev. Mr. Beau-Clerc immediately rose, and moved, as an amendment, "That the further consideration of the subject should be postponed till the first Monday in April;" by that time, he observed, the weather would be more moderate, the price of provisions would be reduced, and, *perhaps*, they would then be able to do something.

The amendment was carried, after some *pungent* observations from Mr. *Julap*, and the meeting adjourned—*to dinner!*

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 1.]

BILLY Snip went to skate, when, the ice being loose,
He fell in; but was sav'd by good luck:
Cried the Tailor, "I 'll never more leave my *hot goose*,
To receive, in return, a *cold duck*." B.

EPISTLE FROM MISS BETTY MARTIN TO MISS ELIZABETH BOLDERDASH,

TOUCHING THE LATE FESTIVITIES, A TRUNK, AND SUNDRY OTHER MATTERS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE, AND GREAT NATIONAL MOMENT.

[From the same.]

DEAR Betsy, I never was half so delighted!—
I saw him! I saw him!—and uncle was knighted!
The Duke and the Duchess so gracious and bending,
And the Bishops and Aid-de-camps so condescending—
I danc'd with a dear little Captain—but mum—
I say *nothing*—but *something* 't is likely may come.

Sweet

Sweet fellow—he kill'd some score Frenchmen in Spain,
And is going to kill twice as many again.
I do love the army—the *real*, I mean,
Who at battles, and breaches, and sieges have been:
Dear creatures—they talk so divinely of columns,
And charging and flanking—O, Bess! 'twould fill volumes.
Then Vaughan most impressively *spoke* the address,
And they said that he *mov'd* certain persons, dear Bess.
A *spoken oration* 's a very new thing—
The last was by Beckford, address'd to the King.
The weather was cold, and a deep fall of snow;
So my aunt and my Pa' were unwilling to go;
But I told them the news in a letter by Mary,
Who came to the show, but return'd to the dairy.
But a trunk was discover'd!—and this trunk I saw!—
It was found in the road which was clear'd by the thaw,
And was brought to my Pa', who is one of the quorum,
Was open'd, and rummag'd, and emptied before him.
And what think you jump'd out, to our monstrous amaze,
But two pair of whiskers, and one pair of stays—
Six cutlets—a packet of answers—so, so—
A chocolate cake, and a pint of noyau!
The constable fainted away at the sight,
And I thought that poor Pa' would have died of the fright;
But my aunt seiz'd the stays with inordinate glee,
And they fit her, I vow, my dear Bess, to a T!
The whiskers were given to a German hussar,
Who had sing'd off his own with a red-hot segar;
The cutlets afforded a delicate treat,
Pa' says they 're the nicest that ever he eat.
Of the *answers* I took the blank leaves for my notes—
Of the rest, for an age, I can make *papillottes*.
To discover the owner all measures were tried,
The trunk advertis'd was, and posted, and cried;
For Pa', though a justice, was bound, you well know,
Before he ate cutlets and drank the noyau,
To find out the person to whom they belong'd;
But, *nobody found*—why no one was wrong'd.
And so to distribute them fairly was best,
And Pa's conscience, and aunt's, and my own, are at rest.
But this rambling epistle must now have an end.
Am I never to see you again, my dear friend?

Where,

Where, where are your vows?—I 've a right to reproach—
You said, three months ago, that you 'd come by the coach.
Was not this what you promis'd, false Bess, at our parting?
But friendship is all in my eye, BETTY MARTIN.

T. T.

TO LORD BYRON.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 7.]

BARD of ungentle, wayward mood!
'T is said of thee, when in the lap,
Thy nurse, to tempt thee to thy food,
Would squeeze a *lemon* in thy pap.

At *vinegar* how danc'd thine eyes,
Before thy tongue a want could utter!
And oft the dame, to stop thy cries,
Strew'd *wormwood* on thy bread and butter.

And when, in childhood's frolic hour,
Thou'dst plait a garland for thy hair,
The *nettle* bloom'd a chosen flower,
And native thistles flourish'd there.

For *sugar-plum* thou ne'er didst pine,
Thy teeth no *sweet-meat* ever hurt—
The *sloe's juice* was thy favourite wine,
And *bitter almonds* thy dessert.

Mustard, how strong soe'er the sort is,
Can draw no moisture from thine eye;
Not vinegar nor aqua-fortis
Could ever set thy face awry.

Thus train'd a satirist—thy mind
Soon caught the bitter, sharp, and sour;
And all their various pow'rs, combin'd,
Produc'd *Childe Harold* and the *Giaour*.

THE THREE POETASTERS.

[From the Morning Herald, Feb. 7.]

THERE 's Lord By—n, Lord By—n,
Whom others conspire on,
In splenetic doggrels to sin it;

With

With Anacreon M—re,
Who 's ne'er out of his door,
And Sam R–g–rs, who 's always within it.

It is true, one and all
Can find plenty of gall,
And rough pens, from their genius of evil;
But they 'll do no more ill,
Print as much as they will,
Though their ink be as black as the d—l.

Yet for work under ground,
If such moles must be found,
So ready, and fit, perhaps few know;
Nor e'en how to pick
From the pack of Old Nick,
Such a dark *tria juncta in uno!* NIM.

UNION OF JOHN FROST AND MISS SNOW.

[From the British Press, Feb. 8.]

SAYS John Frost to Miss Snow,
"My dear, you well know,
What we 've kindly met here for together."
But said Snow to her Frost,
In her loves strangely crost,
"You 're as changeful, my dear, as the weather."

Frost coolly replied
To his cold and fair bride,
"Though my hoar glitt'ring cottage you 've dwelt in,
You 're as false as the wind—
To coquetting inclin'd,
And other's arms kindly you melt in."

Then, weeping, said Snow,
Dissolv'd in her woe,
"Make me yours in your chains adamantine."
Frost, alarm'd for her death,
Bound her his in a breath,
And an end put to all her gallanting

But this pair, people think,
Were divorc'd in a wink,
If Beau Spring, from the skies soft descending,

Should

Should smile on the fair—
So, old ones, beware
Of the ills on such matches depending.

Cold Meece, Staffordshire. SIMON SHIVEL.

FIRST BULLETIN OF THE GRAND ARMY.

[From the Times, Feb. 8.]

Imperial Head Quarters, Chalons, Jan. 28, 1814.

THE third campaign of the war against the continent, for the support of the continental system, has now begun. It will be as glorious to France as the two preceding.

The Emperor left Paris early in the morning of the 25th, and reached Chalons the same evening. It is a great convenience to have so easy and expeditious a communication between the head-quarters and the capital.

We are as yet ignorant where the head-quarters of the different Marshals, that were on the Rhine and the Waal, will be fixed. It is believed, that they will fall back on the grand army, with a part of their forces, leaving the rest to follow as soon as circumstances shall permit.

If the campaign has been opened somewhat earlier than might have been desirable for the success of the grand plans in agitation, the Emperor is by no means to be blamed for this. It results entirely from the precipitation of the enemy. His Majesty has expressed his high displeasure on this account, particularly against Prince Schwartzenberg; who ought better to have known the consideration due to the greatest captain of all ages, past, present, and future.

On the 26th, His Majesty in person visited the outposts, wrapped in a Polish cloak. It had snowed during the night, and the cold was at 10 degrees of Réaumur

mur below the freezing point. Some inconsiderate voices cried, *à bas le manteau!* His Majesty, whose good-humour never deserts him, gaily threw off the cloak, and retired to his tent, amidst cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* This touching scene will be immortalized by the pencil of Baron David.

Early on the 27th, news was brought, that some Cossacks had had the audacity to show themselves on the side of St. Dizier. The whole of the army was instantly put in motion, to chastise the insolence of this despicable cavalry. We came up with them near the town of St. Dizier. Never was French heroism more signally displayed. The different regiments of the old and young guard rivalled each other in devotion. The cavalry of the guard of honour executed several brilliant charges. A few of them were dismounted, owing to the circumstance of their not being yet sufficiently exercised in the face of the enemy. This slight defect will soon be remedied. After six hours hard fighting, the enemy gave way on all sides. They were pursued without relaxation, *l'epée dans les reins*, as far as Vassy. Many bit the dust: and *two Cossacks* were taken. They are to be sent in chains to Paris, and presented before His Majesty the King of Rome, in order to fill his youthful mind with ideas of glory. Our loss in the battle consisted only of the little finger of a conscript. *Te Deum* will be celebrated as usual by Cardinal Maury.

In the midst of these glorious successes, the thoughts of the Emperor are incessantly turned to the attainment of peace; but whatever happens, he will consent to no terms which shall endanger the integrity of the city of Paris. He is firmly resolved that the Thuilleries shall be shared with no foreign sovereign; and he will insist on the guarantee of all the high contracting powers, to secure to the Great Nation the perpetual possession of the Venus de Medicis and of the Apollo Belvedere.

What l

What! shall we lose these precious fruits of our glorious revolution? Shall we give up the monuments of that profound policy which does so much honour to the age of Napoleon the Great? Perish the Frenchman who can entertain so base a thought! Henceforward let our rallying cry be "The Venus de Medicis, one and indivisible!"

His Majesty has learnt, with extreme dissatisfaction, that bets are publicly laid at Paris on the event of an approaching change of the dynasty. To put an end to all such chimerical expectations he has issued the annexed decree:

We, Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Rhenish Confederacy, Mediator of the Helvetic Confederation, &c. &c.

Having heard our Council of State, decree as follows:

Whoever shall deny that Louis XVI. was a ferocious tyrant, shall suffer death.

Whoever shall deny that the House of Buonaparte are the lineal descendants of Charlemagne, shall suffer death.

Whoever shall deny that Saint Napoleon is more worthy the prayers of Frenchmen than Saint Louis, shall suffer death.

Whoever shall deny that the Corsicans are the most ancient and honourable tribe of the Gauls, shall suffer death.

Whoever shall pronounce, without an execration (to be hereafter settled by our beloved cousins, the Cardinals Fesch and Maury), the words *Bourbon*, *old times*, or *limited monarchy*, shall suffer death.

Permanent military commissions shall be appointed for the trial of all offenders against this our decree.

SONNET

SONNET TO LORD THURLOW,

ON HIS POEM OF "MOONLIGHT."

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 9.]

THOU mighty bard! ay, *peerless* though a peer!
Who with thy "Lady Muse" dost take a walk,
And with the angels and the stars dost talk*,
When the moon rises and the night is clear;

O! deign to smile propitious on my verse,
While I in joyous numbers do rehearse
Thy praises *ev'n unto the fourteenth line!*
For all that Byron has, or e'er shall write,
Is "darkness visible" to thy "Moonlight;"
His verse is plain simplicity to thine †.

His Muse, indeed, with thine pretend to cope!
As well might Blackmore be compar'd to Pope!
No! let Lord Byron chime his *Eastern lies;*
Th' immortal Thurlow thunders to the skies ‡!

mdon, Feb. 6, 1814. A LUNATIC.

LINES

THE PRESENT MOMENTOUS CONTEST BETWEEN BUONAPARTE AND THE FOUR ALLIED POWERS OF AUSTRIA, RUSSIA, PRUSSIA, AND SWEDEN.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 9.]

LITTLE Nappy of France, like David of old,
Dar'd cope with a giant's vast power:
Goliah had only one head, we are told,
But Nappy's opponent has four!

As differ these giants in force and in shape,
So, too, will their fortunes, we trust;
Uninjur'd our giant's four heads will escape,
And Nappy's be thrown in the dust!

W. BAILDON.

---

* "With angels let us talk and with the stars."—MOONLIGHT.
† "His speech were plain simplicity to theirs."—Ibid.
‡ "Th' *immortal Regent* thunders to the sky."
SONNET TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

ON

ON THE PRESENT EMBASSY.

" Pax bello quæritur."

[From the British Press, Feb. 10.]

HOW much do the *mission* and Castlereagh jar!
He goes to make peace—his department is war.
But, his lady being with him, our prospects increase;
For though *he* may be *war*, yet his *wife* may be *peace*.
Then to Curtis's wish all our hearts must attune;
For, if such be the *peace*—" Be it speedy and *soon!*"

A MESSENGER.

PARAPHRASE

OF HAMLET'S CELEBRATED SOLILOQUY, " TO BE, OR NOT TO BE."

[From " Posthumous Parodies."]

TO woo, or not to woo,—that is the question:
Whether 't is wiser in a man to suffer
The screws and pinches of a straiten'd fortune,
Or to take arms 'gainst some rich widow's suitors,
And, by opposing, beat them. To woo—to wed:—
No more:—and, by a wedding say we silence
The creditor, and thousand barking pests
That snap at poor men—though the consummation
Were little to be wish'd. To woo;—to wed:
To wed—perchance be hen-peck'd!—There 's the rub!
For in that unison what jars may come
When we have shuffled on the fatal yoke,
Must give us pause. There 's the respect
That makes our celibacy last so long;
For who would bear the plagues of poverty,
The fair's neglect, the coxcomb's contumely,
The dearth of dinner, and the mournful waste
That active Time in galligaskins wears,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a gold ring?—Who 'd be a subaltern,
To drill and dress under a martinet,
But that the dread of something after marriage,
That knot indissoluble, from whose noose
No sufferer can be freed, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear our own mishaps,

Tha

Than fly to others that a wife would bring!
For women do make noodles of us all;
And thus, the bare design of a flirtation
Is strangled by the terror of a match,
And many a pleasant and free-hearted youth
With this regard his courtship turns awry,
And shuns the name of husband.

DUPERY.

[From the British Press, Feb. 10.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOU must not be surprised at the facility with which the most absurd stories are daily circulated and believed at the Stock Exchange. People delight in the marvellous; and the world, be assured, is not more credulous in the present than it was in the last century. If you doubt this assertion, read the following communication, which I have just received.

Yours, T. TAKEALL.

EMPIRICISM, CELESTIAL BEDS, EARTH BATHS.

SIR,

THE people of England have always been remarkable for being dupes to empirics. About thirty years ago, a great fortune was made by a learned Doctor, of Shoe Lane, London, who vended what he called "*Pilulæ radiis solis extractæ*"—"Pills extracted from sun-beams." His patients at last found that this solar panacea was but a *mouthful of moonshine*; but before this was discovered, the Doctor's sublime chemistry had in reality collected and condensed the attenuated and scattered rays of light into solid ingots of gold, with which he removed to his native land, Germany.

A most magnificent, learned, and humane Doctor, called, by way of pre-eminence, the celestial Graham, had observed, about twenty years ago, that a gradual debility

debility had seized upon the people of England, and that its inhabitants were rapidly decreasing in numbers. He was a patriot, and he wept over the misfortunes of his country. He did more; for he called all the energies of his mind into action, to renovate the constitutions of his fellow-citizens. Celestial beds, celestial couches, celestial electrical machines, with celestial conductors, were formed, and his pupils and patients received ethereal flame, transmitted from the sacred fires of Paradise, through their bones, their marrow, and their veins. Phantasies of bliss, and visions of transcendent joy, swam before the eyes of his transported disciples. The men beheld the black-eyed Houris of Mahomet, and the women were addressed by youths stronger than Hercules, fairer than Nereus, gentler than Adonis, and lovelier than Absalom. In less than a year from the commencement of his labours, if the periodical writers of that day may be believed, the population of London was doubled. But, alas! the useful efforts of the celestial Doctor were stopped by the unfeeling policemen. Doubtless, these senseless fellows thought that if those celestial practices were to be long continued, mutton could not be found for all the mouths which would have soon crowded up the British capital, crying out, "Give us food, give us food." Be this as it may, Graham's celestial beds were overthrown; but the ever-active mind of this great sage, thus abruptly driven from its ethereal speculations, began to seek from mother earth, that aid for his fellow-mortals, which it was no longer permitted him to draw from heaven.

Graham then invented the *earth-bath*. This alone ought to have rendered his name immortal. I remember to have attended one of the lectures of this philosopher, this son of Cœlum and Terra. In a corner of a lofty and spacious room, the floor of which

was

was almost entirely covered, for the depth of six feet, with very loose earth, slightly dried, and finely pulverized, the sage's head only was visible. The rest of his body, *in puris naturalibus*, was submersed in the earth-bath. His chin rested gracefully on its kindred clay, till his disciples and patients, stripped to the skin, like the pre-adamites, sunk also into holes formed in the earth for their reception. An attendant then loosened the clay with a kind of bar, around their bodies, and moved it into close contact with their skins. The living carcasses being thus inhumed, the heads appeared arranged in a kind of half-moon, pointing at the ends to their great prime mover and attracting power, the illustrious Graham. It was a curious spectacle to view this platform of earth, studded with human faces divine, which seemed to have sprung from its surface, like mushrooms from a dunghill, or animated visages (as fabled by the ancients) from the slimy mud of Egypt. Lavater, if he had been present, might have contemplated the human countenance in a new point of view, and in a singular and interesting situation.

The great man dropped his chin amid the yielding earth, and proclaimed, "Silence!" Then every eye was turned towards the lecturer, beaming, across the level and clayey surface of the room, horizontal rays, which concentrated, as in a common focus, on his irradiated and animated visage.

He told us, that the famous fable of the giant Antæus contained a mystic narrative of the incomprehensible virtues of mother earth. "As often as you touch it," said he, "your strength will be renewed." The powers of clay he divided, like Newton, into two great kinds, repulsive and attractive. When pulverized earth came in contact with any animated substance possessed of a living soul, it repelled from every particle of its own surface a thousand active energies,

ergies, of which the world knows but little. These either assimilated themselves with the spirit of the patient, or entered into the circulation of his blood, and gave it new velocity, or added mightily to the *vis vitæ* of his system, which they might in time render immortal and imperishable, or sublimed his intellect, and gave it clear and distinct views of things. The attractive powers he proved subducted from the animal spirits of the patient, every thing inert and terrene—from the fancy, every thing that impeded its flights, and from the seat of memory and thought, a thousand fungous excrescences which choked up the pineal gland. To render all these powers effectual, a certain elixir, known only to the sage himself, was necessary. Ten drops of this elixir infused into a hogshead of heated loamy earth, would effectually cure a dropsy. Gouts were to be removed by mixing lime, hot from the kiln, with gravelly clay; and after having carefully covered the part affected with this composition, slaking the lime with the famed elixir, diluted with stagnant water, in which frogs had spawned. The elixir was composed of materials which could only have been collected at the beginning and end of a Platonic year. Methusalem, when a boy, had gathered some of it, and Melchisedec was the only man in the world who could afterwards complete the stock.

Your readers may possibly imagine that the disciples of Graham were not philosophers but madmen. No such matter; they were very grave and very wise men, not of Gotham, but of London.

EPIGRAM,

ON A LATE SENTENCE OF NINE MONTHS IMPRISONMENT.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 11.]

SOME thought that the term of the sentence was odd,
Which sent Mary Anne and her printer to *quod*;
Yet what cuckoldly dolt can there be but must know
That 't is just the *full time* women usually *go!*

At the end of *nine months* Ma'am 's deliver'd; and then
She 'll contrive to *grow big* with fresh mischief again.
What the next brat may prove, by the mass there 's no reading,
From a brain that 's so quick, and prolific in *breeding!*

TYCHO.

A LEGAL QUIBBLE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 12.]

TWO learned Sergeants in the law,
For a rich prize together draw;
To Sergeant Sh-ph-rd when it fell,
B-st, hiding his chagrin, cried "Well;"
While lucky Shepherd, in a jest,
Tells him, "Whatever is, is *Best*."

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF HELEN:

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

[From "Posthumous Parodies."]

I.

PRINCESS Helen was born of an egg,
And scarcely ten years had gone by,
When Theseus, beginning to beg,
Decoy'd the young *chicken to fly*.
When Tyndarus heard the disaster,
He crackled and thunder'd, like Ætna,—
So out gallop'd Pollux and Castor,
And caught her a furlong from Gretna,
Singing, rattledum Greek Romanorum,
And hey classicality row,
Singing, birchery floggery bore 'um,
And fol de rol whack rowdy dow!

II.

The newspapers puff'd her each day,
Till the Princes of Greece came to woo her;
Then, coaxing the rest to give way,
She took Menelaüs unto her.

So

So said they, "Though we grieve to resign,
Yet, if ever you're put to a shift,
Let your Majesties drop us a line,
And we'll all of us lend you a lift,
With our rattledum Greek," &c.

III.

Menelaüs was happy to win her,
But *she* found a cure for his passion,
By hobbing or nobbing at dinner,
With Paris, a Trojan of fashion.
This chap was a stylish young dog,
The most jessamy fellow in life;
For he drank Menelaüs's grog—
And then, d-mme, made off with his wife,
Singing, rattledum Greek, &c.

IV.

The Princes were sent for, who swore
They would punish this finicking boy;
So Achilles, and two or three more,
Undertook the destruction of Troy.
But Achilles grew quite ungenteel,
And prevented their stirring a peg,
Till Paris let fly at his *heel*,
And he found himself *laid by the leg*,
With his rattledum Greek, &c.

V.

The Grecians demolish'd the city,
And then—(as the poets have told)—
Dame Helen might still be call'd pretty,
Though very near sixty years old.
Menelaüs, when Madam was found,
Took her snugly away in his chaise—
So, Troy being *burnt* to the ground,
Why the story goes off with a *blaze*,
And a rattledum Greek Romanorum,
A hey classicality row,
With a birchery floggery bore 'um,
And fol de rol whack rowdy dow!

TO LORD BYRON.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 16.]

BARD of the pallid front and curling hair,
To London taste and northern critics dear,
Friend of the dog, companion of the bear,
Apollo drest in trimmest Turkish gear;

'T is thine to eulogize the fell Corsair,
Scorning all laws that God or man can frame;
And yet so form'd to please the gentle fair,
That reading misses wish their loves the same.

Thou prov'st that laws are made to aid the strong,
That murderers and thieves alone are brave;
That all religion is an idle song,
Which troubles life, and leaves us at the grave:

That men and dogs have equal claims on Heaven,
Though dogs but bark, and men more wisely prate;
That to thyself one friend alone was given,
That friend a dog, now snatch'd away by fate:

And last, can tell how daughters best may show
Their love and duty to their fathers dear,
By reckoning up what stream of filial woe
Will give to every crime a cleansing tear.

Long mayst thou please this wonder-seeking age,
By Murray purchas'd, and by Moore admir'd;
May fashion never quit thy classic page,
Nor e'er be with thy Turkomania tir'd!

UNUS MULTORUM.

ON A LATE REPRESENTATION OF SHYLOCK.

[From the British Press, Feb. 17.]

WHEN Stephen Kemble acts the Jew,
He gives us traits entirely new;
For 't is an avarice rare and fresh
In him to want "a pound of flesh."

ARION.

THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN reading over the different public prints, for some time past, I have observed with surprise, that their principal attention has been absorbed by the state of the *monied funds* of Great Britain; and, as if the hope of making fortunes, or the dread of losing them, by speculations on the Stock Exchange, were alone worthy of notice, the only original articles which they contain relate expressly to this sordid subject. It is no wonder if foreigners, on perusing such productions, should immediately consider us as the most selfish people on the face of the earth; and yet, Sir, the fact is, that thousands of Englishmen never bestow a thought upon the Stock Exchange, nor upon Change Alley, or its miserable population of wrangling *bulls* and *bears*. I, Sir, am one of those contemplative men whose ideas flow in a very different channel; it is my delight to examine the state of the moral, political, literary, and dramatic funds of the country, from which I derive much amusement and instruction. I have enclosed for your perusal, an extract from my observations, which I trust you will approve. N.

The New Diplomatic Fund.—This species of stock has been recently created by Viscount Castlereagh, who is at present busily employed in endeavouring to vend it, at Chatillon. Notwithstanding the attempts made by several *Time*-serving journalists, to depreciate it, we have no doubt, from the friendly intercourse which has taken place between Lord Castlereagh and the agent appointed by the French government to bargain for a portion of it, that it will have a very speedy rise in the home-market. The people of France, we understand from private accounts, are ready to purchase it at any thing like a *fair* price. But

But the war-faction in England (whose numbers are very contemptible) have expressed great unwillingness to sell them any of it, except they chose to make their payments in *Napoleons d'or*. The people of France do not seem to relish this exchange, lest, in the absence of their present coin, *Bourbons de plomb* might be introduced among them. It is remarkable, that the French have been always more successful in the establishment of *diplomatic funds* than the English.

Army and Navy Annuities.—The former of these stocks, chiefly owing to the exertions of Marquis Wellesley, who has studied its *interest* since a boy, is greatly above par. In Portugal, Spain, and Holland, it is sought after with avidity. The French *Army Annuities*, which were at one time paramount in every country of Europe, have sunk into insignificance, owing to the influence of ours.—The *Navy Annuities* have always been the boast of this country. The Americans, however, lately established a fund of the same description, on a very contracted scale. In consequence, our Annuities have suffered a slight depression. This effect has been attributed to the negligence of those who should have watched the progress of the Americans with the utmost jealousy. I cannot say that all the persons connected with that duty were equally remiss; but this I know, that one gentleman, whose attention should have been occupied by no other business, instead of sending a proper quantity of *English Navy Annuities* into the *American market*, amused himself with writing newspaper essays and composing doggrels.

The Imperial Ministerial Annuities.—No stock in the political market has fluctuated so much as this. Prior to the expiration of the Prince Regent's restrictions, it was so extremely low, that the most experienced stock-brokers were of opinion it never could look up again. Under these circumstances, an exer-

 tion

tion was made to amalgamate it with the *English and Irish Opposition Funds*, which were then at a very high premium. The stockholders, however, refused, and the *Ministerial Annuities* continued to fall. At this critical moment, the successes of Lord Wellington in Spain gave them a *fillip*, and they have continued to rise progressively ever since. It is, however, rumoured, that a dispute has recently arisen between Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh, on the one side, and the head man of the market, supported by several eminent holders of this stock, on the other, relative to the application of the *New Diplomatic Fund*, of which we have before spoken. Should this be the case, it is not improbable that the *Ministerial Annuities* will again sink.

Parliamentary Annuities.—This species of stock was originally created by the Saxons; but its constitution has been altered and amended at different æras. At one time, those who held Parliamentary stock were paid off *annually*; at a subsequent period they might retain it for *three* years; at present the *nominal* time for which it is allowed to be held, is *seven* years; but the stock is generally cancelled before the expiration of six. At the time when the payments were made *annually*, the *people* used to disburse the necessary sums. But, when the *triennial*, and, afterwards, the *septennial* alterations were made, the *Crown*, it is said, became the paymaster. This still continues the most *popular* of all the stocks; for a few of the owners accept no remuneration, although they purchase in at a very high rate. They are content to hold the stock from patriotic motives, being well aware that the general prosperity of the country depends upon the manner in which the business of this fund is transacted. It never bore a higher price than when Messrs. Pitt, Fox, Burke, Windham, Sheridan, &c. were intrusted with its management. As *they* died

or

or seceded, a number of third-rate lawyers and needy adventurers usurped their places, and it declined in value. Certain gentlemen from Ireland, who are anxious to root out the abuses which have crept in, have, by their exertions, given it an occasional advance in the market; but, with this exception, it has continued very dead for some years. Many people supposed, when Mr. Canning bought in, that an immediate rise would take place, as it was whispered that he was possessed of plenty of the *sterling*, which he would lay out as opportunity served. But Mr. Whitbread brought his coin to the *touchstone*, and it was found to be *gilt brass*.

The Population Fund.—This is said to be the oldest *stock* in the world, having been known even in the time of Adam. Noah saved a little of it in the ark, and it is now to be found in every quarter of the globe; nay, some people imagine that the *sun*, *moon*, and *stars*, are not destitute of it. The dreadful wars which have ravaged Europe for so many years, have occasioned it to decline very much, particularly in France. The prospect of peace, however, which is now held out, gives me hope that it will speedily look up. This prospect has already effected a very favourable change in the price of tickets for the *Matrimonial Lottery*, which is always regulated by the state of the *Population Fund*. The number of half-pay officers, military and naval, who are expected home, has occasioned an advance of full 50 per cent. The *Old Maid's Stock*, and the *Young Virgin's Fund* (which are similar to the *Long* and *Short Annuities*), have, from the same cause, risen very considerably.

The Literary Fund.—There is scarcely a man in the country, who can read and write, that is not fond of *dabbling* in this fund; but very few make *fortunes* by it. It is a sort of *Omnium*, composed of private notes, to which the principal contributors, at present,

are, Messrs. Walter Scott, Campbell, Southey, Wordsworth, Croker, Lord Byron, Lord Thurlow, &c. The first of these gentlemen has sent so much paper into the market, that it is at present purchased considerably under par. Mr. Campbell has been too profuse, and his credit still maintains its ground. Mr. Southey's paper was never viewed in a favourable light; and, since the office for distributing the *New Year's Ode* was *shut*, to give him an opportunity of forcing some 3*s*. 6*d*. notes into the market, bearing the title of *Carmen Triumphale*, his credit has been much reduced. These notes have had very little circulation; indeed it is said, that he has only received a few cups of *sack* for them. Much pains have been taken by the Treasury press to prevent the circulation of Lord Byron's drafts; but the best judges are of opinion that they will pass current long after Mr. Croker's *flimsies* are consigned to the pastrycook. Lord Thurlow's notes have been refused in several instances; it is supposed that they have been stolen from a Museum, in which specimens of the paper-money issued by certain *minor bankers* in the reign of *Elizabeth*, were preserved.

Theatrical Funds.—That of Covent Garden has risen, within a few months, in a most unprecedented manner. This is principally owing to the assistance of a Miss Stephens, whose *notes* have been received by the public with the utmost satisfaction.—Drury Lane Fund has, for some time, been drooping. There is now, however, a prospect that it will look up, as the Committee have engaged a *Keen* fellow to look after the concern.

Opera House *stock* - -	*shut.*
Pantheon ditto - - -	*shut.*
Haymarket ditto - - -	*shut.*
Lyceum, for the opening	*at par.*

BAROMETERS,

BAROMETERS, MELODRAMES, PENDULUMS, AND WARMING-PANS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 17.]

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING no *patronage*, and nothing but ingenuity, industry, and integrity, to recommend me, I need not tell you that I am an idle man. I first tried my hand at *the church*; but upon finding that my cousin Spintext continued *a curate* for three-and-twenty years, while the Honourable Titus Tantivy became *a dean* in two years and a half from the period of his ordination, I naturally desisted from this unprofitable pursuit.

I attempted to niche myself into other stations, but with equal ill success. *Parliamentary interest*, somehow or other, always got the start of me, and I had no means of overtaking it. By the by, Mr. Editor, this same system is but a scurvy one; for unless *Parliamentary interest* shall, by virtue of *a special statute* or *rider* upon some Bill, acquire the faculty of turning all that it touches into *talent*, our state-coach will actually come to a full stop for want of impulse. That, to be sure, may be remedied in this age of improvement, by the aid of *machinery*. We have carriages that go without horses, and boats impelled by steam; and why may not the political vessel finally make progress without those aids to which it was formerly indebted, and sail solemnly along, independent of *wind and water?* and certainly some recent experiments have shown that the thing is practicable.

To dispel the incumbency of *ennui*, I turned to the delights of Natural Philosophy, and made several improvements on the Barometer and Thermometer, marking by different scales, not merely the vicissitudes of the weather, but the variations in other matters which are next in importance to an Englishman. The result of a few of my observations I shall now communicate

through the medium of your print, which meets every eye, and may perhaps catch the attention of *a personage* to whose changes I have yet been able to adjust no register. Thus, perhaps, I may at length fix *a patron*, and arrive at the enviable post of superintendant of *cutlets*, or first lord of the *lavender-water*.

I am sorry to tell you that *paper money* is verging fast to the *freezing point*. It has been falling rapidly during the last three years, without once looking up during that period. *Political consistency*, ever since Mr. Fox's death, has been below *variable*, and is likely to be further depressed. There was something in that man's mind that gave *a spring* to the whole atmosphere around him, which it has now lost; he had an inexhaustible fund of *oxygen*, that cleared and vivified whatever it mingled with; it purified even the air about Pall Mall, which is now grown quite dense, and puts out any taper of common sense that is plunged into it.

The Regency is at *set rain*, and there it will probably stick for an indefinite period.

Eternal war, which was up to the *boiling point*, is now between that and *blood heat*, and will probably come still lower. *Court poetry* has so affected the quicksilver, that it will soon verify the Russian experiment, and become *frozen*.

But it would be impossible for me, within your prescribed limits, to detail all the notices I have to communicate; they are in preparation for the press, and I shall present them to the public with my name and quality, A.S.S.

I have also made some experiments upon *conscience*, to ascertain the degree of *influence* it will bear up against, and they have answered to my utmost wishes. It is well known, that Sir Joseph Banks, in company with some other philosophers, had a series of chambers warmed, one to a greater degree than the other, to ascertain the maximum of heat the human frame could endure.

endure. I contrived to arrange a series of *situations* in the same order, beginning with *an excisemanship*, and ending with the *Admiralty*, and am now convinced that there is, in *modern consciences*, an inherent quality of resisting *compunction*, and of breathing and moving in *a temperature* in which our forefathers would have been broiled like a beef-steak upon the gridiron of shame.

But what I chiefly value myself upon is a *compound pendulum*, which measures time with surprising accuracy. I mingled together in a mortar, a wig and a cake of chocolate, pouring in a quart of *noyau*, till the whole was reduced to a mass of sufficient thickness; this I moulded in a *silver saucepan*; and, when dry, appended it to the extremity of *a gold stick*, and fixed it to a clock, whose dial was marked with twelve *appetites*, instead of *hours*; and I can assure you that it goes with an exactness which Harrison never exceeded.

For *warming-pans*, on a new and improved construction, I am going to take out a patent; and handles are now preparing for all *convenient husbands* who are warranted blind and dumb.

My *recipe* for *melodrames*, I can assure the proprietors of the two Theatres Royal, is an infallible one: Take an elephant, *mince him fine*, add three stone of *dog's* meat, and the hind-quarters of *a horse*; one quart of property-man's *best* poison, two blunt stilettos and a dark lantern, banditti quantum suf. a mine, a broken bridge, three trumpets and a bugle, a prince or princess in disguise, an assassin and his whiskers, and peasants ad libitum, three fourths of the *Carmen Triumphale*, and the whole of *The Sorrows of the Heart*, or any modern circulating library novel; if this is not at hand, you may throw in Monk Lewis; sweeten to your taste with *a corporation address*, and set the whole to boil on *a burning mill*; skim it as it

 cools,

cools, and take care of the dross; it will serve as an excellent manure for *dry brains*, and promote the growth of sonnets to Delia, and occasional prologues for private theatricals.

But I should never have done if I were to enumerate all my various plans and devices. I have laboured hard for the public service, and I hope they will reward me; if not, I shall certainly begin to act upon the offensive, and force that from their fears which they will not yield to my merits. I have invented a kind of *rocket*, composed of equal parts of *malignity and falsehood*, which *stick* in character till they consume it. I have bought up a number of *barges*, which, in imitation of the *stone-ships*, I shall load with the lucubrations of *Vetus and his associates*; they will sink, of course, and serve to blockade all the ports of truth on the long and extensive coast of Human Inquiry. These, and a host of other infernal machines, I have in complete readiness. I say no more—*verbum sat.*—but if I die, it shall at least be with "harness on my back."

Yours, dear Sir,

T. T.

PROJECTED UNION.

[From the same, Feb. 18.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN these days of universal union, when all the jarring interests of the North have united for the common good—England with Ireland—Opposition with Ministers—Portland Place with Pall Mall—the two Grand Lodges of Freemasons, after separation for a century,—and Bell and Lancaster alone hold out, it is a matter of wonder that no union has yet taken place between the Society of *Schoolmasters* and the *Whip Club*.

Of

Of this latter association I have the honour to be a member; and as our objects are so perfectly identified with those of the Society of Schoolmasters, I must express my surprise that no overtures for a coalition of these fraternities were made by any of the Right Reverend and Reverend Divines lately assembled at the Crown and Anchor; and that within those walls, which have echoed prosperity to the union of the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock, no libation was consecrated to the everlasting union of the *Birch* and the *Holly*.

To those, if there be any, who do not instantly perceive the close connexion and natural alliance of these two societies, I trust, with little effort, to demonstrate the parallel.

If to *bridle* the unruly, *curb* the headstrong, and *rein in* the vicious—if to prevent virtue from *tripping*, lest *tripping* she *tumble*, be the object of a schoolmaster, can it be denied that such are likewise the professed arts of the barouche-master? Whether bipeds or quadrupeds are to be trained and guided, they may equally be termed the pupils of their respective tutors; their patron is the same; each court Apollo in their daily *exercise*; the god of hexameters and pentameters notoriously drives four-in-hand every day, and to see horses badly put together is no less offensive to his deity, than to hear false quantities and false concords. No, Sir; the pupils of *our* seminaries shall yield neither to Westminster, Eton, nor Winchester, in their attachment to the *Muse*.

Are Schoolmasters less choice than ourselves in the selection of pupils? Are they not equally aware with us, that, whether in the public or more sequestered roads, *advancement* depends much on *blood* and *condition?* It is true that there may be some little difference in our mode of managing such high-mettled tyros; *We* find that we make surer progress by pla-

But, most illustrious Josephine,
You 'll manage in return, we ween,
  To send by some dark Agent,
Of *true* French growth those deadly plants
Which England, as correctives, wants,
  To *scour* her proud Prince R——t!

But first we 've fancied, by the by,
In delicacy we should try,
  To medicine the *d—ght-r*,
Whate'er the anguish, or the pain,
To cleanse her little busy brain
  Of maxims which they 've taught her.

So send us quickly for this maid,
Wormwood, fell *rue*, and dire *nightshade*,
  By us to be compounded;
Then, Madame Josephine, don't fear,
But you in Paris soon shall hear,
  Her senses are confounded!

A pretty bouquet we 'll prepare,
That with it she may deck her hair,
  And charm her sprightly fancy;
While the black bolus we dispense
To deaden every hopeful sense,
  By art of necromancy.

Whether with *Fox*-glove on, or off,
We give it her—she will not scoff,
  Or care a single rush;
On *Venus' looking-glass* she 'll gaze;
So see not, couch'd in "*Love's amaze*,"
  Our "*Devil in a bush!!!*"

DRAMATIC CONVERSATION.

[From the Champion, Feb. 20 and 27.]

MR. EDITOR,

DINING some time ago at a coffee-house near the theatres, I heard two gentlemen, who were sitting in the next box to that which I occupied, talking. I am not naturally curious; yet could not resist a strong

strong desire I felt, to see who they were: so I just peeped under the green curtain which hung between their heads and mine, and discovered that one was a pale, thin, author-like looking man, and the other an old-fashioned country gentleman, with a red face and a brown wig. I thought it would be ungenteel to listen to what they were saying; so I called for pen, ink, and paper, that I might amuse myself by writing to a friend in the country. But old habits will prevail; for, when the gentlemen rose to go, casting my eye over what I had written, I found that (having once been a reporter of the parliamentary debates for a newspaper) I had mechanically taken down every word of their conversation in short-hand. Shocked at what I had done, I immediately put the minutes into my pocket; and determined, as the only means of atoning for my "ignorant sin," to send them to you for publication. Yours, &c.

CURIOSUS.

Friend. And I think you ought to feel greatly obliged to me, that I, who have not seen the inside of a theatre these five-and-twenty years, should come to London on purpose to be present at the first representation of your new piece.

Author. I do; and thank you heartily.

Friend. Come, here's success to—— Zounds! I forget its name.

Author. KOOZ-VANG THE TYRANT; *or, the* KARAKALPACHS AND SAMARCANDIANS.

Friend. That's a tremendous title!

Author. A sure hit. A good strong title is almost as necessary to the success of a new piece, as to the security of an old estate.

Friend. I drink success to it; though, considering it is now within three hours of its performance, I must say you seem less under the influence of the dread of damnation than any gentleman I ever met with in a similar situation.

Author.

Author. Pooh! Would you have me "frighted at false fire?" I'm confident of success—protected van and rear. A grand procession in my first scene, and a grand explosion in my last!—My piece will run all the season.

Friend. How do you know that?

Author. How!—Why, here's the bill for to-morrow night.—"The new melodrama, having been received last night with the most rapturous bursts of applause, by a fashionable and overflowing audience, it will be repeated every evening till further notice!"

Friend. But if it should be damned—what then?

Author. It cannot be damned:—"*in pity to the establishment,*" the public will not damn a piece upon which so much money has been expended.

Friend. But *suppose* it should be damned?

Author. I'll be very angry with the public, and *withdraw* it.

Friend. What is a melodrama? I don't recollect such things in my play-going time.

Author. No! then I'll give you their origin and history. A friend of mine, upon the failure of his tragedy, received, from a widow lady, a letter of condolence, accompanied by a jar of pickles, called hodge-podge. She told him, that the East Indians, having tried all their herbs and vegetables in pickling singly, at last hit upon the expedient of mixing them all together, and were rewarded for their ingenuity, by finding them to make a very savoury melange. By a transition the most easy and the most natural in the world, my friend carried the idea from pickles to plays, and soon after produced a piece compounded of all the known species of dramatic composition—tragedy, and comedy, and opera, and farce, and pantomime, all jumbled together. It succeeded to admiration; has now become a dramatic standing dish, and is indeed frequently served up first upon the table.

Friend.

Friend. Very ingenious, upon my word! Your piece, I suppose, is upon this plan?

Author. Exactly; and nearly the same subject: for the melodrama admits but of little variety; certain things being indispensable to its perfection. For instance: a snivelling child and its disconsolate mother (by the by,—the child ought to have more sense than all the other characters together, unless you happen to introduce a horse or a dog)—you must set your principals quarrelling, merely that they may fight—you must bring them to the very verge of telling some important secret in the first act, which the audience may be sure will not be disclosed till the last—your incidents must be tottering on the brink of impossibility, and, for the sake of keeping up the interest, lead to the most unexpected events in the most unnatural manner;—your characters must talk nonsense in bad English, and bungle out abstract ideas in pantomime:—a song—a pas-seul—a few puns—as many shrieks as the occasion may require—starts *ad libitum*—and a few attitudes; and then you have a melodrama made after the very best fashion.

Friend. Have you any thing *new* in your piece?

Author. Really, to find any thing new is difficult. The passions have been long exhausted—the very infirmities of Nature are pre-occupied: to introduce a hero deaf, dumb, or blind, would be stale; nay, there is but little to be gleaned even from her caprices. A wonderful child is now no longer to be wondered at; so that novelty in the *biped* way is almost unattainable. Yet what *could be* done, I think I *have* done; and I flatter myself that invention will find it difficult to go beyond me.

Friend. Still keeping nature in sight, I suppose? The province of the drama is, as our great bard expresses it, "to hold——"

Author. There—that will do—I know what is coming—

ing—something about nature and a looking glass—an antiquated precept, with which it is expected we moderns are to shackle *our* geniuses, because Shakspeare, who had *a sort of turn* for nature, laid it down as the guide for *his*. Shakspeare and Garrick, and Garrick and Shakspeare, are for ever and eternally ringing in one's ears. I wish to Heaven they had never been! They were very well *in their way*; but really the perpetual mention of them worries one to death. In Garrick's time the drama was not constituted as it is at present.

Friend. Hem!—I admit this most readily.

Author. Then, Sir, people were so stupid as to pay their money at the theatre, to see imitations of Nature so like herself that they could hardly be distinguished; but these are hard times, and now, when we throw away our money at playhouses, we very justly expect to see what Nature is incapable of showing us.

Friend. Your invention must often be puzzled to supply such exorbitant demands for novelty?

Author. True; but genius, my dear Sir—genius conquers every difficulty. In my last horse-piece—

Friend. Horse-piece! What the devil do you mean by horse-piece?

Author. You are very ignorant—excuse me—I don't wish to be rude; but you are as ignorant as an ox.

Friend. Pray don't apologize—I ask for information.

Author. A horse-piece, then, is a piece in which the principal parts are performed by horses. In my last horse-piece (as I was about to say) I made the horses do such things, that their riders looked like fools to them. But after they had exhibited, on the stage of the most classical of all possible theatres, their own horse-exercises, very much after the manner of tame rabbits,—and performed to admiration all that horses might be expected *not* to do, the public grew tired of them, and they were dismissed "each to his several stable."

Friend.

Friend. Wonderful indeed!

Author. But nothing to what will be done to-night. Incidental to this piece, I have a combat between a real lion and a real ass, at the close of which the ass will devour the lion.

Friend. You mean that the lion will devour the ass?

Author. So it might have been if this incident had occurred to an every-day writer. No, Sir; I mean what I say.

Friend. As a friend, I wish you success; but, in my opinion, the introduction of brutes on the stage is a degradation.

Author. That 's neither here nor there. Besides, I intend to turn the rage for reality to a good account. By means of that very infatuation, I mean to improve the morality of the *Beggar's Opera,* which at present is miserably defective—and all in consequence of that cursed reprieve.

Friend. Ay; you 'll end the opera with an account of Macheath's execution.

Author. An *account* of it! there would be nothing real in that—Barnwell is hanged behind the scenes. No, no; I 'll hang him outright—in the face of the audience.

Friend. Not by the neck?

Author. Yes, by the neck; and till he be dead three times over—"dead, dead, dead." This is what I call poetical justice.

Friend. Poetical! There is not much of the epic in hanging.

Author. A moment's patience, and I 'll explain. I have hopes, through the interest of a parliamentary friend, to get a bill passed to confine all executions to the regular theatres; so that men who have lived by depredations on the public, may, in the end, atone in some degree for their offences, by making their deaths a source of profit and amusement.

Friend.

Friend. And you have really hopes of success?

Author. So much so, that the carpenters have been for some time at work on a new drop—we have also a fine view of Newgate by an eminent scene-painter—mob in perspective, and all the *et ceteras.*

Friend. And who do you think will go and see it?

Author. Make it the fashion, and all the town will. Besides, as we have lately put out nearly all the *wit* of the piece, the only way to render it attractive is by adding to the interest of it.

Friend. Well, perhaps you may be right; but as I fear we shall not be able to convince each other, we had better adjourn to the theatre.

Author. Now mind—encore all the songs—cry Bravo at all the starts and rants—huzza *the ass and the lion scene*—and when the piece is announced for repetition, do all together.

Friend. But what am I to do if it should be damned?

Author. That's all one. For, so long as the audience make a noise, it will be impossible to understand whether they mean "yes" or "no," and it will be repeated in course.

Friend. That was not the way formerly, though:—then, when a piece was damned, the author's hopes were blasted. P.

ON THE REPORTED DEATH OF BUONAPARTE.

[From the British Press, Feb. 21.]

SAM Sanguine exclaim'd, quite elated and gay,
When Napoleon's death was the "*lie of the day*,"
"The horrors of war will now certainly cease,
And England once more enjoy durable peace."

"Ah! no," sigh'd Tim Dubious, with Puritan's moan,
"Old Satan will place some twin-fiend on his throne
For one moment his purpose he'll never forsake—
The Devil to mischief is always *awake*."

"Nay,

"Nay, then," retorts Sam, "we'll defy all mishap,
For at last Master Satan *has taken a Nap*."

Bath, Feb. 17, 1814. T. S. M.

LINES

ON THE MONSTROUS HOAX PRACTISED UPON THE PUBLIC ON MONDAY, THE 21ST OF FEBRUARY 1814.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 25.]

THE news spread on Monday, of Nappy's demise,
With rapture transported the good London folks;
But, ah! the next day, with what grief and surprise
Did they find it was only a stock-jobbing hoax!

Deptford, Feb. 23. W. B.

SONNET TO MY OLD BOOTS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 1.]

YE two companions of my wintry way!
Oft we have trudg'd it many a tedious mile;
Through slop, and mire, and mud, and clinging clay,
O! we have pac'd with true pedestrian toil:
Now, sore against my will, we part at length,
For ye are both grown old, and both worn out,
Your tough tann'd bodies have resign'd their strength,
Chill waters pierce the soles that once were stout.
What boots it now that ye were Boots of yore,
So neatly shining, supple, smooth, and black?
No patent lustre can your gloss restore,
No skilful cobbler plaster ev'ry crack:
So man shall fail, and all his works to boot,
Nor art nor med'cine his old age recruit. R. P.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

THE THOUGHT FROM THE FRENCH.

[From the same.]

WHEN one and one, my dear, make *two*
In Love's arithmetic, 't will do;
But 'tis the devil, we all agree,
When one and one by chance make *three*. ARION.

IMPROMPTU,

IMPROMPTU,

ON SEEING LADY B—W ALMOST NAKED

[From the Morning Herald, March 1.]

ME, beauties charm not which are shown
To every common eye;
The graces which my heart will own,
Are veil'd with modesty.

The lovely *rose*, when half conceal'd,
Lives out the summer's day;
But dies ere noon, whene'er it braves
Apollo's fiercest ray!

SONNET TO NOTHING.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 4.]

MYSTERIOUS Nothing! how shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness
Nor forms nor colour, sound nor size, are thine
Nor words, nor figures, can thy void express
But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
To thee a thousand things may liken'd be;
And though thou art with nobody, no where,
Yet half mankind devote their lives to thee.—
How many books thy history contain!
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue!
What lab'ring hands thy portion only gain!
What busy men thy doings only do!
To thee the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And, like my Sonnet, all in nothing end.

R.]

SPORTING OFFERS.

[From the British Press, March 8.]

A HUNTSMAN, whose place has become a *sinecure*, as his dogs are now amusing themselves amongst the snow, is desirous of riding to carry messages for any gentleman who may want him, or conveying the news of deaths of *bishops*, or any other *dignified clergymen*, as speedily as possible.

A *small party* of ladies and gentlemen are in want of an addition in a projected voyage to Canada, whither they are going, for the sake of *warmth*, till the winter be over in England. Any corpulent lady or gentleman will be preferred; and the expenses made lighter, according to their weight.

Wanted, by a gentleman who is going on a *tour of pleasure*, a companion in an open gig—who can bear cold. Skates, and every other accommodation to amuse on the road, will be carried. The party expects to return as soon as the frost and snow are over, and to pass the spring in town about the middle of July next.

A DRY JOKE—ON A BAD PREACHER.

[From the Satirist for March.]

FOR a friend who was ill and unable to teach,
Through the pitiless storm rode old Spintext to preach;
"I lament you 're so wet," said the Sick with a sigh;
"But get into the pulpit, and—*there you 'll be dry*."

MASQUERADE EPIGRAM.

[From the British Press, March 11.]

"TO this night's Masquerade," quoth Dick,
"By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 't would be a jolly trick,
To go as *Charles the Second*."

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said :—
" You'd better go as *Charles the First*;
For that requires *no head*."

BURNING OF A SCRIBBLING MILL.

[From the Champion, March 13.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE public papers having lately informed us, that a valuable *Scribbling Mill* has been destroyed by fire, and the damage estimated at 12,000*l*. I have been anxiously looking for further particulars, that I might determine whether or not, as a literary man, I ought to feel grieved or rejoiced at the event. If Mr. Walter Scott appreciates his future profits by the past, I should conjecture, from the sum mentioned, that the *Scribbling Mill* in question must have been the one of which he was the principal conductor; and, in that case, we shall have to regret the loss of three or four pretty ballad poems, in quarto, and to congratulate ourselves upon our escape from as many instances of editorial incompetency. The Poet Laureat would hardly estimate his multifarious and Protean labours at so low a rate; but if, in some unique fit of modesty, he should have been induced to insert this diffident paragraph in the papers, we must deplore the demolition of the only manufactory for wild and monstrous puerilities, narrated in the only genuine jumble, or warranted unreadable metre. For the *Carmen Triumphale*, indeed, we might find a substitute, if we could but revive old John Bunyan, and dress him up in a suit of Lord Wellington's regimentals. Perhaps, however, I am in error in attributing the destroyed property to either of the above-mentioned gentlemen; and I invite your correspondents to furnish every information on the subject, that we may know what to hope and what to fear.

A Scribbling

A *Scribbling Mill* may burn itself out, as Sir John Carr's did; but it is too complicated an establishment to be suddenly burnt to the ground, without our being able to learn the particulars, if we take the pains to inquire. Exclusive of the worker of the mill, who is to grind the verses as fast as he can, there are the gentlemen in the Row, who are to receive nine tenths of the grist, and the puffers who are to raise the wind by means of filling the sails, and various others who are employed on subordinate parts of the machinery—such as the engraving, binding, reviewing, &c. In short, as there are as many persons implicated, as in the late imposition practised upon the Stock Exchange, I sincerely hope that the authors of the hoax, and the author of the burnt *Scribbling Mill*, may be both discovered, that we may ascertain whether they are Honourables, Lords, or Commoners.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

THE TWO BRACELETS.

[From the same.]

I.

A FARMER General, one Monsieur B——,
Who dwelt in France when Louis held the throne,
Liv'd like a Prince, from every trouble free,
Except a wife—(th' exception 's large, I own;)
For she was fat as any Marchioness,
And given to extravagance in dress.

II.

One day she bought a pair of bracelets—such
As few but Royal damsels would bespeak;
They cost—I cannot recollect how much,
But they were quite magnificent—unique;
And, having clasp'd them on, away she flies
Off to the Opèra to show her prize.

III.

It happen'd that the Queen was there that night,
  Just opposite the box that Madam took,
And on the bracelets with intense delight
  Frequently look'd—or else appear'd to look;
For she took special care to have them seen,
As if on purpose to outvie the Queen.

IV.

Soon to the box-door came a Page, attir'd
  In the Queen's proper liv'ry, all in style,
And in the name of Majesty requir'd
  One of the bracelets for a little while;
That by her eye she might the pattern take,
And order some of the exact same make.

V.

Off went the sparkling bauble in a trice,
  While her roug'd cheeks with exultation burn,
As, bowing to the Royal party thrice,
  She patiently expected its return;
But when the Queen retir'd, and none was sent,
Our Dame began to wonder what it meant.

VI.

A Lord in waiting soon confirm'd her fears:
  "O! that pretended Page I've often seen,
A noted sharper—has been such for years:
  Madam, you're robb'd—he came not from the Queen:
I knew the rogue, and should have had him taken,
But that he slipp'd away, and sav'd his bacon."

VII.

Boiling with anger, Madam call'd her coach,
  And drove to the *Bureau de la Justice*,
Where, with loud tongue and many a keen reproach,
  About the shameful state of the police,
She call'd upon the Provost for relief,
And bade him send his men to catch the thief.

VIII.

Early next morn she heard the knocker's din;
  Her heart beat high, with expectation big,
When, lo! the Provost's clerk was usher'd in,
  A *formal* consequential little prig,

Who, with a mighty magisterial air,
Hem'd—and began his business to declare:

IX.

"Madam, a man is brought to our Bureau,
On whom was found a bracelet of great cost,
And we are all anxiety to know
Whether or not it is the one you lost;
Wherefore I'll take the other if you please,
Just to compare, and see if it agrees."

X.

"Dear Sir, I'm overjoy'd—'t is mine, I'm sure;
Such a police as ours how few can boast!
Here—take the bracelet—keep the rogue secure,
I'll follow you in half an hour at most;
Ten thousand thanks—I hope you'll trounce the spark—
Open the door, there, for the Provost's Clerk!"

XI.

O! how she chuckled as she drove along,
Settling what pangs the pilferer should feel,
No punishment appear'd to her too strong,
E'en should the wretch be broken on the wheel;
For what infliction could be reckon'd cruel
To one who would purloin so rich a jewel?

XII.

Arriv'd at the *Bureau*, her joy finds vent:
"Well, Mr. Provost, where's the guilty knave?
The other bracelet by your clerk I sent,
Doubtless it matches with the one you have;
Why, then, outstretch your mouth with such surprise,
And goggle on me thus with all your eyes?"

XIII.

"La! bless me, Ma'am, you're finely hoax'd—good lack!
I sent no clerk—no thief have we found out;
And the important little prig in black,
Was the accomplice of the Page, no doubt.
Methinks the rascals might have left you one,
But *both* your bracelets now are fairly gone!"

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Post, March 17.]

BUONAPARTE at last seems a Christian most meek,
After all his vile infidel bother;
For, no sooner has Schwartzenberg smote on one cheek,
But he offers Count Blucher the other.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TONNANT MAN OF WAR.

[From the British Press, March 18.]

TO meet the foe amid the cannon's roar,
The gallant *Thunderer* has sail'd away!
But where is her *Commander?*—Ask no more;
He waits the issue of the *settling day*. ARION.

ADVANTAGE OF SILENCE.

[From the same, March 23.]

DEAR Bell, to gain money, sure silence is best;
For *dumb bells* are fittest to open the chest.

IMPROMPTU,

BY THE LATE MRS. TICKELL, AFTER PERUSING HAYLEY'S "TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER."

[From the same.]

WITH female patience here 's to do—
Serena, and her trials three;
But I have read the poem through—
What (I wou'd ask) *d' ye think of me?*

LEX TALIONIS;

OR, AN APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT FOR THE LATE STOCK-JOBBING IMPOSITION.

[From the Morning Post, March 25.]

'TIS said, the lawyers cannot hit
Upon a punishment that 's fit
For this offence.—What blocks!
Some talk of flogging, some of fine,
While some to pillory incline,
But none have nam'd—the Stocks. P. Q.

THEATRICAL.

THEATRICAL IMPROMPTU.

[From the same.]

WHENCE has this mighty bustle sprung
On Young and Kean, and Kean and Young;
Since, to a letter, it is seen
That Kean is *Young*, and Young is *Keen?*

A TALE FROM AUSONIUS, WITH A MORAL FROM HORACE.

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.

[From the Champion, March 27.]

I.

IN debt—deserted—and forlorn,
A melancholy elf
Resolv'd, upon a Monday morn,
To go and hang himself.

II.

He reach'd the tree, when, lo! he views
A pot of gold conceal'd;
He snatch'd it up, threw down the noose,
And scamper'd from the field.

III.

The owner came—found out the theft,
And, having scratch'd his head,
Took up the rope the other left,
And hung himself instead.

IV.

Since, then, we cannot be secure
Of either joy or sorrow,
Whether we may be rich or poor,
Or hang'd, or not, to-morrow,

V.

Before we of our cash are eas'd,
Let 's frolic with the lasses,
And cool our throats, before they 're squeez'd,
With overflowing glasses.

The morality of these verses is quite Horatian: and it may be as well to observe, that they are given rather as a specimen of the school, than from a veneration for their *dictum*.

ED.

EXPLANATION OF A NEW MILITARY PHRASE.

[From the Morning Herald, March 28.]

THOUGH Blucher suffer'd (as Nap swore)
"*Annihilation*" twice,
He 's risen now, we find, once more—
No doubt to suffer thrice.

From whence some critics I could name,
Suppose, as words are us'd,
That being *reduc'd to nought* 's the same
As being *nought reduc'd.*

SPEECH OF THE KING OF ROME.

FROM ONE OF THE *Minor* PAPERS.

[From the Times, March 29.]

Paris, March 20.

TO-DAY, being the anniversary of His Majesty's birth-day, he was seated on his little throne, and received the congratulations of the principal persons in the empire. Count Fontanes having addressed him on the part of the Senate, and Count Chabrol on that of the prefects and other civil authorities, His Majesty, with the greatest readiness and animation, delivered the following discourse:

"Gentlemen of the Senate, and Gentlemen Prefects, and other Magistrates,

"I accept the homage of your sentiments: they are dear to my little heart.

"Tell my people that I am always thinking of them, and of my glory.

"My Papa is a great thinker; but I am a greater. Although but three years old, I am perfect master of history and morality.

"I have studied history in the Moniteur, and morality in the actions of my Papa.

"I have already seen many brilliant sights. I saw the procession of the standards taken at Leipsic: I saw the

the guards of honour, when I first appeared in military costume. Something is yet wanting. I wish to see a coronation.

"When my Papa is dead and gone, which may not be long first, that wish will be gratified, and I shall doubtless ascend the throne. If I do not, I shall cry.

"I promise you, when I am Emperor, I will do much greater things than ever he did. I will raise greater conscriptions. I will double the *droits réunis*. I will not be satisfied with marching to Moscow. I will put my army into winter quarters under the North Pole.

"But, Gentlemen, *en attendant*, I beg you will not let the ugly Cossacks get to Paris. I don't like the Cossacks. My nurse tells me terrible tales about them. They are worse than the Ogres that eat little children, and especially little Princes.

"Another thing that troubles me, Gentlemen, is, to know what is become of my kingdom of Rome: where is my kingdom? Who has run away with my kingdom? They tell me it is my uncle.—Fie! that is a very naughty uncle.

"Gentlemen Prefects, there is one of your number wanting. It is M. Lynch, of Bourdeaux. I am afraid he stays away for no good reason. I hear he means to condemn my Papa by a judgment of the Parliament of Bourdeaux, as a rebel and a traitor to King Louis the Eighteenth. Ah! this idea frightens me out of my little wits. Not that I care about my Papa any more than you do, Gentlemen; but if he is hanged, I am afraid I shall never be an Emperor. That thought afflicts my feeling heart. O dear! O dear!"

Here His Majesty's sensations became too powerful for utterance: he ran away crying to his mamma; and the assembly broke up in confusion.

VOURNEEN DELISH SHEELAH OG

AN HUMBLE IMITATION OF LORD B——'S GRECIA

"Ζωή μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ."

[From the British Press, March 29.]

MAID of Blarney! ere we split,
Give, O! give me back my wit;
For, since that forsook my head,
Horns have flourish'd in its stead;
Hear me swear before I jog,
Vourneen delish Sheelah Og!

By those long and oily tresses,
Never teas'd with comb's caresses;
By that lid whose bristly border
Keeps your roving eye in order;
By that cheek as soft as bog,
Vourneen delish Sheelah Og!

By that lip which whiskey warms,
By that waist which fills my arms,
By those hugs and kisses, honey!
Which have won my heart and money;
By my groans that mock the frog,
I am yours, Ma vourneen Og!

Sheelah! now my bow I'm making,
Think of me asleep or waking;
Though I fly to Clanawoddy,
Blarney holds my soul and body!
Give me, sweet, a parting pog,
Vourneen delish Sheelah Og!

Cuc

A GRAMMARIAN'S ADVICE.

[From the Morning Herald, March 31.]

WHEN *Man and Wife* at odds fall out,
Let *Syntax* be your tutor;
'T wixt *Masculine* and *Feminine*
What should one be but *Neuter?*

A PUN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 1.]

A RECENT Hoax, though somewhat dirty,
Had Omnium rais'd, and made it Thirty;
The White Cockade (but look not grum)
Will make the Omnium—*Omni-hum!*

A HINT TO SERVANTS TO OBEY ORDERS.

[From the Champion, April 3.]

I.

"WE 'LL wash to-day," the Mistress said,
"Betty, 't is charming drying weather;
So take one sheet from off your bed,
And make a shift to-night with t' other.

---

our hero, in all the buoyant spirit of his country, breaks from his mistress at a brisk trot, probably without "casting one longing, lingering look behind."

4. "By that waist which fills my arms."—Such is the strange taste of the Irish, that they prefer a buxom lass, in all the fleshy clumsiness of unfettered Nature, to the airy elegance of our Sylphs of Fashion, whose delicate forms, the cetypes of spirituality, seem to pine away in the "strict embrace" even of *marrowless bones*—(whale-bones, good readers).

5. "Hugs and kisses."—These more agreeable tokens of affection far surpass the symbolic flowers and pebbles of Grecian eroticity, conveying in more convenient and forcible language the feelings of the lover.

6. "Though I fly," &c.—Lest this should appear too paradoxical to the fastidious philosophical reader, we beg leave, as an "*argumentum ad verecundiam*," to quote the authority of Lord B. for so bold an attack on the laws of identity:

"Though I fly to Islambol,
Athens holds my *heart* and *soul*."

7. "Pog"—*Is that* labial collision which we call a kiss.

II.

Next morn the busy Dame prepares
To have the washing made complete,
So order'd Bet to step up stairs,
And bring her the remaining sheet.

III.

"Lauk! Ma'am, I took it," quoth the maid,
"And work'd all night upon your gift;
Behold! your orders are obey'd,
I've made myself a tidy shift!"

LETTER FROM THE KING OF ROME TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 9.]

SIR,

HAVING retired from the cares of government, and the toils of military preparation, to study agriculture and the fine arts with my Mamma at Rambouillet, I beg to present your very facetious and celebrated Journal with the first effusions of my Muse, viz. an English versification of my dear Uncle Joe's Proclamation to Papa's good city of Paris.

Your obedient servant, ROME.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION TO THE GOOD CITIZENS OF PARIS.

BRAVE Lads of Paris! never fear,
Though Blucher's force be drawing near;
I, Joseph Buonaparte, am here.

The Empress, I am glad to say,
And little Rome, have run away,
To "live to fight another day."

But I, King Joseph, still remain;
I, who was lately sent to reign
Over those rebel rogues in Spain;

Who play'd our foes so deep a game,
When o'er the Pyrenees I came,
Inveigling them to do the same.

I trick'd

I trick'd the British to advance,
And led Lord Wellington a dance
Into the very heart of France.

Consider with what wondrous ease
Your Emperor has beaten these,
And all his other enemies.

Consider all he hath achiev'd,
In Bulletins, by us receiv'd,
And, under pain of death, believ'd.

Look on those foes before your gate;
Consider how he did of late
The whole of them annihilate.

Consider, too, the happy plot,
By which behind them he has got,
Whether, I'm told, he would or not.

Believe me he will soon be here;
Already he is in their rear;
See how they hither run for fear!

He drove them here to meet their fate,
And (if they for his coming wait)
He'll drive them through the city gate;

Or else, perhaps, upon the plain,
With scornful eye and proud disdain,
Annihilate them all again.

Meanwhile, 't is requisite and right
For every citizen to fight
A day or two with all his might.

JOSEPH.

THE TYRANT'S FATE.

[From the same, April 13.]

The Island of Elba is celebrated for the abundance of its iron *ore.*

THE Tyrant, in his little state,
Sees Heav'n's avenging care
Anticipate his final end;
For Elba is *en-fer.*

THE

THE STOCK EXCHANGE HOAX.

SERGEANT WOOD'S REPORT.

[From the British Press, April 12.]

OUR readers will recollect, that, in consequence of a suspicion having arisen, that the sham Colonel Du Bourg, who performed so conspicuous a part in the late *Stock Exchange hoax*, and the Baron de Berenger, Acting-Adjutant of the Duke of Cumberland's Sharp-shooters, commanded by Lord Yarmouth, was one and the same person; his Lordship, on the 18th of March, called a meeting of the corps, at which certain resolutions were passed, stating, in substance, "that the corps, for its own honour, should receive a full vindication of the Adjutant's conduct; but, as he was not present, to give the necessary explanation, Quarter-Master Sergeant Wood should be directed to convey to him a copy of the resolutions." The Quarter-Master Sergeant has been indefatigable in his search, as will be seen from the subjoined Report, which he has forwarded to Lord Yarmouth.

REPORT.

Dark-house, Westminster, April 4.

MY LORD,

IN conformity with the orders issued by you, as Acting Commander of the Duke of Cumberland's corps of Sharp-shooters, directing me to make the most diligent search after *Random de Berenger*, formerly Adjutant of that corps, for the purpose of serving on him, personally, a copy of the Manifesto published by the corps on the 18th ult. in which he is called upon to clear his character from the stigma which was thrown upon it, as a supposed agent in the Stock Exchange Hoax; I immediately hastened to equip myself for this dangerous and delicate service—*dangerous*, from the well-known courage of the man; and *delicate*, on account of the exalted characters who are said *to have been* implicated in the transaction.

As I was perfectly aware that the *Baron* had been for many years able to baffle a species of *Guerilla* force, denominated *Bailiffs*, who always act under the orders of the Sheriff, and who, as I suppose, your Lordship need not be informed, are extremely *happy* in finding out "*the secret'st men of* DEBT," I thought it was absolutely necessary for me to proceed in disguise to the completion of my undertaking. The question then was, what disguise would best answer my purpose. Several days were consumed in debating this nice point. At one time I thought the solemnity of the occasion called for an *undertaker's* cloak; but that I declined, as it would prevent me from *manœuvring* with rapidity. I next thought of the *costume* of a field-preacher, but a little reflection taught me, that it always excited suspicion. In this dilemma, I waited on Mr. C-n—ng, and, presenting your Lordship's compliments, requested the loan of his *Protean jacket*, by which he is enabled to suit himself to all times and circumstances. The Right Hon. Gentleman, however, refused to part with it; observing, that he knew not how soon he might be called upon, by a change of affairs, to appear in a new character himself. And, being fond of the classics, he immediately repeated the well-known line—

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis;"

which he thus parodied—

"The times are *changing* ev'ry hour—
And what of that, I pray?—
Since still I exercise my pow'r,
And *change—as quick as they*."

Foiled in this attempt, I purchased, at a very cheap rate, the cast-off suit of a *nautical patriot*, which I knew would carry me through thick and thin; and, being properly fitted out, I sallied from my lodgings, at the sign of the *Goose*, in *Wild* Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the *first* of April inst.

I imme-

I immediately proceeded to the *Stock Exchange*, for the purpose of deriving some information from the *Court of Honour*, which I understood had been recently established there, and from which I expected to gain such a clue as would infallibly lead me to the object of my search. But your Lordship may easily judge of my astonishment, when, on inquiry, I learnt from the oldest members of that respectable Society, that such a Court was never even heard of in their neighbourhood. Some of them, I can assure your Lordship, eyed me with a sort of stupid curiosity, when I mentioned the word *honour*, as if they either did not, or would not, understand its meaning. Whether this *Court of Honour* was the mere creation of the *hoaxing* Editor of some *Stockjobbing* print, or whether it really existed, and its *members*, like those of Buonaparte's *Legion of Honour*, were *ashamed* to confess their dignity, I cannot pretend to say; but undoubtedly I did not meet any individual who hinted the smallest knowledge of such a tribunal.

I next proceeded, in pursuance of your Lordship's command, to *Hell*—for such is the character of the true soldier,

"Tell him to go to *hell*, to *hell* he goes."

In that resort of gambling and speculation, there was much "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth;" for *settling-day*, or the *day of judgment*, had just elapsed. But, though I observed many characters, the Baron de Berenger was not among them.

As I left this scene of wretchedness, I observed, at a distance, a figure, which seemed to me to resemble that of the individual I was in pursuit of. I crawled on my belly, with all the silence of an accomplished sharp-shooter, and suddenly pounced upon my object. But what was my indignation, when I found that I had seized hold of a *Butt*, which had recently been set up for some of the *City Riflemen* to direct their shafts

at! The inscription on the *Butt*, from its (to me) inexplicable nature, I had the curiosity to copy; it is as follows:

"*Pish! give me my money!*"

I have no doubt but your Lordship's acute judgment will enable you satisfactorily to explain this curious inscription.

This disappointment did not discourage me—I proceeded on, fully determined, though a *rifleman*, to fire at *Random*, whenever I might have an opportunity. With this view I perambulated the whole ward of *Cheap*, thinking, as Berenger's finances were very low, that he perhaps had sought refuge there. But my utmost diligence could not trace him. I thought it was useless to search for him in *Candlewick*. As I knew that the transactions stated were *rotten* at the core, I determined to pay a visit to *Addle Hill*. Here I lingered for several days, but no Berenger could I meet.

Having, unsuccessfully, marched and countermarched through the purlieus of *Newgate Street* and the *Old Bailey*, where I hoped to encounter the object of your Lordship's solicitude, I determined to abandon the City and try my fortune in the Borough. My inquiries in *Tooley* Street were fruitless—I could learn nothing there of this suspected *instrument* of fraud.

My attention was now particularly directed to the neighbourhood of the King's Bench, a strong *fortress*, commanded by *Marshal Jones*, to whom I applied for information; he stated, that such a person once composed a part of his *garrison*, but that he had left the *fortress* some time ago, three or four persons, of sufficient *weight*, having become substitutes for him. I then reiterated my inquiries in the adjoining districts; but the only information I gained was, that the *Baron*

de

de Berenger had ceased, for several months, to live within *Rules*.

I now determined to explore the West end of the town, in the hope that this bird of passage had sought refuge there; but there I only found a few *rooks* and *pigeons*, the latter remarkably bare. As I know your Lordship has as great a love for *pigeons* as your friends the Dutch have for *storks*, I did not disturb or molest them.

It now occurred to me, that perhaps the *Baron*, for the purpose of retrieving his fortunes, was about to enter into a matrimonial engagement with the *invisible Girl*—And, swift

"As meditation or the thoughts of love,"

I flew to Spring Gardens—but the *Adjutant* was as *invisible* as the lady to whom I supposed he was paying his addresses.

Thus discomfited, I retired to *Privy Gardens*, determined to lie in ambush, till I had effected my purpose. Here, while I was crouching upon my belly, ready to seize my man the moment he should make his appearance, I heard some person exclaiming loudly about the Committee of the Stock Exchange. Not doubting but this was the *Baron*, who was "wounding the night's dull ear" with his complaints, I started up, and, exclaiming, "My toils are at an end—I have caught you at last!" laid hold of a man whose dress convinced me I was right. He wore a hairy cap, and an old black coat, the skirts of which but badly covered the hindermost parts of an old pair of regimental breeches, the very dress in which the Baron de Berenger is described by Lord Cochrane to have left his Lordship's house in Green Street. He was also full and flushed in the face, and had, as the Kentish post-boy stated, a ketch in his voice, as well as in his eyes, when he spoke. Judge, however, my Lord, my astonishment, when, on looking more closely

closely on the cordon round his cap, which, with its motto, I thought was some foreign order of merit, I read—"Second Edition of the British Press—Baron de Berenger taken at Leith;" and found that the supposed Baron was neither more nor less than a *horn-boy!* He has threatened to bring an action against me for an assault, but I have not yet heard that proceedings are commenced. I suppose he is deliberating whether he shall seek his remedy in the *Court of King's Bench*, or the *Court of Honour*. This unfortunate circumstance has put an end to my search. And I am now obliged to subcribe myself

Your Lordship's disappointed,
But well-meaning *Sergeant*,
TOUCH WOOD.

IMPROMPTU.

[From the General Evening Post, April 14.]

LITTLE Nap Horner
Is up in a corner,
Dreading a doleful doom;
He who gave, t' other day,
Whole kingdoms away,
Now is glad to get *Elba-room!*

[From the British Press, April 15.]

It having been matter of surprise to many, that Buonaparte should so quietly abdicate all his acquisitions without one Address to his Companions in Arms, we are enabled, by means of a friend, to present what he did address to them; but as he was refused, by the existing powers at Paris, leave to convey it through the Moniteur, he was only able to have it printed at his own press, and thus circulate it very partially. The gentleman who conveyed it to us, has put it in an English dress, for the better understanding of it by his English readers.

BUONAPARTE'S

BUONAPARTE'S LAST ADDRESS TO HIS FRIENDS AND SOLDIERS.

Fontainebleau, April 2, 18

YE chiefs of *my gang!* who my footsteps have follo
Through forest or brake—as I whistled or balloo'd
Who o'er Christian or Jew, over Russian or Turk,
Obey'd all my signals, and still did your work;
Who, copying my title, have "*made your part good*",
In wealth to your throats—to your ankles in blood:
With grief I must tell you—with *us* it is up—
And resembles the English fox-hunting—*who-oop!*
For the whole of our gang, or surrounded or taken,
By tears and confession—are saving their bacon.
But a word ere I go to my *Den* of *Repentance,*
Or Cardinal Maury blaspheme o'er the sentence:
Go—each to the Emp'ror of Russia, for life,
As you cannot depend—as I do—on a *wife*;
Besides, for myself—on th' *annuity plan,*
'T'is mine to continue as long as I can;
And by me, I confess, no complaint shall be made,
If only the money be *quarterly* paid.
But if some be too black for his saying—"*forgiven!*"
And mercy should pause o'er the *outcasts of Heaven,*
You know my prescription for "comforts bereft,"
And each must have *daggers* and *laudanum* left.
What plunder you've made I advise you to keep,
It may comfort by day, when unable to sleep;
Or at last, when the heart-strings of life part asunder,
You may have some kinsman—you don't wish to plund
And now, "the scene dropp'd and the candles all ou
To be sure we have been a most "revellous rout"—
What parts we have acted! kings, heroes, and beaux!
And how we have strutted "in other men's clothes:"
How finely the *wise men* of *courts* have we fobb'd!
How well have we churches and cabinets robb'd!
How well have *our eagles* their talons unfurl'd,
To prey on and pillage the spoils of the world!
But the scene is now chang'd and the pantomime o'er
In truth 't was a pantomime—dripping with gore!
But depend on 't we'll meet to discourse on the past—
For remember our *watch-word!*—the *Cavern at last.*

MILTON—"*Fallen Ange*

WRITTEN UNDER A NOTICE WHICH IS AFFIXED TO THE WALL OF THE AD——Y.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 16.]

WHEN M—— posted up, "No beggars here,"
The bonny Scots were put in muckle fear,
Till C—— whisper'd, "This concerns not you, Sirs;
For Scotchmen are not beggars *here*, but choosers!"

EPITAPH ON NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE,

ERECTED ON A DUNGHILL IN THE ISLAND OF ELBA, 1815.

[From the General Evening Post, April 16.]

STOP, passenger! nor pass this spot
Without offering praise and thanksgiving
To the Supreme Being,
Who here rid the world of that arch fiend,
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE,
A Man
Of obscure birth, but gifted with superior talents.
Taking advantage of the peculiarity of the times,
He aspired to, and attained, that summit of human grandeur,
A Crown.
Armies encountered him, and were overthrown;
Kingdoms were subdued, and submitted to his rule;
And Sovereigns courted his alliance;
But his course was marked with the basest crimes
That degrade humanity;
Ingratitude, hypocrisy, treachery, cruelty, and murder!
His achievements
May acquire him the name of
A Hero;
But his conduct designates him
A Monster.
After being permitted by Providence, for a time,
To oppress Nations with impunity,
His career was suddenly checked—his glory faded away—
And the Disposer of the destinies of Sovereigns
Subsisted upon alms!
His crimes,
No longer gilded by the dazzling splendour of Majesty,
Appeared

Appeared in their native deformity, and excited
Universal detestation.
Dying deserted and abhorred of men,
His carcass was cast on this dunghill,
There to rot amid congenial filth and corruption.
His Life
Affording an example
Of the dreadful effects resulting from ambition
Actuating a powerful mind, unrestrained by religion.

M. G. Y.

THE FALL OF A GREAT MAN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 18.]

CRIES Buonaparte—"If I 'm lost,
Mark what my dying pangs will cost!"
What they will cost is now too clear,
Six million livres by the year.

SMIRK.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC ON A MARRIED COUPLE IN HIGH LIFE,

WHOSE HOURS ARE SAID TO BE SOMEWHAT DISSIMILAR.

[From the Morning Herald, April 19.]

WHEN W-ll-sley was wedded to Long, the bright youth,
Knowing poets much oft'ner speak fiction than truth,
And indulge a strong pref'rence for *beef* before *bays*,
Barter'd some of *her* money for some of their praise.—
The tribe went to work, and the couple were soon
Compar'd to the sun, and the radiant moon!
But such fustian soon sick'ning, he gave no more wine,
And the bardlings as soon ceas'd to call them divine:
Yet the world, still confessing the simile's force,
Says, the bride and her lord, like those orbs in their course,
Are for ever oppos'd; when *Sir Sol* goes to bed,
Lady Luna just lifts up her languishing head;
And when the fair bride does for slumber unrobe,
The bridegroom goes scampering half over the globe!

A. H.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU

ON THE NEW FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

[From the same, April 20.]

SAYS *Tory* Tom to Will the *Whig*,
"Were Pitt alive, he'd now look big,
To see the Bourbon line restor'd,
Britain beprais'd, and God ador'd."

Replied Will *Whig*, "'T is very true;
And, had Fox liv'd, he'd glory too,
To see the people frame the laws,
While kings stand by to give applause."

Thus *Whig* and *Tory* both agree
That *kings* shall reign, and *man* be free.

EPIGRAM,

TO ——, ON HIS COMPARING HIS MISTRESS TO THE EVENING STAR.

[From the same, April 25.]

LAURA, you say, is like that star
Which glows at eve in regions far,
A radiant, lucid light:
'T is true; all day though hid in dirt,
Yet, dress'd and daub'd, the ugly flirt
Delusive shines at night.

A. H.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

[From the Champion, May 1 and 8.]

MR. EDITOR,

DURING the night of the unfortunate conflagration at the Custom House, I was alarmed by a violent knocking at my door; and, on descending to inquire the cause, a gentleman belonging to that establishment requested permission to deposit in my warehouse, which is in the immediate vicinity, a variety of packages hastily removed from the Searcher's Office. To this I of course assented, and the whole have since

been

tion, so far from having been written by you, was not even the genuine production of any Spaniard; but the disguised bantling of a well-known English bard, who had obtained the laurel at the very moment that his writings had ceased to merit it. My assurances were unheeded; the name, she observed, would sound well; many would connect it with the book in question; and I found it was quite a sufficient passport to let parties, to be in any way connected with any body, who had, at any time, written any thing, upon any subject." I inquired of Sable how he became a visiter himself, neither having written a volume, nor being fortunate enough to bear the name of any one who had. "If a man be rich enough," he replied, "to speculate in the product of his brains, let him publish, and take his chance of drawing a prize in the lottery of Paternoster Row; but if he embrace literature as a profession (an embrace which, like Apollo's when pursuing Daphne, generally terminates, at the best, in obtaining a handful of useless laurels), he must be either very vain or very inconsiderate to encounter the chances of producing a book himself, when he may, without any risk, obtain a much more certain profit by criticising the books of others. Impressed with this idea, I became a reviewer; and as I am pretty sure of being openly flattered by authors before I notice their lucubrations, and very sure of being secretly hated afterwards, I am considered of consequence enough to join the parties of the lady in question. In reply to all interrogatories, she informs her guests, in a mysterious whisper, that I am the principal contributor to the —— Review, and in virtue of my office I am received by them with a most Sardonic complacency. I am wrong perhaps to unveil myself; the man who attacks a hive should always wear a crape, but I despise a sting which I can retaliate a hundred fold. An injured author puts forth an angry appeal; the public laugh

laugh at the distresses of disappointed vanity; an unknown reviewer inflicts a severer castigation in his next number, and the public laugh more heartily than before. I am only surprised that we have any writers left. All this, however, is strictly consonant to the system of nature. We are created to live upon each other. Hundreds of fishes prey upon the whale, and animalculæ have been discovered in the hairs of a fly; why then should authors, who are seldom so useful as the whale, and still seldomer so harmless as the fly, expect to be exempted from the common doom?"

I suffered him to finish his argument, and then proposed that we should dine together at a coffee-house, and proceed afterwards to the party; but I had forgotten that my friend Sable was a shrewd calculator. Though *I* had been reckoning without my host, he knew very well that *he* could not if we visited a tavern, and therefore suggested that it would be much more convenient to dine at my lodgings—a proposal to which I assented without exactly seeing the superior convenience of the arrangement, inasmuch as I resided at least three miles from the house where we were to rendezvous in the evening.

Knowing that Mr. Sable was intimately and extensively acquainted with literary productions of every description, both domestic and foreign, I took advantage of this *tête-à-tête* to fulfil the injunctions in your last letter, relative to the new system of Geology which you published last year at Madrid, after having devoted to it so many years of labour. Agreeably to your orders, I particularly inquired whether the success with which you had overthrown the Neptunian and Vulcanian theories, as to the formation of the earth, elucidating and confirming at the same time the veracity of the Mosaic statement, had not excited a fearful commotion among the abettors of those respective systems. I read him that passage of your letter in

 which

which you ridicule the confusion into which the English professors will be thrown by your unexpected discovery, state yourself prepared for the celebrity which your name will acquire, flatter yourself that you are now too old and too philosophical to be unduly elevated by any suggestions of vanity, and conclude with a request, that I would send you copies of all the Reviews that speak favourably of your work, not to gratify any overweening self-conceit, but simply that you may avail yourself of any suggestions they may offer. Imagine my astonishment, my dear uncle, when he informed me, that only four copies of the book in question had reached this country (the four I presume which you yourself transmitted to the different Reviews); that all the parties to whom they were addressed, had deemed the system too ridiculous and untenable to be worth a moment's consideration; and that, for his own part, he had sold his copy to waste paper! You assure me, that you are free from every vain self-delusion, and I therefore obey your orders by telling you exactly the extent of the disturbance excited by your publication! It would, perhaps, be mortifying to a common man to have devoted his life to manufacture lining for a trunk, or covering for a cheesecake, because the same result might obviously be produced at much less expense of time and labour; but you have the consolation of reflecting that you share this process with all the most infallible philosophers and theorists of ancient and modern times. From Pythagoras to Longomontanus, in every department of science, systems have been elaborately constructed only to be overturned and exploded. In religion, hecatombs have been slain to maintain a doctrine which the succeeding age has universally pronounced heretical. In medicine, still greater numbers have been destroyed by established modes of treatment which are now known to be fatal.

The

The vortices of Descartes, and the atoms of Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, together with the long succession of planetary systems from Ptolemy to Tycho Brahe, are now only remembered to be forgotten, which will probably be the fate of every hypothesis where the impossibility of attaining certainty gives unceasing occupation to the mind of man in balancing probabilities.

After this dry digression, you will, I dare say, be disposed to envy, if not to imitate, Mr. Sable, when I inform you that he drank a bottle and a half of wine, probably to digest the hearty dinner he had eaten. This ceremony concluded, we set off on foot to join our party; but had not proceeded far when my companion called a coach, although on our arrival he had most unaccountably forgotten to put any silver in his purse; and I therefore paid the amount, after he had peremptorily stipulated that I should allow him to treat me the next time. Well aware that he only meant to treat me *in the same manner*, I thought it would be illiberal to deny him; the coach was discharged, and we entered the house together as the clock struck ten. As this is the hour at which you usually retire to sleep, I am reminded of the necessity of affording you a little rest, by reserving for another letter the adventures of the evening, although it is very possible that I might more effectually insure your slumbers by prolonging the present. Sleep, then, my dear uncle, that you may endure the fatigue of perusing another long letter from

Your affectionate Nephew,

LETTERS OF AN UNKNOWN SPANISH GENTLEMAN.

NO. II.

It is the funding system, my dear uncle, that, by supplying the means of an illimitable expenditure, has

engaged England in so many wars, enabling her to terminate them with glory, and to take a commanding station as arbitress of the destinies of Europe, to which she is neither entitled by her extent nor population. Glory, however, is an expensive commodity; and if John Bull, through the means of the funding system, pays taxes for victories achieved a hundred years ago, he has the consolation of reflecting, that the cost of his present triumphs will be shared by his descendants a hundred years hence. This, I presume, is what is meant by bequeathing the glory of Old England to posterity. In Spain you can hardly form a notion of the heavy imposts paid in this country; yet, so gradual has been their increase, that the burden is borne, not only without repining, but with apparent cheerfulness. A little scrutiny, however, has convinced me that their weight has in two ways materially affected the comfort, if not the happiness, of individuals; first, as it has tended to restrict that social intercourse to which the English are so much devoted, but which the expenses of hospitality have now placed beyond the means of the great majority, except upon rare occasions; and, secondly, as it operates to discourage marriage by the frightful though inevitable costs of an establishment. Hence the number of young debauchees and old maids; the mention of which latter class brings me round to Miss Syntax, who may thus logically be proved to owe her chance of leading apes, in a place not to be named to "ears polite," to the financial policy of King William, who raised the first loan in this country to oppose the ambition of Louis the Fourteenth. To such strange causes may events be traced, if we do but concatenate them!

Miss Syntax is the younger daughter of a genteel but impoverished family, precisely that description of females least likely to marry; since, with lofty expectations, they are too poor to attract suitors in their

own rank, and too helpless to become proper wives for the more industrious classes. The established mode of advertising was resorted to: she was punctually exhibited at every place of fashionable resort in London, Bath, and the watering-places; she changed her sphere of action, and her modes of attraction; but, alas! she never changed her name. "How could I be absent from duty ten days together," said the Irish soldier, "when there are but seven days in the week?" Miss Syntax would have informed him how; for she celebrated her twenty-fourth birth-day for six years successively, before she consented to call herself twenty-five; and this latter date continued to be her maximum for nearly ten years longer. Her face, however, could not be prevailed on to take part in the plot, but most ungraciously betraved the errors in her reckoning; as the setting sun infallibly declares the approach of night, although the tongue of the clock may strike the hour of noon. While she was thus mooting dates with her visage, her parents died, and she would have found herself in the most deplorable of all conditions, that of an income-less old maid, but for the seasonable bequest of an aunt, which secured to her a comfortable stipend for life.—No longer dependent upon marriage for actual subsistence, she had now the courage to avow her age, and take out her regular diploma of old maid. The indications of this crisis vary in this country according to the rank of the party. In the lower classes the subject seeks consolation and a stimulant, either in puritanism or dram-drinking; in the more exalted, the unoccupied affections commonly vent themselves upon cats and cockatoos. A new nostrum to cure the tædium, spleen, and various diseases of spinsterism, has lately been discovered; and while our fribbling bachelors, and other old women of the male sex, smitten with the black-letter bibliomania, are eagerly collecting all the literary rubbish

rubbish of the dead, our dowagers and old maids, fired with the rage of blue-stocking parties, are as anxious to collect all the same sort of rubbish among the living. Of this fashion Miss Syntax soon became a distinguished votarist; and it must be confessed, that the tabbies have made a great improvement by this new devotion of their leisure energies. A conversazione is better than a litter of kittens; and the tittle-tattle of authorlings, bad as it generally is, must be confessed preferable to the screaming of paroquets. Such was the account of our hostess, given me by Sable, which I have repeated as nearly as possible in his own words, that you might be the better enabled to form an opinion of a lady to whom I shall hereafter have occasion to make frequent reference.

Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM CALAIS.

[From the same, May 8.]

The following is a copy of a poetical Letter, addressed by a young Lady, who went to see the landing at Calais, to her friends in Kent; and, as it embraces several particulars which, though trifling, have not hitherto appeared in the papers, we willingly give it insertion.

WELL, Jenny, all dangers of drowning are past;
And here I am, landed in Calais at last.—
I was terribly sick on the way, you must know;
But, as some of the very first fashion were so,
I took it for granted that those who were not
Were vulgar, and so was content with my lot.
As to uncle, because he is us'd to the sea,
He did nothing but laugh at Rebecca and me;
Declaring sea-sickness was all for our good,
To banish ill humours and sweeten the blood.—
However, we got here in time for the sight,
And saw the King land—but of this I don't write;

For you 'll find it detail'd in the journals, no doubt,
So I 'll only put in what the papers leave out.
The first thing I did when I enter'd the town,
Was, to burst out a-laughing—'t was vulgar, I own;
But fancy, dear Jenny, the sides of the streets
All cover'd with table-cloths, napkins, and sheets;
Some clean and some dirty, some ragged and rent,
I could not imagine at first what it meant,
And thought 't was their manner of drying;—but, la!
'T was all done on purpose to honour "*le Roi.*"
The place looks impoverish'd, gloomy, and dull,
Some houses quite empty, some shops but half full;
And, what gave it to me a more desolate mien,
There really was hardly a man to be seen!
The women, however, it must be confess'd,
Are elegant creatures, though awkwardly drest.
Close caps form'd the prevalent head-dresses; ending
In lappets, which, down to the shoulders descending,
Or flapping about as the breeze they partook,
Had a sort of an old-fashion'd quizzical look.
Sleeve jackets appear'd quite the fashion—and all
Wore over their shoulders a long silken shawl;
And thus in their caps, though the weather was keen,
Paraded the streets and enliven'd the scene.
But what cannot fail an observer to strike,
Is, that all in their manners seem polish'd alike;
And I saw no distinction, except in their dress,
'Twixt a shopkeeper's wife and *Madame la Duchesse!*
We din'd, about five, at the Kingston Hotel,
Where they brought us some soup which I lik'd pretty well;
But as to the meat, they may well say 't is *poor*,
For I saw none but what was in *rags*, I am sure;
All roasted to fritters—the fowls just the same.
How my uncle did swear, while Rebecca cried, "Shame!"
For myself, I took nothing but soup, you must know,
As my stomach was still rather qualmish or so.
Next morn we were woke with a terrible din,
'T was the lancers and chasseurs all galloping in.
O Jenny! this, this, was the sight of all sights,
Which even in bare recollection delights.
The chasseurs were fine-looking fellows—but, ah!
The lancers from Poland were handsomer far—

So martial their air, with their lances uprear'd,
Suspended from which a white banner appear'd;
Their dress so becoming—in pictures, I swear,
I never saw half such a picturesque air:
Not even in fancy or dreams have I seen
Such symmetrical forms, such an elegant mien—
So courteous, though warlike—so graceful, though tall—
In short, my dear girl, I 'm in love with them all.
The King din'd in public, and uncle declar'd
He should much like to see how His Majesty far'd;
So we went—and when next you encounter papa,
Say the dinner (to use his own words) was la! la!
And that when he exclaims he has din'd like a king,
If he means like King Louis, 't is no such great thing.
There were only two courses, and those badly drest,
And only two dishes of china—the rest,
(I should ne'er have believ'd it except upon sight,)
Like those in our kitchen, were all common white.
After dinner, which lasted about half an hour,
The English began in great numbers to pour
To kiss the King's hand—such a bevy of clowns,
With their nasty splash'd boots and their blue pantaloons!
Rebecca and I felt asham'd of the race
Who in such an attire could approach such a place,
And declin'd kissing that which so many, unaw'd,
Had so unbecomingly slabber'd and paw'd.
We saw him no more till he quitted the town,
And I 'll wager a guinea the coach will break down.
For the King, as you know, has a heavyish paunch;
And the carriage was any thing rather than staunch;
And you 'll think I am dealing in figures and tropes
When I tell you the horses were harness'd with ropes.
I have had little talk with the natives of France;
For they give with such energy all they advance,
And shoot out their words with such force, that, my dear,
They stun you like pistols let off in your ear.
However, when once I have learnt to stand fire,
I 'll write you as much as your heart can desire:
But I 'm call'd by my uncle to take a sea-view,
And so, for the present, dear Jenny, adieu!

BONEY FOOD.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 10.]

'TIS said, Napoleon has got thin,
Reflecting on his life of sin;
But, though he 's *Boney*, be it known,
He 's food for all the wits in town. L. A.

LINES

FROM A SON TO A MOTHER, UPON TOO GREAT AN EXPOSURE OF HER BOSOM.

[From the Morning Herald, May 14.]

'TIS twenty summers since that breast
Bestow'd its milk divine,
Gave with my food such roseate rest—
A bed of down was mine!

Then, as from year to year I grew,
I saw the decent lawn
Conceal thy matron's neck from view,
As o'er thy shoulders drawn.

In age must *Modesty* decline,
And yield her charms to *Fashion*?
Ah, gentle lady!—mother mine!
Disclaim her tyrant passion;

Nor let me blush to see that breast,
Once lov'd beyond compare,
Expos'd to every coxcomb's jest,
Because—no longer fair!

May 12. M. B. D.

A MODERN ASSEMBLY.

[From the British Press, May 14.]

TO the times when we live, from the days of old Eve,
An Assembly the test of all things I believe:
For the proof of the proverb it gives to our youth—
That "seeing 's believing, but *feeling* 's the truth!"

ARION.

THE RETORT SIMPLE.

[From the same.]

TO a *poor gipsy stroller* a magistrate cried—
"They say you're a *conjuror*—speak! is it true?"
"Dey do say de strange tings of us all," she replied;
"For your Vorship, dey say, be *no* conjuror—you!"

ARION.

LETTERS OF AN UNKNOWN SPANISH GENTLEMAN.

NO. III.

[From the Champion, May 15.]

ALLOW me, my dear uncle, to proceed with my narrative of what passed at Miss Syntax's conversazzione. On entering her house I was astonished at the number of servants, so inconsistent with the mediocre scale of the building; until my chaperon whispered me, that the men with their liveries, as well as the plate, the china, a part of the furniture, and even the shrubs and flowers, were only hired for the night—so economical is the profusion of vanity! In two drawing-rooms, of somewhat narrow dimensions, I found assembled forty or fifty people of both sexes, whose tongues were suspended at our entrance, as if by common consent, that they might eye us with a more leisurely inquisitiveness, and at last only moved in a whisper to a neighbour, of which we were evidently the subject. My introduction to the lady of the mansion relieved me from the embarrassment of this scrutiny, and her loquacity soon made amends for the taciturnity of her visitors. New-comers now engrossed that attention which had been riveted upon me; and as my diffidence wore off, I determined to show that I could maintain a conversation upon the *belles lettres* as well as the best of the true blues.

A table behind me, on which the latest publications were studiously displayed, seemed likely to supply me with

with topics. I turned over a melo-drama, a farce, a poem, some reviews, a satire, and a whole host of parodies and burlesques; and, thus fortified, took my seat by the side of a meagre little gentleman, whom I engaged in conversation upon the subject of comedy. I observed, it had now completed its round, having commenced in the cart of Thespis, and terminated in a display of buffoonery and merry-andrew tricks, only worthy of a similar stage. "What, for instance," I continued, "can be more wretched than the production of last month, where all is extravaganza and burlesque; the characters unnatural, the wit practical, the situations improbable, and the plot impossible?" As I proceeded, I observed his countenance gradually puckering up into an expression of acidity, as if he were swallowing verjuice, or felt his most irritable corn crushed by a crab-apple crutch. I expressed my fears that he was unwell; a furious "Psha!" was the reply; and, rising hastily from his chair, he tossed himself out of the room. Ah! thought I, recollecting myself, how unfortunate! this is doubtless some friend of the author: fool that I was, to hazard abuse among a company of literati!

Determined to avoid a similar error, I approached a respectable elderly personage, and commenced an animated eulogium upon a satire lately published, extolling the talent with which it was executed, and the justice of its object; when my neighbour, who, to my astonishment, became every instant more fidgety in his chair, pretending to nod to a person opposite, abruptly turned his back, and stalked to the other end of the chamber.—"Most unaccountable!" said I; "am I equally *mal-apropos* in censure and in praise, where both are bestowed with equal justice? Every work, I see, has its enemies and its partisans; but a Review, where the contributors are numerous and unknown, a Review, considered as a whole, must at least be exempt

from

from such unworthy prejudices. With the men I have been unfortunate; let me try my fate among the fair candidates for the hose '*of heaven's own blue.*'"—A fat damsel, in green spectacles, coming up at this juncture to make some inquiry relative to our bull-fights, of which she wished to introduce an account in a pastoral she was composing, I availed myself of the opportunity to expatiate upon the merits of the Edinburgh Review; its profound mode of thinking—its enlarged and generalizing views—the piercing genius with which it penetrates and decompounds the most intractable subjects—and the luminous skill with which it arranges the most complicated materials, so as to render them intelligible to the commonest capacity; admitting, at the same time, the taint with which it was occasionally infected by the manifestation of a paltry pique and the littleness of party. O my dear uncle, do not lavish all your compassion upon the unfortunate flounders who jumped out of the frying-pan! I, too, had been floundering, as I presently found by the fire of the lady's eyes, and the heat of the philippic with which she assailed the work I had been eulogizing. The silent wrath of the males I had borne with resignation, but the voluble anger of this petticoat disputant——how did I sigh for the placid philosophy of Socrates, who was only moved to smile by the fury of a scold! In vain would I have backed out of my argument and my position; I was jammed in between her tongue and the wall, both equally unaccustomed to give way; and I verily believe I should have been talked into a fever, but for the entry of a servant, bearing on a silver waiter a few glasses with a little dab of ice at the bottom, and some cakes that appeared to have done several weeks' duty in the sunny window of a confectioner. My antagonist turning hastily round to secure an ice, I seized the opportunity

nity to escape, and rejoined Mr. Sable, to whom I related my misfortunes.

Sable is one of those dry rogues who never laugh outwardly, whatever be the provocation; but I could see by the twinkling of his eyes, and the gentle elevation of the corners of his mouth, that he was violently chuckling inwardly. "I felicitate you," said he, taking me into a corner, "on your successful debut as a blue stocking lounger, as well as upon the lucky circumstance that induced one of your ancestors to mix his Spanish blood with a Moorish family; since to that I presume is to be attributed the African contour of your nose, which, had it been of more tweakable dimensions, would probably have been pulled more than once to-night." I stared my astonishment. "Authors," he continued, "are not the least irritable of mortals; judge, then, of the danger you have incurred, when I inform you that the meagre little gentleman to whom you so eloquently pointed out the gross absurdities of the new drama, is himself the author;—the respectable elderly personage in whose ear you poured such an animated approval of the satire, is no other than the identical object of its attack;—and the hard-featured virago of the soft sex, is the wife of a writer in the Quarterly Review, whose distinguishing characteristic is a blind opposition to the Edinburgh. Forgive me, my dear Isidor, for exposing you between the Scylla and Charybdis of the blue stocking world, without guarding you against the shoals and breakers. I should have told you, that, in a literary conversazzione, you may converse upon every subject except literature; hence the dulness, silence, and constraint which generally prevail: the good folks hold it beneath them to indulge in the common tattle of ordinary life; literary novelties they are afraid to notice, being surrounded by parties immediately implicated in their failure or success; and they have, therefore, no alterna-

tive

tive but to whisper, or hold their tongues. Observe the air of distrust and suspicion with which they look round before an observation is ventured, conceive the fetters thus imposed upon the topics with which they are most conversant and best pleased, and you will be at no loss to understand why a blue stocking party is generally the dullest thing upon earth.

Enough for the present, my dear uncle; in my next I shall continue the account of my ill-starred adventures on this memorable occasion.

Yours, &c.

———.

ON THE HOAX UPON ROYALTY,

WHEREBY IT WAS IMPUDENTLY PRETENDED THAT HER M——Y HAD GIVEN TWO THOUSAND POUNDS IN AID OF THE SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE SUFFERING GERMANS.

[From the same.]

IF Charlotte, SUFF'RING but to read
The SUFF'RINGS of the German nation,
SUFFERS her countrymen to plead,
But gives no doit upon th' occasion;—

If Charlotte SUFFERS English folks
To feel, yet holds herself exempt;—
If Charlotte SUFFERS hint and hoax,
Unmov'd by pity or contempt;

Why should her slumb'ring purse awake,
Since every casuist must determine,
Rather than *give*, she ought to *take*,
Being herself a *suffering German*.

As to two thousand pounds—although
'T were but a mite from such a store,
From such a *bosom* should they flow,
I'm sure 't would SUFFER ten times more.

Then quizzers, hoaxers, cease to flout:
Ye Britons near—ye Germans distant,
Look to the past, the *present* doubt,
And be, like her, at least consistent.

COURT

COURT APPAREL.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 16.]

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING the honour to be the Recorder of an ever-loyal corporation, I was deputed to present a Gratulatory Address on the late happy events. For many years I have applied myself to the study of antiquity as well as law. I conceive that I now have full knowledge of all the customs and regulations of the English court in former times, and am particularly conversant with all the statutes of our ancient monarchs respecting apparel. Of course, I was much pleased with this opportunity of observing the actual practice and conformity to these ordinances, which I expected to meet with at court. The morning that I went, I first carefully perused and digested in my mind the provisions of the statute of the 3d year of Edward IV. chap. 5, in which is the following clause:—

"Et outtre le roy ad ordeigne et establie qe null Chevalier desouby lestate de seignour, esqueir, gentil home nen autre persone use ou were ascun goune, jaket, ou clocke sil ne soit de tiel longuere come celuy esteant tout droit covera ses buttoks, sur peine de forfeire au roy al chescun defaute XX S. Et auxi ad ordeigne et establie qe null tailour face au ascun persone ascun goune, jaket, ou clocke, de meindre longuere, sur mesme la peine a chascun defaute."

If any of your readers are not conversant with law French, they will find the same clause translated at its re-enactment in the 22d year of the same monarch, chap. 1.

"None under the estate of a lord (except certain persons particularly named) shall wear any gown, jacket, or mantle, unless it be of such length, that (he being upright) it shall cover his buttocks."

Could

Taliacotius employed on a translation of the fable of the Ape and the Fox, in Phædrus, for his holyday task. He is an odd pickle of a lad, and has rendered it very much *ad libitum*, with no strict adherence to Latin. I do not know how his master may approve; but as the fable has some reference to the subject of my letter, I enclose his translation to you.

THE APE AND THE FOX;

A FABLE,

ASCRIBED TO PHÆDRUS.

The Ape once thought, with envy hurt,
  While eying Reynard's brush,
How he, for want of such a skirt,
  Put females to the blush.
"Your tail's too large," the Fox he spoke;
  "Divide it, then, in fairness,
And give me wherewithal to cloak
  My own unseemly bareness."

The Fox replied, "E'er while I live
  My brush my own shall be;
Wer't thrice as long, I would not give
  A single inch to thee.
Content thee, fool; for all, be sure,
  Who wish to make or find
An Ape their friend, may well endure
  His nakedness behind.

"A garb appropriate to each brain
  Do Nature's laws assign;
And mine's a bushy length of train,
  And utter bareness thine."
Thus still the parts (their wit so deals)
  Unfit for public gaze,
Which well the prudent Fox conceals,
  The antic Ape displays.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU

ON A BANKRUPT LATELY TURNED PREACHER.

[From the same, May 18.]

NO more by creditors perplex'd,
Or ruin'd tradesmen's angry din;
He boldly preaches from the text,
"A stranger, and I TOOK HIM IN."

Upper Clapton. CRUTCH.

ON OBSERVING SOME VERY FINE ARMS ON A LADY'S CARRIAGE.

[From the British Press, May 19.]

OLD Delville into choler falls
When some gay Courtezana calls
A *coat of arms* her own.
But drop, old Pedigree, thy fright;
That lady has a certain right
To—half the arms in town! ARION.

LETTERS OF AN UNKNOWN SPANISH GENTLEMAN.

NO. IV.

[From the Champion, May 22.]

MY DEAR UNCLE,

NOTWITHSTANDING the misadventures detailed to you in my last letter, I determined not to quit the party, although I took special care to keep at a respectful distance from those whom I had so awkwardly encountered.—"The ices are excellent," cried a young lady at my elbow. "Mine are execrable," replied her neighbour. "Ah!" said I to myself, "I breathe again: here is, at last, something of which we may unreservedly express our opinions. Thank Heaven! the ice has written nothing; who then shall deny that, at a blue stocking rout, ice is a real luxury?" An interesting discussion at length commenced; and the learned of both sexes, with a due

appreciation

appreciation of each other's talents, became deeply engaged in the respective merits of water and cream ices, only varying the subject by occasional reference to a clock upon the mantle-piece, and inquiries whether "*she would come.*" Upon every new arrival, all eyes were eagerly turned to the door; and all, upon every new entrance, expressed repeated disappointment. In this fidgety sensation Miss Syntax largely participated; assuring her guests, that the Baroness had positively promised "to come;" and endeavouring, by the expression of the most confident hopes, to still the murmurs of doubt and disappointment which began to pervade the room. Concluding from these symptoms that some distinguished female was expected, I again had recourse to Sable for information.

"You, doubtless, know enough of the polite world," said he, "to be aware that they require the constant stimulus of novelty to relieve them from the tædium produced by idleness; the great mass consist of that

——'lazy, lolling sort,
'Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
'Of ever listless loit'rers, that attend
'No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.'

These are haunted by the incessant persecutions of the fiend Ennui—

'And by the everlasting yawn confess
'The pains and penalties of idleness.'

Hence, they will go through fire and water to find any thing that will make them open their eyes and look about them: the chance of being squeezed to death at a crowded '*at home*,' they will gladly encounter, for the chance of getting a peep at any species of novelty; and they will resolutely submit to a dull routine of routs, to stare at people for whom they do not care a jot, rather than stay at home, even with the persons they generally love best in the world—

themselves.

themselves. The literary dabblers, who form four fifths of every blue stocking assemblage, could never endure its dulness, were it not for the hope of gratifying their curiosity by the sight of some new nine-days' wonder; and it is therefore the business of the givers of such parties to provide, as often as possible, a fresh jack-pudding to be stared at. Has an unknown, and therefore unexhibited young man, distinguished himself by a lucky publication, happy is the *blue* who can first get hold of him to hang him up in her room for the gaze of her guests. He will have the honour of taking occasional pinches of snuff from the enamelled boxes of prosing old peers, he will be talked to by tea-drinking tabbies, fondled by fusty dowagers, and stared at with all the peculiar rudeness of the polite world, who will obligingly conspire, night after night, to rob him of that which is most valuable to a literary man—his time and his sleep. Let him not presume upon these friendly demonstrations for the most trifling exercise of friendship: should their golden calf be a calf without gold, he may be arrested without being able to procure bail, or raise a loan of five pounds among the whole circle of his fashionable worshippers. They give him nothing but their notice, and that only so long as it serves to excite the idle curiosity of their visitors: in a few months he is eclipsed by some newer monster, and is tossed into oblivion with the most supreme indifference. Lamentable it is to reflect, that many young men of genius, by thus making shows of themselves, become conspirators against their own respectability, and suffer themselves to be stuck up, like puppets in a barber's window, to attract the attention of the numerous numsculls who will run to gaze at any head better furnished than their own. The very beasts at Exeter 'Change are superior to such a degradation; they are not voluntary agents in their own exhibition, and are, at least, remunerated

by

by their showmen with board and lodging; while the two-legged animals to whom I have been alluding, are fain to exhibit themselves to be stared and yawned at for a mere tea and turn-out.

"The lion, or rather the lioness, whose arrival is so anxiously expected by the present company, is by no means of this ephemeral class; she is too extraordinary a woman, both by her talents and history, not to excite a permanent curiosity, and will probably continue, during her abode in London, to form the centre round which all the *blue stockings* will circumvolve. Her mother was the Susan Curchod whom Gibbon eulogizes in his Memoirs. The historian wandered from Geneva to Paris, in a fustian fit of gallantry and gratitude, to throw himself at her feet. While he was puffing upon the road, the lady had very leisurely married M. Neckar, and the historian had the additional mortification of finding his disappointment hitched into this dolorous distich:

'I roam'd o'er the mountains on purpose to thank her,
'And when I got there she had married a banker!'

"Their daughter, Madame de S—, has lately arrived in this country, and the panegyric in the Edinburgh Review, which preceded her appearance, has inflamed the rivalry of the *blues* to such a pitch, that, for the honour of the first *show-off*, they are now furiously combatting among themselves; although their hostilities, I can assure you, deserve any name rather than that of a *civil* war. I know no authoress of whom it may so truly be said, '*qu'elle gatoit l'esprit qu'elle 'avoit, en voulant avoir ce qu'elle n'avoit pas.*' Conscious of possessing greater solidity of thinking than usually falls to the lot of females, she deems it necessary to sport the profound upon the most common occasions, and resolves every thing into a theory upon which she proceeds to systematize and generalize, until

the reader becomes involved in a fog of metaphysics. To deny her the possession of very superior talents, would be ridiculous—

'But hold, break we off—
'Lo, where it comes again!'"

A buzz now ran round the room; the long-expected visitor entered, and all eyes were instantly fixed upon her. So far from appearing abashed, she seemed to look upon this reception as her customary homage; and having taken a seat at the upper end of the room, a great part of the company had the honour of being formally introduced. Her desire to say something appropriate to so many strangers, occasioned her to make some ridiculous, though very excusable mistakes, and recalled to my recollection Smollett's humorous account of the Duke of Newcastle's levees: —but I see, that, if I go on, I shall be getting cynical; let me, therefore, hasten to save my own reputation, and your time, by bidding you adieu!

Yours, &c.

SECOND LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY AT CALAIS TO HER FRIEND IN KENT.

[From the same.]

WHEN I wrote my last letter you scarce could have reckon'd
On being so rapidly bor'd with a second;
But for want of post-horses we cannot proceed,
As the King and his suite have engag'd all the breed;
So I've nothing to do but to scribble all day,
Pour passer le tems, as a Frenchman would say.
Rebecca, whose mind is a learned confusion
Of all she has heard at the Kent Institution,
And who holds that our bodies should ne'er make a movement,
Without a quick eye to our mental improvement,

Does nothing but puzzle the maids and the waiters
With questions of deep philosophical matters—
Talks of pillars Corinthian, Composite, Doric,
Of hydrogen, oxygen gas, and caloric;
Asks if Calais is built upon limestone, and what
The strata of shells—horizontal or not—
Inquires the address of some learned *savant*,
And when they reply with—"*Madame?*" and "*Comment!*"
And hoist up their shoulders, their hands, and their eyes,
With the genuine Frenchified shrug of surprise,
Exclaims— "Well, I see this barbarian race
Have not half the ape's knowledge, with all his grimace."
As to Uncle, he lounges the morning away
In strolling the market-place, ramparts, or quay;
But halts at the butcher's, not far from our street,
Where he never seems weary of quizzing the meat,
Swears that Pharaoh himself could not patiently dine
On food so much leaner than all his lean kine;
Tells the men, with a sneering contemptuous smile,
Not to cut so much fat, for he 's subject to bile.
And when Beccy or I mention any complaint
Of the place or the people, or venture to paint
How easy 't would be to remove the defect,
He bellows—"Why, d—n it, what can you expect
From rascals of whom, I would wager a hat,
Not one knows the meaning of gravy or fat!"
One sight which I 've seen since I landed in France
Has banish'd for ever my love of romance;
For the fable of most of them commonly runs
Upon convents, and cloisters, and beautiful nuns;
And when I got there I expected to find
The visions confirm'd that had haunted my mind:
The building, some ivied high-turretted mound,
With huge massy walls all encompass'd around;
A garden of cypress, whose funeral gloom
Hung dark o'er the victims that liv'd in its tomb;
Young beauties, whose features beam'd lovely, though pale,
Through love's unrelenting destroyer—the veil;
Some counting their beads as they ponder'd along,
Or chanting some anthem or sisterly song;
Some stealing, at midnight's long-echoing bell,
On tiptoe, away from their desolate cell,

To

To pace, in the stealth of the moonlight, the shades,
And parley with lovers in soft serenades.
Such convents as these having taken on trust,
Imagine, dear girl, my surprise and disgust,
When a common-place, tumble-down house I beheld,
Which all my romantic conceptions dispell'd.
No ivy-crown'd turrets appearing to scowl
O'er the ramparts below, and of course not an owl;
The garden more fruitful in cabbage than shades,
And the nuns, a collection of nasty old maids!
On whom Death himself seem'd unwilling to feast,
And the youngest among them was sixty at least!
I had ne'er, to my knowledge, a jot of nun's flesh,
But this has awaken'd my horror afresh;
And though I in getting a husband may fail,
I 'd rather take poison, my dear, than the veil.
'Midst the visitors here, I have met one or two,
Whom at Ramsgate, last summer, we both of us knew:
Sir William came here in his elegant yacht,
Which proudly conveys him where fame 's to be got.
Not possessing a very patrician air,
And dress'd, like himself—*à la mode d'Angleterre*,
Loose trowsers—a hat of white chip—and his neck
Loosely bound by a sailor-like cravat of check;
No wonder the guard, when he stoutly was pressing
For a place in the hall, where the mayor was addressing
The King in a speech, of whose substance, perhaps,
My next may convey you some laughable scraps,
Push'd him back with a thousand *pardis* and *morbleus*,
And lower'd his musket to pommel his shoes.
I could n't help laughing; for even Sir Billy
Look'd just at this moment uncommonly silly.
However, an officer came, and the guard,
Who had taken such pains his advance to retard,
When inform'd who he was, made *congés* to the ground,
And express'd for his conduct a horror profound.
Enough of Sir William, my dear; "And enough,"
Methinks you exclaim, "of this gossiping stuff."
Well, Jenny, excuse this ridiculous letter,
In hopes that the next may be shorter and better.

ON MR. KEAN'S PERFORMANCE IN THE PLAY OF RICHES, FOR HIS BENEFIT, ON THE 25th INSTANT.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 27.]

WHAT renown and success now attend on his name,
To whom fame supplies riches, and *Riches* give fame!

E. G.

BONNETS AND BREECHES.

[From the Champion, May 29.]

Go to them with this *bonnet* in thy hand,
And, thus far having stretch'd it, here be with them.

CORIOLANUS.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING this morning at breakfast, I had just taken up the Morning Herald with one hand, when my buttered roll dropped suddenly from the other, as I extended my fingers in an attitude corresponding with the surprise I felt at the sight of a huge and singular engraving. I at first took it for a pig in a poke, and afterwards for the man in the iron mask; but, on perusing the description, I discovered that it purported to be *a woman's head in a straw bonnet.* It professed to represent a Parisian belle, but more closely represented a diving-bell; and, although the ingenious editor assures us, that it is a *fac-simile* of a correct drawing, transmitted by his correspondent at Paris, I am inclined to think that he has literally obeyed my motto, and has not only presented his bonnet, but *stretched* it. Be this as it may, I am well assured that the success which has attended his exertions, in furnishing solid and instructive information to his readers, upon this, and other equally momentous subjects, has excited no small jealousy among his brother journalists; and I am therefore particularly happy in enabling the Champion to rival, if not to eclipse, his interesting representation. Herewith, Sir, you will receive a *fac-*

a *fac-simile*, transmitted by my correspondent at Amsterdam, of a pair of *Dutch breeches*, made expressly for the Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands, and to be worn by His Royal Highness at the approaching ceremony of taking his seat upon the throne of his ancestors. You may rely upon its accuracy, as it came direct from the tailor who manufactured the breeches; and I would also have handed you a drawing of the *goose* which assisted in their preparation, but this has unfortunately been forestalled for the use of the Herald.

Now that preliminaries of peace are probably signed, it will not, I hope, be thought, that the publication of the enclosed can have any tendency to widen the *breeches* between the two countries; and it will, I am confident, form an interesting study to all your readers, unless your paper should happen to travel as far as Scotland. This, Sir, is no trifling matter of discussion and inquiry. When we reflect on the horrors entailed upon the world by the *sans-culottes*, we need not wonder that kings and princes should be anxious to get to the bottom of the subject, that they may provide, by articles of a *fundamental* nature, against the recurrence of a similar calamity. This has, no doubt, influenced the Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands, in the *ample provision* which, as you will see, he has made to this salutary effect—a provision that seems fully sufficient to embrace the two grand objects of indemnity for the past, and security for the future.

I take it for granted, that these capacious inexpressibles will quickly be fashionable in England: indeed, they must necessarily have come in a few years ago, with an administration then projecting upon a broad basis; but the *seat of honour* being obtained by a different set, other *measures* became necessary. To your male readers I need make no apology for my engraving, and, as it represents an article which the ladies

are generally ambitious of wearing, I have no doubt they will feel themselves indebted to,

Sir, yours, &c.

Threadneedle Street, HOSIER'S GHOST.
Saturday, May 21.

We are infinitely obliged to our correspondent: but really the limits of our paper are insufficient to allow us to give his interesting *fac-simile*. The breeches of the Prince (*small* clothes we would willingly say, but cannot, with any propriety) would spread their ample extent over two such sheets as ours. ED.

FRAGMENT OF AN ORIENTAL EPIC POEM,

ENTITLED, LEADEN HAND-GRENADES; OR, THE DOUBTFUL DUEL OF SUMNERO AND ZEMIN SHAM.*

[From the same.]

"He that would live clear of envy must lay his fingers upon his mouth, and keep his hand out of the *ink-pot*." L'Estrange.

TH' assembled sages met, in grave divan,
To sift the truth, and scrutinize the plan;
Pond'ring they sate, as arbiters of fate,
And Wisdom guided all the deep debate.—
Sumnero first arose, whose solemn frown
Appals the wand'ring *houris* of the town,

---

* A serious *fracas* broke out on Friday in the room for the New Post Office Committee, between Sir J—— S——, member for the metropolis, and Mr. H—e S——r, member for the county of S——. Something, which fell in the eloquence of the worthy Baronet, had so sudden and severe an effect upon the feelings of the member for, S——, that, wanting words for replication, he seized upon a large leaden inkstand, and let fly at the *head* of the Worshipful Alderman. This figure of rhetoric produced so instantaneous an effect upon the worthy Alderman, who, by a lucky duck, escaped the blow, that he, in his turn, seized another leaden missile, and flung it at the head of the other honourable member, who was equally fortunate in escaping the bolt. No other accident occurred at the moment, save a considerable share of *ink*-shed, which will probably be the only fluid spilt on this extraordinary occasion. General Mathew, having an unlucky position between the two combatants, received most of the *ink* that flowed from the two flying inkstands.—*Morning Herald.*

And

And green Vauxhallia's paradise would doom
To untrod silence and unlicens'd gloom.
Grave was his manner, though his speech was loose,
And lofty periods led to low abuse.
O fatal speech! unheedingly to draw
Within its vortex friends of *Zemin Shah.*
Sudden, uprising in his suit of black,
The *Shah* unfolds his longitude of back,
While lightnings, flashing from his eyes, express'd
The tempest gath'ring in his pompous breast.
Unvarying friend of ev'ry new vizier,
Whate'er his habits, doctrine, or career,
Ill could he brook an absent friend's disgrace,
Unless, indeed, that friend were out of place.
Boldly he spoke, without remorse or ruth,
And charg'd *Sumnero* with a foul untruth:
Then Concord clos'd her eyes, and upward fled,
And crimson Fury govern'd in her stead.
With catapultine arm *Sumnero* hurls
A pond'rous inkstand at the *Zemin*'s curls;
But, as in *lead* no magnet impulse lies,
Far from the destin'd head the missile flies;
Th' assembled sages duck, and dive, and blink,
To save their sculls and eyes from lead and ink.
Although the stand no kindred bent betrays,
The sympathetic ink its pow'r displays,
For, lo! the *Zemin* in his straining hand
Grasps, to retort, an overflowing stand,
And, as he rears his rapid arm to throw,
Adown his powder'd pate the contents flow.
Swift through the air it spreads its leaden wings,
Streams as it flies, and as it circles sings;
But, as if conscious of its shatter'd plight,
If to the adverse scull it sped its flight,
Seeks on a *softer* enemy to fall,
And spends its harmless fury on the *wall.*
Again the sages bob, and shrug, and shrink,
To save their nobs from bumps, their eyes from ink:
Sumnero rush'd to grapple with the *Shah,*
When all the sages cried—"Withdraw! withdraw!"

CÆTERA *in*-DECENT.

If the above were not a fragment of an *oriental* epic poem, we should imagine that the author intended to celebrate the conflict that recently took place on no less dignified ground than that of a Committee-room of the H— of C——. We have heard of American judges arguing a point of law by such missiles as *inkstands*; but we believe the method is but now introduced among British senators. Ed.

THE BATTLE OF THE INKSTANDS.

[From the British Press, May 31.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE, with some difficulty, prevailed upon my friend Momus, who constantly attends *all committees*, and who, on the present occasion, had his waistcoat and pantaloons spoiled in his country's service, to favour me with an authentic copy of the memorable *Battle of the Inkstands*; for which, I am sure, I deserve the public thanks.

Yours, A CONSTANT READER.

THE BATTLE OF THE INKSTANDS.

Bella! horrida Bella!

I SING of a battle, without sword or fire,
'Twixt a *Knight* of a city, and *Knight* of a shire;
In numbers short, O Muse! declare
Who these redoubted champions were,
Who, gravely sitting in debate,
Turn'd arguments to deadly hate!
"*PShaw!*" cries the Muse, "I must not tell—
Some-near allusion does as well;
For, as they both are styl'd M. P.
To speak more plain might libel be;
Therefore I will conceal the name,
And yet transmit their deeds to fame!"
City, enrag'd, to County cries,
"Your statements are confounded lies!"

County,

County, not taking time to think,
Dash'd at his head a *stand of ink!*
City then seiz'd another near,
And hurl'd it at th' aggressor's ear;
The sable streams—a dismal sight!
Made waistcoats black that once were white;
And the bystanders felt chagrin,
To see, quite spoil'd, their smart nankeen:
But *inkstand* was not hurt—nor head,
For each was made of *friendly lead!*

May 22. MOMUS.

TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

[From the Champion, June 5.]

I.

BEAUTIES! for, dress'd with so much taste,
All may with such a term be grac'd,
Attend the friendly stanza,
Which deprecates the threaten'd change
Of English modes for fashions strange,
And *French extravaganza.*

II.

What! when her sons renown have won
In art and arms, and proudly shone
A pattern to the nations,
Shall England's recreant *daughters* kneel
At Gallic shrines, and stoop to steal
Fantastic innovations?

III.

Domestic—simple—chaste—sedate,
Your fashions now assimilate,
Your virtues and your duties:
With all the dignity of Rome,
The Grecian graces find a home
In England's classic beauties.

IV.

When we behold so fit a shrine,
We deem its inmate all divine,
And thoughts licentious bridle;

But if the case be tasteless, rude,
Grotesque and glaring—we conclude
It holds some worthless idol.

V.

Let Gallia's nymphs of ardent mind,
To every wild extreme inclin'd,
In folly be consistent:
Their failings let their modes express,
From simpleness of soul and dress
For ever equi-distant.

VI.

To-day, Napoleon's servile set,
In monstrous bonnets they coquet,
The silliest of the silly:
The King appears—what raptures flow?
The giant bonnet falls—and, lo!
A Lilliputian lily!

VII.

True to your staid and even port,
Let mad extremes of every sort
With steady scorn be treated;
Nor, by art's modish follies, mar
The sweetest, loveliest work by far
That Nature has completed;

VIII.

For O! if, in the world's wide round,
One peerless object may be found,
A something more than human;
The faultless paragon confess'd,
May in one line be all express'd—
A WELL-DRESS'D ENGLISH WOMAN.

NAPOLEON IN ELBA.

[From the Morning Post, June 7.]

JOY to the world! the tyrant reigns no more:
Go, view his prostrate form on Elba's shore;
Where he shall own, while brooding o'er his pain,
His *Age of Iron* * is arriv'd at last.

* Elba is famous for its iron-mines.

ON THE SAME.

[From the same.]

MOURN not, Napoleon, that no more
The *crown of iron*, which you wore,
Shall deck your drooping head:
The paltry bauble fades to nought,
Compar'd with what your fate has brought,
An *iron isle* instead.

June 6, 1814. P.

LORD BYRON'S *EPIC* POEM.

[From the Morning Herald, June 7.]

HE knows but little, who has not perceived that Lord Byron's Muse is a *Muse* of *fire!* Hence that salamander-like advantage which his Lordship possesses over the *cooler* part of mankind, enabling him sometimes to scent a *conflagration*, even in his sleep, and it may naturally account for his being generally one of the first visitors of those calamitous spectacles!

He can recount with the utmost facility the rise and progress of every memorable *fire* that has happened within the bills of mortality for the last twenty years; and though the elevation of his rank exempts him on these occasions from handing a bucket or taking a spell at an engine, he can give a most correct return of the time when the *fire-plugs* remained *useless*, and the flames raged in consequence with the utmost violence. Our Noble Bard was of course at his post at the late conflagration at the *Custom House* of London, where, from the cool command which he possesses over his feelings on these occasions, he was enabled to contemplate its dreadful scenes, not with the eye of a common *Amateur*, but with a mind capacious enough to embrace and record the various incidents of the night. This he has perfected in Four Cantos, under the appropriate title of "*Conflagration!*"

tion!" which, from even a transient view of it in ma nuscript, we can venture to pronounce *inimitabl sublime*; having the satisfaction at the same time t be able to give a few of its brilliant beauties, for th delight of our poetic readers. The work itself, w understand, will be forthcoming in a few days, wi a few glossary couplets by Mr. Samuel R——rs, classical illustration. The first Canto opens finely- thus:

—" Fierce *Conflagration!* Empress of the *Night*,
Whose lambent flames confound *Day*'s prying light,
Cloud in her course the pale affrighted *Moon*,
Nor let *Sol*'s radiant beams appear at noon;—
Chaste luminary, hail!" — — — —

After a most *felicitous* recital of the various di tressing incidents that occurred, our Noble Auth takes a bold commercial glance at the devastati power he invokes, and thus boldly depicts its mul farious consequences:

—" See, what a flaming pile! and hark, the crash!
From that receptacle of this world's trash.
Rum puncheons! brandy pieces! Hollands gin!
Raw hides, and *tallow*, from the gulf of *Fin*.
Oil, *wine*, and *olives*, meet for man's good cheer,
All left with *figs* to rot and perish *here*.
Wine's turn'd to *vinegar*—a precious trade,
Bonded by poverty—no duties paid.
Indentures—bonds—writs—actions never tried—
And *oaths* unnumber'd, ready cut and dried!
With *cockets*, *dockets*—God knows what beside!
Combustibles well-stor'd to wreck, or raze,
And on thy altar, *Conflagration*—blaze!"

To this succeeds the happiest apostrophe in fav of maritime freedom—

——" Was it this glorious sacrifice was made
A type of freedom to restricted trade,
That every nation's mariner might sail
An equal sharer in a prosperous gale?"

We disapprove, however, of the following couplet, as too sarcastic on his Majesty's Prime Minister—

"Pale-liver'd Liver— beheld the blaze,
And Trade's dull Temple burn, with cold amaze!"

Our Bard then turns humorously to the feelings of the Directors of the several Fire-offices, some of whom he represents as the most interested spectators of the glowing scene—

—"Sun-Fire—Atlas—Albion—Hand in Hand—
Phœnix—Imperial—British, in the Strand;
Royal Exchange, 'neath Gresham's golden ball,
And the vast Globe that should protect us all,
These view'd the sacrifice in prosp'rous light,
And chuckled o'er the *God-sends* of the night!

The last Canto exhibits some of the principles of the *School of Reason* in their newest dress; the Noble Bard drawing thence his favourite conclusion, that "*whatever is, is right.*" Under this impression, no doubt, he was enabled to contemplate the perilous situation of the two amiable ladies in the midst of the flames, and the horrible state of two helpless families, with a tranquillity of mind that nothing short of the *philosophy of the new schools* could possibly command! Hence he might probably have drawn his conclusion in the following lines, that *female* sacrifices are always deemed the most expiatory:

"Whether on Grecian shore we drown, or kill 'em,
Or on Thames' muddy bank we broil, or grill 'em,
The expiatory rite is sure to please;
Though *fair* burnt offerings best the Gods appease."

We have given faithfully, as our memory would serve, the above extracts from this matchless *Epic*, which naturally excites universal curiosity; and the publication of which, it seems, only waits for the *dark lantern* annotations with which Mr. Anacreon M—re has kindly promised to grace the luminous Poem of CONFLAGRATION! CRITO.

THE

THE ROYAL HOAX.

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 11.]

THERE really seems a mighty shyness
Existing in His R—— H——:
Why did he baulk his loving people,
Who crowded every house and steeple,
Hedge and tree, and gate and stile,
Along the road, for many a mile?
Ah! why pursue a private road,
And not the wish'd-for sight afford?
Base *Envy* says, "The truth is this—
He fear'd an universal ——."

[From the Champion, June 12.]

MR. EDITOR,

I LATELY met with the enclosed very ancient ballad, of which I can find no mention either in Dr. Percy's Reliques, or Evans's or Ritson's Collections. Its antiquity I infer from its orthography, which, however, I have modernized, and have ventured to omit a few introductory stanzas, which did not appear essential to the story.—If you think it would afford any amusement to your readers, it is much at your service. Yours, &c. ALFRED.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALLE HIS CRUELTIE TO HIS WIFE.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

THEN Cornwall's Duke, at this rebuke,
Began to grieve full sore;
And while his eyne were dim with brine,
A solemn oath he swore—

II.

"Already twice, I do confess,
You have with store of gold
Defray'd arrears which in few years
Were grievous to behold.

III.

"On racing-grounds I lost my pounds,
With rogues of lowest stamp,
Until a slip in jockeyship
Compell'd me to decamp.

IV.

"My pranks so mad, at cost so sad,
Your vassals sore did rue;
For Bill and Bet, they paid with sweat,
And labour of their brow—

V.

"And now, ah woe! the sums I owe
Do double those before;
But make all clear, and here I swear
I'll never do so more."

VI.

Whereat his sire, at his desire,
And penitence express'd,
Without delay the same did pay,
And took him to his breast:

VII.

But ere he paid, he compact made
His son should take for wife
A fair lady, of high degree,
To live with him for life.

VIII.

The match devis'd was solemniz'd,
Whereat all England rung;
And from the pair a daughter fair
In course of time there sprung.

IX.

But loose desires and guilty fires
His changeful heart defil'd;
And he cast off, with taunt and scoff,
The mother of his child.

X.

At length base spies a plot devise
With devilish intent,
To have it thought she was stark naught
And all incontinent.

XI.

But perjury she did defy,
And prov'd to all the state,
That she was chaste, and ne'er disgrac'd,
Except in such a mate.

XII.

Whereat in ire her husband's sire
Did issue a decree,
That to his court she should resort,
And there received be.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

But, out alas! it came to pass,
With age and trouble cross'd,
His mind no more its sorrow bore,
And reason's ray was lost.

II.

O then his son full soon begun
To show his vengeful will,
And us'd his power in evil hour
His purpose to fulfil.

III.

The reptile crew their work renew,
Outcrawling from their holes,
And spit and shed upon her head
The venom of their souls.

IV.

But all their quiles and dæmon wiles
Triumphantly she met,
And brighter rose above her foes
At every fresh onset.

V.

As the sea wave, when tempests rave,
Doth rise more high and white;
So each assault did but exalt;
And make her fame more bright.

VI.

O then the Duke an oath he took,
His vengeance to complete,
That during life his wedded wife
He never more would meet.

VII.

His mother, who his wife did view
In most ungracious sort,
Favour'd his plot, that she might not
Receive her at her court.

VIII.

With studied spite they did unite
Their victim to disgrace,
When potentates from foreign states
Came flocking in apace.

IX.

But innocence will find defence
Though succour seem not nigh;
And God will make the proudest quake
Who do his laws defy.

X.

For, lo! whereas the Duke did pass
To join his mother's train,
His vassals all, both great and small,
Did do him foul disdain:

XI.

For, in his pride, as he did ride,
All in a royal style,
With groaning lungs and hissing tongues
They did the Duke revile.

XII.

Then his coachman to lash began
And gallop with good will;
But the loud wind that hiss'd behind
Did gallop faster still.

XIII.

His spouse meanwhile with public smile
And loud huzzas was grac'd,
And blessings shed upon her head
Whenever as she pass'd.

XIV.

O may the Duke by this rebuke
Be taught a wiser life,
And quickly prove his people's love
By loving of his wife!

XV.

And as he broke the oath he took
To wear her in his heart,
Let 's hope he will no more fulfil
The oath he took to part.

A PART OF AN EPIC STORY,

IN *macaronic* VERSE.

SUPPOSED TO ALLUDE TO CERTAIN PROCEEDINGS AT WHITE'S CLUB.

[From the same.]

BELLA per Albanos *less than* civilia campos,
Regales inimicitias et *conjugal hatred*,
Chanta, musa, mihi: causas caligine tectas
Non volo, non oro, te nunc exponere: posthac
Forsan et has etiam nationi *discoverabo*,
Orbem jam totum *smilans* revisere visa est
Pax, præter *Norway* et *prouder America*: cunctis
Lætitiam spirant, *while Hope shone bright as an angel*,
England, Old England, through all her oppida *gaudes*.
En reges veniunt, ac explorare *desirant*
Hanc parvam terram, quæ tam sublimis *grasplat*
Sejuncta a cunctis, cunctis succurrere curant.
Primus Alexander, fortissimus induperator
Ac etiam *milder* quam fortis: amabilis hostis:
Vincere qui scit, et *assuagat* crudelia belli
Magnanimis dictis, et factis *Kingibus* aptis:—
Vexatusque malis crebris Rex Prussicus: unà
Splendida *banda* Ducum,—Blucherus maximus Ille
Quem neque tempus edax, nec *cannon-balls* domârunt,
Nec *marchæ* rapidæ, nec diræ nocte *bivouacks*;—
Et plures aderunt, sed quorum nomina tetra
Stiff, consonantal, ac auribus horrida nostris
Nulla valet versu nisi Russica musa referre;
Else 't would delight me to chant their brave and glorious exploits.
Hi tanti adventus queis plausibus excipientur
Principis et populi: hic cœlum resonantibus *huzzahs*
Concutiet; reges alter *treature* studebit
Cum *dinners, suppers, dances, fêtisque* superbis.

Hæc

Hæc meditans, magno et patriæ perculsus amore,
Magno et *sheworum*, grandis chorus ille virorum
Magnatum, *Whiti*, notus cognomine, *Clubba*,
Extemplò statuit spectacula magna parare
Quæ vincant Arabum fabellas: digna profecto
Hospitibus, digna Angliacis, se denique digna.
Nulla mora est: *lendat* spatiosam *Devonus* ædem
Vicinosque hortos, *Burlington* nomine dictos.
Fervet opus: *workmen* sudant: *ticketta*que dantur
Quêis quisque invitet quos invitare placebit.
Gaudent Albani proceres, *things smoothly proceeding*,
Princeps et gaudet cui *fâtum exceedingly* cordi est.
Such glad sensations quid disturbare valebit?
Causa quidem *small* est: *th' effect most bitterly grievous.*
Fama *flying spreadat*, comitem cognomine Sefton,
(Nobilis ordo quidem, sed mens nobilior) omnes
Fêtales chartas multâ mississe salute
Illam ad regalem dominam, *whose injuries here find*
Few friends to mind them, but fewer still to redress them.
Nox erat; ac ingens tandem compressus edendi
Ardor: potandi tempus occidit amussim.
Undique *stand bottles, all full, all soon to be empty:*
Vina quidem *drinkant*, et quæ Germania mittit,
Et quæ delicias! campis et collibus alma
Nutrit Gallorum tellus: *all* denique *countries*
Contribuunt quod habent *most fit* recreare palatum.
Heu! quanto gustu et quanto proluit ore
Quisque suam *darling cuppam: 't was jollity* et *glee.*
No wit splendebat, Sheridan namque abfuit: et *joke*
Rarus erat: *Tyrwhit had gone to Germany: but noise*
Et *revel*, et *toustæ funnæ*, cantusque nugaces,
Et sermo lepidus de *Cribb* et *Gully*, *the bruisers.*
Sidera jam cœlo se præcipitantia somnum
Suadebant: intrat subito vepallidus ora
Parvus *thinnus* homo, cui vix Sol instruit umbram
Tam macie confectus erat, nec *visible* aiunt,
Except pro *drunkards, whose eyes are doubly potential.*
Ille refert famam de Sefton, deque tremendis
Chartis; cuncta silent, omnes tremor occupat artus.
Obstupuit magnus cœnæ Rex: faucibus hæsit
Vox; ac incassum vinum *gulpare triabat.*
Vina nihil possunt: subitò tunc surgit et altè

Brandy

Brandy conclamat : reboant laquearia tecti
Brandy : confestim *brandy* portatur abundè.
Ille rapit pateram, *drafto*que exhaurit : et inde
Reddita vox : Rufum tum sic affatur Achatem :
" Sic tibi sint *whiskers bushy*, semperque rubentes,
Sic semper certâ *shakeas* tu sorte fritillum,
Ut tu nunc des auxilium : citò curre, perora
Albanum cœtum, vel *fétum* mittere, vel res
Sic disposari, ne me contra ruat uxor.
Ah! pereat *fétum*, dum sim non obvius Illi.
Eripe me, et *dam'me some day will I make you a duke, Frank.*"
Iste abiit Rufus : fecit quodamque valebat :
*Albani*que patres iterum conclave tenebant.
Consedere Duces : *chairman* sed *risat* et inquit :
" O Sefton, Sefton, *what is that which* Fama reportat?
Factum fecisti, magnum quod *mightity troublat*."
Sic ait, et Sefton graviter sic voce secutus :
" Feci quod volui : feci quod oportuit omnes
Nos comites : illi cui *much* debetur, honorem
Persolvi : accepit, nobisque rependet honorem."
Tum *chairman tremblat*, summissâ et voce reponit :
" Illustris Domine, ignoscas, si forsan oberrem :
Sed si fas *askare* mihi nunc scire require,
Quicum, si forsan veniat, *dansare* licebit
Regalem dominam, quæ *fétum* ornare *resolvat*?"
Tum verò ille comes sic verò comites inquit,
Subridens,—*scorn et jest* sua lumina *sharpant*,
" Quamvis nec formam, nec *dansi* mî dedit artem,
Divus Apollo suam : nec possum *outsteppere* Vestrim,
Me me adsum qui sum promptus *dansare* per omnem
Noctem : et si poscat *partner* mea, *all the next day too*."
Clubba tremit cunctas per *benchas*: horror ubique
Seizat : non audet quivis *wpliftere* vocem.
Ridet et excessit Seftonus lætus ad ædem :
Groanat, et excessit magni laturus ad aures
Eventus Rufus tristes : *groanans*que *reportat*,
Audit et extemplò pateram *proof-brandy* refertam
Ebibit Is : novies *fillant*, noviesque fit *empty*,
Singultans multùm tandem sic pectore fatur :
" O mihi præ cunctis aliis carissime, Rufe,
Nunc, nunc tempus adest, quò te decet omnibus uti
Viribus,

bus, ut *friendum sadlo* ex *veniente di*[illegible] :
ias: quidquid possis, id *doëre* perge[illegible]
onga mora est memorare, quibus *fable* [illegible]
itavit *Clubbam* Rufus male-fidus A[illegible]
quà nunc bene, nunc male [illegible]
sa viam calcare diù con[illegible]
rnit humum turpem [illegible]
jectam qui *spita* fer[illegible]
dique *disgustant*: [illegible]
er th' *enduring* [illegible]

THE [illegible]

[illegible]

'TIS [illegible]
The [illegible]
And re-[illegible]
To [illegible]
Resol[illegible]
Have [illegible]
One [illegible]
And [illegible]

AN AFFECTION[illegible]

[illegible]

E[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

EPIGRAM.—PLATOFF.

JEU D'ESPRIT—IMPROMPTU, ON SEEING THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE PLATOFF, HETMAN OF THE COSSACKS, TAKE HIS DEGREE OF L.L. D. IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD, JUNE 1814.

[From the same, June 16.]

"Cedant arma togis, concedat laurea landi!"

ISIS! thy sons, with cap and hat off,
Press thronging till their toes ache,
To hail the grim and gallant Platoff,
Don-doctor, *cassock'd* Cossack.
Bravely "he kept his *act*:"—France saw,
France *felt* the Russian *cannon**-law.

Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. W. B.

HARDSHIPS OF *LORD* COCHRANE!

[From the Morning Herald, June 16.]

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS glad to observe that you noticed, this morning, the great hardship suffered by Lord Cochrane, in the non-attendance of persons, over whom he might be expected to have so much influence. The hardship is the more wonderful, because, if these persons had attended, and the Court had been induced to grant a new trial, they would have had the same benefit as his Lordship of a second chance before a jury. Supposing then that they thought him innocent, they must have deprived themselves of this chance, merely for the sake of preventing his Lordship from enjoying it, which is extremely hard indeed!

The case is, however, full of hardships so severe, that they can be compared with nothing, but with each other—none but themselves can be their parallel. Look, for instance, at the wonderful circumstance of the Stock Exchange refusing to accept the friendly offices of Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, when he so can-

* Ratio ultima regum.

didly communicated to them Mr. M'Rae's proposal to give them the names of the real conspirators, and offered to subscribe "liberally" towards the *ten thousand pounds*, which were to be the paltry price of that invaluable information. What man of liberality could have expected such a refusal as this, in a matter too, which Mr. Johnstone, with an exquisite delicacy of faint censure, described as "*a hoax?*" Then, again, look at the other circumstance of Lord Cochrane going voluntarily before a magistrate, and candidly taking an oath to his own innocence. What man of liberality could have expected, after this, that a British Grand Jury, consisting merely of twenty-four freeholders, could have dared to send his Lordship to trial, and to make him dependent upon other oaths than his own? O Sir! I am now more than ever of opinion, with Lord Cochrane and Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, that very great reforms are necessary; and allow me to suggest, that the first of them should be a measure (not an Act of Parliament, for I abhor Parliament, and every thing which passes in that "*room*" which you call a House), a measure for preventing freeholders from taking such liberties with patriots!

Another hardship is remarkable in this affair. Lord Cochrane, according to some of the reports, said, that if the Court would grant him a new trial, he could produce witnesses to give the case quite a different aspect from that it bore at present. The Court told him, that he had very able advisers, on his trial, and might have produced the witnesses then. Now, the peculiar hardship to be observed here is, that his Lordship should not have been able to produce these witnesses at that trial, although it was so far from being hastily brought on, that it was postponed above a week after the time when he and his companions asked for it, in that memorable request for speed, which

I was

I was sure was a proof of their innocence, though most certainly they did not intend it to have the effect of prejudicing the public in their favour. This inability to produce the witnesses, after a longer time had passed than was desired, was a special hardship indeed! Others might be mentioned; but I must not trespass further upon your space than to sign myself

Wednesday, June 15. A PATRIOT.

THE BOOKSELLERS' CASE.

[From the British Press, June 16.]

MR. EDITOR,

I OBSERVED in your paper of yesterday an elaborate statement, pointing out the various hardships to which printers, booksellers, and authors, must necessarily be subjected, if the claim, which certain public libraries are entitled to make, for eleven copies of every new work published in the United Kingdom, should be continued. Now I, Sir, as an *Author*, beg leave to dissent entirely from the observations contained in the article alluded to, as far as relates to persons, who, like myself, devote their lives to the improvement of human nature, by the dissemination of knowledge. The writer of the statement (some person, I am sure, of a mercenary and contracted mind) tells us, that the right to demand these eleven copies, will, in every instance where an author determines to publish on his own account, tend very much to decrease *his profits!*—Profits! Mr. Editor—surely this is the first time that the word has ever been used, in enumerating the benefits to be derived from *literary merit.* I declare, Sir, I have been an author for near half a century, and I never received, nor did I, after my probationary year, expect to receive any profit whatever. I will admit, Sir, that if authors were fond of splendid houses—if they delighted in rich viands

viands—the argument drawn from a diminution of *profit* would be reasonable enough. But when, from time immemorial, they have shown a predilection for the attic story, and that too situated in the most unfrequented streets; when their food (if fortunately they have any) is, for the purpose of more easy digestion, of the lightest and cheapest description; when their clothes are more remarkable for antiquity than for any other quality; and when, under these circumstances, they are the most placid and contented set of men in the world (for the expression of Horace, "*genus irritabile vatum*," applies only to their acerbity on literary matters, and has nothing to do with their general conduct), who, that is at all conversant with their habits of life, would endeavour to enrich them? They do not seek for money, and far distant be that æra when authors shall become wealthy!—from that moment adieu to genius! Peter Pindar has very justly observed—

> "Painters and poets never should be *fat*;
> Sons of Apollo, listen well to that!"

And he goes on to show, that *fat* operates, with reference to our *ideas*, as bird-lime does towards the feathered race; it prevents them from soaring on high. The chain of reasoning then is obvious—Wealth begets *luxury*, luxury creates *fat*, and fat destroys the *mental energies*. The conclusion is, that the excellence of a work must be in direct proportion to the poverty of the writer. Therefore I contend, that it would very much conduce to the interests of literature, if, instead of *eleven copies* of every new work, twice that number were demanded.

I shall make only one other observation on the propriety of the system now so much complained of, which, I trust, will have considerable weight. You, Sir, and every man in the country at all connected

with literary pursuits, must be aware of the immense advantage which results from the perusal, by those who hold elevated situations at the universities, of all new publications. Their minds are so enriched by this *literary manuring*, that it is impossible they should not produce a plentiful crop of works, amusing and instructive, from the light and elegant novel to the profound and abstruse treatise on the planetary system. The question then is—Are we to lose such invaluable productions for a trifle? I hope the good sense of the Legislature will prevent so lamentable an event. But it is said, why cannot the Universities purchase such works as they conceive ought to occupy a place in their libraries? I believe, Sir, they would very willingly adopt that mode, but their *poverty* places an insuperable bar between them and the accomplishment of their wishes. As a proof of that *poverty*, which we must all lament, you have only to turn your eyes to the proceedings at Oxford.—The University has been honoured with a visit from the Allied Sovereigns, the Prince Regent, &c.; and I can assure you, it is with the greatest liberality and pleasure they entertain them with all that splendour which their high rank demands. Now, Sir, when this is the case, I will ask any unprejudiced man, how they can *reasonably* be expected to throw away money in the purchase of books? A grant from Parliament, for the purpose, is hopeless—for, I believe, the rejoicings for *peace*, the *fêtes*, illuminations, fireworks, &c. which are necessary to celebrate the event, except in the case of the Government Offices, and the houses of some few parasites, must be paid out of the pockets of the individual inhabitants.

P. S. You cannot have forgotten the old Greek maxim, "Μεγα βιβλον μεγα κακον"—"A great book is a great evil." The Authors and Booksellers have of late, more than ever, taken it into their heads, without

even

even consulting the Universities, and merely at their own peril and discretion, to publish very large and expensive works. Now, Sir, nothing can tend more effectually to lessen *evils* of this kind, than the provisions of the Bill against Authors and Booksellers. The Society for the Suppression of Vice, in the zenith of its power, with John Bowles at its head, could never devise remedy, palliative, or preventive, so efficient. Yours, N——.

LOVE.—BY DR. SYNTAX.

[From the Morning Herald, June 17.]

LOVE, in itself, is very good,
But 't is by no means solid food;
And, ere our honey-moon was o'er,
I found we wanted something more.
This was the cause of all our trouble;
My income would not carry double;—
But, led away from Reason's plan
By Love, that torturer of man,
In our delirium we forgot
What is life's unremitted lot;
That man, and woman too, are born
Beneath each rose to find a thorn.
We thought, as other fools have done,
That Hymen's laws had made us one;
But had forgot that Nature, true
To her own purpose, made us *two*.
There were two mouths that daily cried,
At morn and eve, to be supplied:
Though by one vow we were betroth'd,
There were two bodies to be cloth'd;
And, to improve my happiness,
My Dolly 's very fond of dress.
My head 's content with one hat on it,
While Dorothy's has *hat* and *bonnet*:—
In short, there 's no day passes through,
But I and my dear Doll are *two*.

TO THE OLD AND NEW FRIENDS OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 19.]

GENTLEMEN,

I AM desired by the Committee to acquaint you, that there will be a meeting on Monday next, the 20th instant, at twelve o'clock, to consider of the best legal means of directing the energies of Great Britain to the great channel of commerce so happily re-opened, and to prepare an address of thanks to Lord Viscount C———h, who, in spite of the obstacles presented by the well-intentioned (but mistaken) efforts of our Imperial and Royal Allies, and the morbid sentimentality of *Louis le Desiré*, has succeeded in restoring to the too-long-deserted shores of Africa the blessings of European intercourse.

It will be proposed to present to the Noble Viscount a piece of plate, ornamented with appropriate devices; and to offer rewards for the three best designs which shall be sent in by artists (names sealed).

Also, adequate prizes for the best productions in *poetry*, *painting*, and *sculpture*, to be executed *within the next five years*, in order that the heaven-born Statesman may have every chance of being immortalized as he deserves.

June 16, 1814. CALIGULA HODGE, Sec.

THE TWO JOURNALS.

" Look here upon this picture—and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers." HAMLET.

[From the Champion, June 19.]

JOURNAL 1.

WITH grateful recollections blest,
I thank'd my God, and sunk to rest.—
Slept like a top—at six arose,
Shav'd in a trice—slipt on my clothes,
Call'd up my sister and her son,
And walk'd with them to Kensington.—

Walking

Walking betimes the system hardens,
So trudg'd quite round the ring and gardens:—
Saw soldiers drilling in the parks,
And stopp'd to make my own remarks,
Whether the tactics of this nation
Were worthy Russian imitation.
Return'd as hungry as a fox:—
Off, after breakfast, to the docks:
The public buildings, as I went,
Observ'd minutely, with intent
To introduce at home whatever
Seem'd in their conduct new and clever.—
Surpris'd and pleas'd, the docks survey'd,
Those mighty monuments of trade,
Where the proud God of Commerce is
Thron'd in his hundred palaces.—
Took notes—set off—and thought to jog
Home to my own abode *incog.*
But was discover'd on my route,
And follow'd with a general shout;
The air with joyful greetings rung,
And blessings flow'd from every tongue.—
At two o'clock sat down to dine,
And drank a single glass of wine.—
(Engag'd to dine again at eight;
Which I call *supping* out in state.)
Transacted business till seven,
Dress'd—supp'd—got home about eleven:—
Went to my room, fatigu'd though joy'd;
My bed of state left unemploy'd,
On a straw mattress laid me down,
And slept till morn like any clown.

JOURNAL II.

Boozy and sick—with aching head,
Toss'd, sleepless, on my swansdown bed;—
Sunk towards morning in a doze,
When dreams of frightful import rose:
Methought my wife, with looks benign,
Fix'd her forgiving eyes on mine,
And strove with guardian hand to quell
The threat'ning progeny of hell,

Who hover'd round with serpent lungs,
And darted at my heart their tongues.—
Shudd'ring I turn'd —when old amours,
Balls, dishes, dresses, fêtes, liqueurs,
Athwart my vision rise and flee,
While a huge nightmare of *bisquit*
Seems to be poking, from his wallet,
Turtle and venison down my gullet.
At twelve awoke—rang for *La Gloire*—
Skimm'd a licentious French memoir—
Dress'd for two hours before the glass,
With *Schwartz—Antoine—François—La Place.*
Finish'd by three—took *chasse caffé*—
Qualmish and splenetic all day.—
Inspected twenty-seven packets
Of patterns for embroid'ring jackets;
From half past three till nearly four
Sign'd papers——what a hideous bore!—
Held with my friends a consultation
How to shun public observation.—
By the back gate slipp'd out—was known—
Saluted with a general groan—
From hissing mobs compell'd to drive—
Return'd full gallop—home by five—
Swore in revenge to spend my life
In daily insults to my wife.—
Worn with ennui—devour'd with spleen,
Yawn'd—trifled—curs'd—and drank between.—
Wrote to the Square—got dress'd once more,
New stays—new wig—new whiskers wore.—
At eight my dinner table grac'd
With debauchees of kindred taste,
All, like myself, resolv'd, by drinking,
To drown remorse and banish thinking.
I quaff'd till half were on the floor,
Then reel'd to bed—dead drunk—at four.

THE EMPEROR INSIDE THE BANK, AND JOHN BULL AND HIS WIFE OUTSIDE.

[From the same.]

SCENE, LOTHBURY—*Saturday, 11th June.*

LAUK! why, if there is n't Mrs. Hoggins, as true as I 'm standing here!
Well! as sure as eggs is eggs, it 's Mrs. Clackit;—how d' ye do, my dear?
Purely, thank ye; how are you, and little Master and Miss?
Why, we 're all but indifferent: Mr. Hoggins he has got the rheumatiz,
And the young ones, they are down with the hooping cough:—but, pray,
What 's all this monstrous rumpus for?—La, Ma'am, why, lack-a-day!
Don't you know that Alexander 's been in the Bank ever since eleven?—
Here 's the *H*emperor *H*alexander, six for a shilling—take seven.—
I told you I didn't want none, and I tell you so *agen*.—
Give you eight—take nine—come, Ma'am, I give you ten;
La, child, don't pester me.—Vat, vont you take a dozen?
O, I 've had the charmingest view of the Emperor—Cousin,
Just caught a peep at the coachman as round the Bank he steer'd:—
Why, they tell me he 's a nobleman with a monstrous long beard;—
No, that 's the Emperor with a beard near a foot long, I 'm told;
Pho! how can that be, when he 's only thirty-five years old?
Zounds! why do you push one in this manner—can't you see?
How the deuce can I help it, when other people pushes me?
Zounds! Sir, don't scrouge so.—Why, I only want to get by.—
D—n it, Ma'am! the stick of your umbrella has gone plump into my eye.—
Bless me, how hot it is!—I 'm all in a muck of sweat.
Well, I declare the Excise Office is the prettiest thing I 've seen yet.

Flesh ma heart! vat moniesh it must cost! vat is dat you have got?
Mutton pies, three-pence apiece; hot, your honour, hot!
Ah, Tom, what! are you here?—how go Consols, hey?—
Done at two for the opening—higher and higher ev'ry day:
Jack, you 've been in the market since me—is it still all alive?
All buyers—no sellers: new stuff has been done at five.
Ha! ha! there 's a coat!—Yes; I was shov'd against a baker.—
Hats off! hats off!—Friend, does n't thee see I 'm a Quaker?
Thee know'st I only came to show my little boy the sight.—
Sally, keep close to Bess, and mind you hold tight.—
Pray, Sir, move your elbow, ever so little a bit,
It comes just against my stomach, right into the pit.—
La! how provoking! that there monstrous tall man
Stands sticking there before one, as upright as ever he can.—
Here he comes! here he comes!—O dear!—I can't draw my breath.—
Huzza! huzza! huzza!—O, I shall be squeedg'd to death.—
I saw the Emperor—I saw the Duchess—And I saw her bonnet;
I thought her head had got a coal-scuttle turn'd over upon it.—
What—did he turn that way?—Ay, that 's one of his old jokes.
I never seed him at all.—Indeed?—That's a prime hoax.
Well, I shan't lose any more time; I 'll go home: so will I;
Come along, Jackey: good day, Mrs. Hoggins.—Ma'am, I wish you good bye.

BUONAPARTE IN ELBA.

[From the Morning Herald, June 20.]

'TIS right that *he* who rul'd with *iron* sway,
Should end in Elba's isle his latest day,
And, bound by Retribution's potent spell,
Live on the metal that he lov'd so well.

UNIVERSITY EFFUSIONS BURLESQUED.

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 22.]

——*Non modo homines omnium ætatum et ordinum, sed etiam mœnia ipsa videantur atque urbis tota exultare!* — Oratio à Gulielmo C****, L.L. D. habita in Theatro Oxoniæ, Die 15 Junii.

OXFORD, exult! thy very slate and tiles—
Thy brick and mortar—animate with smiles!
Oxford, raise high thy chimney-tops, and pay
The duteous homage of this peerless day!
Oft hast thou here adjudg'd the vulgar meed
Of common plaudits to the common deed;—
Here oft have courteous prodigals of praise
Disguis'd the blockhead with astonish'd bays:
But not since first yon flaming orb's bright beam
Loiter'd, fair Isis, on thy favour'd stream,
Hath grand occasion, with her proudest calls,
E'er claim'd the homage of thy roofs and walls.
Oxford, exult! let every brick and tile,
Touch'd, as by magic, instantaneous smile!
Oxford, exult! e'en to thy meanest street
Let ev'ry stone salute the Royal feet!
Yes! we have heard, while musing here alone,
Desponding Europe sadly grunt and groan:
Yet Hope, sweet seraph! gently chid our fears,
And Moscow's flames were 'kerchiefs to our tears.
Yes! then we saw the kindred eagles soar,
Then heard our lion, terrible of roar,
As when great Marlbro' deafen'd France before!
Radcliffe, unbar! a mile-long table spread,
Crown it with rounds of beef, with loaves of bread.
Illustrious strangers! partners of the toil,
Welcome to Britain's wine-denying soil;
And, while these shelves our homely fumes assail,
True John Bull like, let 's all get drunk with ale!!

PRINCE BLUCHER AND THE BRITISH LADIES:

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF HORACE, BOOK I. ODE 8.

[From the same, June 23.]

"Lydia, dic, per omnes
Te deos oro," &c.

SAY, ladies, by the gods above,
Why, with such fond officious love,

Take chances to return alive?
Cleaves he the Thames? 't is said, for him
The ladies all will learn to swim!
Though, cat-like, ev'ry mother's daughte
Feels strong aversion to the water.
In vain he shuns the soap or razor,
Each maid becomes mustachio-praiser.
Though vile before, in him to smoke
Is only deem'd a pleasant joke;
While, strange to say, the British fair
For his sake dote upon gray hair!
Why does he hide? Nay, rather let him
A petticoat and mantle get him:
In this will Blucher do no more
Than what Achilles did before;
Whom, though in other things outdone,
He well might imitate in one;
Thus may he safely pass along,
Unheeded through the female throng;
For scarce, I ween, their rapture reaches
To any worth—but worth in breeches.

EPITAPH ON A NOTORIOUS LIA

[From the Morning Post, June 23.]

POOR MR. M—TH——N!

[From the Morning Herald, June 23.]

MOST people know, that, there being hitherto no translation of Ovid's Sappho Phaoni, except that made by one Alexander Pope, a Twickenham man, Mr. M-th—n has thought it his duty to translate that celebrated poem himself. He has not yet published it, but we rather think he intends to be prevailed upon to do so. In the mean time, those who have the pleasure of his conversation, must be very dull, if they do not know that, whether he has outshone the original author or not, he has at least far surpassed the translator. With the exquisite feelings which must be part of the qualifications of Mr. M-th—n for that and other delicate tasks, how must he have been hurt, when, after having gone through all the cogitations preparatory to his intended motion, he saw the hour of four approach without the approach of members, counted the minutes by the *house* clock, listened to its relentless tick, and watched the inexorable progress of the hands to the point when he was sure to hear—"*This house stands adjourned.*"

The hour which he had long wished for was now come and gone.

Quæ lenta accedit, quam velox præterit hora!

If there had been a promontory at hand, none can say that Mr. M-th—n might not have made a practical imitation of Sappho; but it was too far to go to Leucas, though he knows from Statius that Apollo was worshipped there.

Mr. M-th—n returned to his translation, which has not yet received its last polish. He was far from reading it with his usual complacency. Not well pleased with any thing, he even disapproved his own verses, and rejected several. He turned over the original, and at the following passage resolved to make quite a new translation:

Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit,
Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui;
Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato;
Astrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.

But, alas! Mr. M-th—n, writing with his mind full of present events, produced, as a substitute for the beautiful imitation he had before made of the original, the following miserable, doggrel parody:

When some one said—Your joys are fled, for there will be no *house*,
No tears could flow, to ease my woe, I almost lost my Nŭ;
I could not cry, my eyes were dry, no *speeches* could I speak;
My stomach bold was bound with cold, I scarce had strength to squeak.

And these lines, the sad memorial of feelings which ought to be forgotten, may remain a blemish upon a translation which must go down to all posterity, unless Mr. Wh——d, or some of the friends who are to prevail upon Mr. M-th—n to publish it, shall persuade him to erase them.

VINDICATION OF OXFORD ORATORY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 25.]

Mœnia ipsa videantur atque urbis tota exultare *.

Oratio habita in Theatro Oxoniæ.

Locus ipse vocabat.—OVID.
Tota domus gaudet.—CATULLUS.
Montesque feri sylvæque loquuntur, } VIRGIL.
Saxa volant. }
Movit Amphion lapides canendo.—HORACE.
——an Antony to move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.—SHAKESPEARE.
Αὐλαὶ ἐπεύθε πεδονδὲ κυλινδόμο λᾶας ἀναιδῆς.—HOMER.

OUR brick, tiles, mortar, lath and plaster,
Arch, cornice, architrave, pilaster,
Rejoice to see great Russia's master:

---

* Translated for the ladies, by the Prose Professor, "The actual walls themselves, and the entire whole of the city, appeared and seemed to rejoice and be glad."

Porches

Porches and columns, fit to crush you,
Dance at the view of royal Prussia.
Their names are told, their pow'r and glory
The themes of ev'ry "attic story."
With gaping mouth each cellar stares,
And gives its wine to open theirs.
With beaming eyes our windows greet 'em—
Our staircases *run down* to meet 'em.
Chimnies, elate, breathe brisk and free;
The stoves and grates quite *burn* with glee;
The coal-holes take a gayer hue;
The slates give over looking blue;
The scrapers rush into the street,
To throw themselves at royal feet;
Our happy bells ring all their clappers,
And all our doors knock all their rappers.
Thus, when the speechifying poet,
Feeling great joy, had toil'd to show it,
No doubt remain'd, no question grew,
But all he utter'd might be true;
Since his oration was a token
That even senseless blocks had spoken.

Golgotha. VINDEX OXONIENSIS, D.D. L.L.D. F.R.S.

AN APPEAL FROM ONE OF THE CREAM-COLOURED HORSES.

[From the Champion, June 26.]

Populus me sibilat, &c.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU will doubtless be surprised at receiving a letter from one of our race; but, if you have seen the performances of the pieballs and other four-footed Roscii at Covent Garden, you will be less astonished at my addressing you in a good *ruming* hand. Besides, Sir, it would be very hard, if, at a moment when so many asses feel themselves competent to become authors, the same privilege should be withheld from a free-born horse. Nor am I altogether without claims to *humanity*: the founder of our family having been

been one of the most celebrated Centaurs, who lost both his arms in a desperate conflict with the Lapithæ, and, retiring to his patrimonial estate, his subsequent offspring were born in the same condition; so that by degrees the family became entirely *horsified*. Still, however, we were by far the most distinguished of the breed: Bucephalus was one of our ancestors; and we still exhibit that resemblance to the bull's head, from which, and not from the bull's head stamped upon his rump, that immortal charger derived his name, as you will find more fully detailed in Aulus Gellius. We also reckon among our progenitors, the steed whose neighing procured his master to be made King of the Persians; that which was created First Consul by a Roman Emperor, and that which, with such astonishing rapidity, carried an express to the first military cohort, at the time the capitol was saved by the cackling and hissing of geese. But the mention of hissing brings me to the melancholy subject of my letter. Ah! Sir, let me endeavour to forget the past, since I cannot recall it. Well may I exclaim, "*Non sum qualis eram bono sub regno Cynari*;" in my good old master's time, we stood with conscious dignity in our stables, each of us with a cat upon his back (whence, I presume, our habitation was originally called the *Mews*); and when ordered out upon service, as was frequently the case, it was really a pleasure to draw him, such were the cordial welcome and honest huzzas of the populace. *Now* we are so seldom wanted, that a stall in our stables is almost as fat a sinecure as a stall at Canterbury; and, for my own part, I am already as plethoric and phthisical as a prebendary. This I could endure; but, when you touch my honour, I feel all the blood of my ancestors running restive in my veins; how then can I bear to be pursued with hisses and hootings whenever I appear in public? This is unfortunately the case; and last

Saturday

Saturday it had such an effect on my nerves, which are no less keenly alive to certain musical sensibilities than those of the Duchess of Oldenburg, that I fainted and fell down in Fleet Street, and was not got upon my legs again without considerable difficulty, as was very correctly stated in your last number.

Sir, as the Hetman Platoff has shown his gratitude to the white charger which has carried him in eight campaigns, by giving him to the Prince Regent, I shall be extremely gratified if His Royal Highness would present me to the Hetman in exchange, for I should then be sure of a favourable reception from the people. Or if I could get into the service of the Emperor, or of the Kings of Prussia or France, or any other monarch (for they all seem popular at present, with *one* exception), it would afford me inexpressible satisfaction. Perhaps, Sir, your good offices could accomplish this; and if so—— but I leave you to imagine my gratitude; for, having just got home *hissing* hot, I am afraid I may catch cold if I lose any time in assuring you how profoundly I am,

Sir, yours, &c.

ONE OF THE KING'S CREAM-COLOURED HORSES.

The Mews, Saturday Night.

VERSES.

[From the same.]

WEEP not thy mother's blighted prime,
Though daily wrongs be heap'd upon her:
Where innocence is all the crime,
Insult is unintended honour.

And weep not to thy sire—for tears
Are hopelessly and vainly spilt,
When all the past abandon'd years
Are the sure pledge of future guilt.

And

And weep not for thyself—to thee
Love only and esteem belongs;
Braving a father's cruelty,
To vindicate a mother's wrongs.

THE TOPER'S LOGIC.

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 27.]

SOME say that hard drinking will hasten our end,
And that Temperance is to long life the best friend;
But since we were fashion'd from *dust*, as we learn,
And to *dust* are all hast'ning again to return,
To prolong our existence, a toper would say,
'T is undoubtedly needful to "*moisten* our clay."

THE TWO VETERANS.

[From the same, June 29.]

"Hectora quem laudas, pro te pugnare jubebo,
Militia est operis altera digna tuis."—OVID.

O! WINE is the thing to make veterans tell
Of their deeds and their triumphs!—and punch does as well,
As the R——t and Bl-ch-r, that sober old pair,
Fully prov'd t' other night when they supp'd—you know where,
And good-humour'dly bragg'd of the feats they 'd been doing,
O'er exquisite punch of my Y-rm—th's own brewing.
This diff'rence there was in the modes of their strife,
One had fought with the *French*—t' other fought with his ——!
"How I dress'd them!" said Bl-ch-r; and fill'd up sublime—
"I, too," says the P——e, "have dress'd men in my time."
Blu. "One morning at dawn——"
Reg. "Zounds, how early you fight!
I could never be ready—*(hiccups)*—*my* things are so tight!"
Blu. "I sent forward a few pioneers over night——"

Reg.

Reg. "Ugly animals these are, in gen'ral, I hear—*(hiccups)*:
The Q——, you must know, is *my* chief pioneer."
Blu. "The foe came to meet us——"
Reg. "There I manage better;
The foe would meet *me*, but I'm'd—n'd if I'll let her."
Blu. "Pell-mell was the word—dash through thick and through thin—"
Reg. "C——n H——e to a tittle! how well we chime in!"
Blu. "For the fate of all Europe—the fate of men's rights
We battled——"
Reg. "And I for the grand fête at White's!"
Blu. "Though the ways, deep and dirty, delay'd our design——"
Reg. "Never talk of the dirt of *your* ways—think of *mine!*"
Blu. "And the balls hissing round——"
Reg. "O! those balls be *my* lot,
Where a good supper *is*, and the Pr-nc-ss is *not*.
And for *hissing*—why, faith, I've so much ev'ry day,
That my name, I expect, in the true royal way,
Will descend to posterity, '*G—— le Sifflé* *!'"
Blu. "But we conquer'd, we conquer'd—blest hour of my life!"
Reg. "And blest moment of mine, when I've conquer'd my w——!"
Here the dialogue falter'd—he still strove to speak—
But strong was the punch, and the R——t's head weak;
And the Marshal cried "Charge!" and the bumpers went round,
Till the fat, toilet veteran sunk on the ground;
And old Bl-ch-r triumphantly crow'd from his seat,
To see one worthy potentate more at his feet!

---

* Like Louis *le Bien-aimé*, Louis *le Desiré*, &c. &c.

IMPROMPTU

of the peace were to be the putting down of the Courier and the Morning Post. Sooner than submit to such a dire calamity, give me war for ever.

Yours, truly,

Cutpurse Row. SHAVE ON, TIM.

NAVAL TACTICS.

[From the same]

BY THE TELEGRAPH.

WE understand that, on Friday afternoon last, Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, was observed to be more than commonly dull; but that on Saturday morning he recovered his spirits—a signal having been made that *seven additional miniature men of war* had arrived, and had been added to the fleet now at anchor in the Serpentine River; and by which he seemed to think that Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, and the parts adjacent, were in a state of perfect security.

Of the same opinion appeared the Super-*Intendant*, *Deputy Ranger*, and *Sub-inspector* of Hyde Park; for, in a letter to Lord Sydney (written in unusually good English), he states, "that he is inclined for to think, that the powder-magazine and *his place* are nearly safe; only, if he might be so bold as to go for to suggest, he is of opinion that if a strong oak-post railing was put round the Park (the expense of which would be trifling), he should be more safer still!" This idea being laid before a *Board of Admiralty*, it was held, that, however venturous and daring the *American frigates* were, not one of them could arrive in the Serpentine River before the 10th or the 11th of August next. Mr. Croker (as was his duty) having duly examined the charts of all seas, bays, creeks, harbours, and canals, including those of Brentford and Paddington, was decidedly of the same opinion—

opinion—reserving, however, the exceptions of land-carriage, and what might be conveyed through the immense pipes that are now tearing up the public streets—of which he professed to be no judge whatever.

It was then suggested, by one of the older and more cautious *Lords* of the *Admiralty*, as the day of battle appeared now to be nearly fixed, whether it would not be advisable to request the Duke of Wellington to stay over that day; and as he had publicly declared, "*he should always hold his life at the service of his country*," whether it would not be right now to call on him to fulfil his pledge.

This being agreed on, a note, on hot-pressed paper, with gilt edges, was despatched to him immediately.

In the mean time, we are happy to announce, the greatest activity prevails in every quarter—the Parks, in expectation of the enemy, are entirely laid waste—the carpenters, by continued hammering, prevent any soldiers from improperly sleeping on their posts: *chevaux-de-frize*, *palisadoes*, and *abatis*, stop every person from walking; and temples of fire and brimstone are ready to rain down on the heads of the enemy—when they appear!

Sir William Congreve, in a state of confused activity, declares, "he is so busy, he does not know what he is about; but, cost what it will, he is resolved to astonish the enemy!"

Our gracious Queen, we are happy to hear, still keeps up her spirits; and, as the 12th of August seems fixed to decide this great contest, she is resolved, with her maids of honour, to be present on the occasion; and the lords in waiting have declared, as gallant knights, that, if the maids of honour are thus desperate, they themselves will die—*with their white staves in their hands!*

THE

THE GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

[From the Champion, June 26.]

Tune—"The tight little Island."

THE R—— was told,
That two monarchs, so bold,
To honour His Highness's reign meant,
By crossing the main
With a numerous train;
So he order'd a grand entertainment.
O such a rare entertainment!
A wonderful fine entertainment!
White's and Guildhall
Should be nothing at all,
Compar'd to this grand entertainment.

"Alexander of Russia,
And Frederick of Prussia,"
Quoth he, "when they fought might and main, meant
To make the French pay
All the cost of the play,
And provide the Allies entertainment.
But fighting 's a vile entertainment,
A *tragedy*, not entertainment;
And, if I must try,
I should wish to fight shy,
And stick to my own entertainment."

To buy Congreve's rockets
He emptied both pockets,
As if he his coffers to drain meant;
And bridges projected,
And temples erected,
For fireworks and such entertainment;
O what a wise entertainment!
A noble Guy Faux entertainment!
A puerile taste,
And ridiculous waste,
Contended in this entertainment.

But great raree-showmen
Are sometimes such slow men,
That all their designs are in vain meant—

For

For the monarchs, good lack!
Were compell'd to go back
Before this renown'd entertainment;
Not that they any disdain meant
To show to this prime entertainment,
But they thought that their eyes, Sir,
Might seek something wiser
Than cracker and squib entertainment.

Then, taking his hat off,
"Your H——," said Platoff,
"Has shown what your classical brain meant;
And both I and Blucher
Regret that your lucre
Should flow for a vain entertainment:
Such a gunpowder great entertainment!
So truly your own entertainment!
Your subjects can ne'er,
Until Bartlemy fair,
See another such high entertainment."

As the Strangers were gone,
And the hand was withdrawn,
Which a young foreign suitor to gain meant,
People made their remarks,
As they walk'd in the Parks,
On the use of this grand entertainment:
"Such a dangerous, dear entertainment!
To us it is no entertainment,
To pay through the nose
For these gingerbread shows,
To afford certain fools entertainment."

Yet these querulous elves
Dealt in fireworks themselves,
So I cannot conceive what their strain meant;
For the *crackers* of jokes
Let off *squibs* for a hoax
On the author of this entertainment,
This Catherine-wheel entertainment!
This flash in the pan entertainment!
While *serpents* went off,
With a hiss and a scoff,
At this rhodomontade entertainment.

SHIP NEWS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 4.]

Serpentine River, July 2.

THIS morning was launched the *Tremendous*, two-decker. The new method of launching succeeds to admiration, and bids fair to supplant the unwieldy and complicated mode in use at our common dock-yards; viz. a rope being simply crossed over, and attached to a horse at the opposite side, the vessels are dragged into the water. Unfortunately, however, on the present occasion, through the animal stumbling, there occurred a little check; but a smack of the whip giving him a fresh stimulus, the noble ship popped into the pond under the huzzas of all the bystanders. We have now afloat three two-deckers and two frigates; five of them already with their yards across. The *Queen* lies highest up the channel, with the *Prince Regent* moored under her stern. The *Princess of Wales*, not being calculated for this species of service, still lies up in ordinary. I have not learnt the names of the other vessels. It is a proud thing really to survey this noble flotilla; all equipped in the short space of two weeks. Now that peace, and her triumphs, have left Great Britain no conflict on the mighty ocean, too much praise cannot be given to those by whose wisdom and energy such improvements have been made upon our *internal marine*, by which we cannot fail to outdo our only remaining enemy in that species of warfare to which he has been driven; and, whilst this is a sufficient answer to all the invectives respecting the prosecution of the war with America, the system will be the fullest security against any such disaster as that of *Lake Erie*. Lord have mercy upon the Yankees!

OFFICIAL BULLETIN.

[From the British Press, July 5]

AT a late hour last night a naval officer arrived at the Admiralty, with the long and anxiously expected despatches from the Serpentine. They are dated from on board the Prince Regent's fire-ship the *Redpole*, bearing the flag of Lord Y———th, the commander in chief. His Lordship states, that, after laying in a large quantity of the real Greek fire and other necessaries, he had joined the fleet on the evening of the 1st instant, which he found moored in excellent order within less than a league of Rotten Row. It was admirably supplied with provisions; immense shoals of *loose* fish, with which the place abounds, having made their appearance within the last few days. The *Redpole* was just returned from watching a strange sail, supposed to be the *Magnanimous Alexander*, a Russian vessel of the largest class, and one of the finest that ever swept the bosom of the ocean. The *Redpole* dodged the stranger from the moment of arrival in these seas, until lost sight of off the French coast, on Sunday week. The *Redpole* is but a clumsy vessel, and carries all sorts of combustibles and other implements of destruction.

The Noble Commander in Chief reports, that nothing material had happened in the fleet, except the blowing up of an old bum-boat, which ran foul of the *Princess Caroline* ship of the line.

A REPORT.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 7.]

WE understand that an immense *humming top* is preparing under the direction of the Board of Works. The spindle is to be fifty-two* feet high,

* The P. R. is fifty-two years of age.

and

and will be visible to a great distance. This *mechanical phenomenon* is to be put in rapid motion (by an engine constructed expressly for the purpose by a military engineer) on the parade of the Horse Guards, for the amusement of the clerks and *others* engaged in the Treasury, War Office, and Admiralty, on the 12th of August. It is expected, that the mellow sound proceeding from this truly royal *humming top* will be heard to great effect at C—— H—— and the Queen's Palace; and that it will make a great impression on the distinguished foreigners now in the country.

IMPROMPTU.

[From the same.]

WHEN Blucher was told, that, to add to his store,
The Regent an Order design'd,
He said, "I 'm with Orders so cover'd *before*,
I only can hang it *behind*."

Sir Charles *, ever ready due homage to pay,
Thus answer'd the vet'ran, "If so,
Then all who have heard of thy actions, will say
It ne'er can be hit by the foe."

SONG.

Tune—"There was a little Man, and he had a little Gun," &c. &c.

[From the same, July 8.]

THERE was a great man,
And he had a great mind,
And he took it into his head, head, head,
He would have a raree-show
Where all the folks should go,
Instead of going to bed, bed, bed.

* Stewart.

"Card-

"Card-houses," said he,
"Still on tables built may be;"
But he swore his building should, should, should
Stand on the ground,
And blaze with lights around,
And he'd have it made of wood, wood, wood.

And though babies might delight
To have a sea-fight,
In a basin, with walnut-shells, shells, shells,
He would have a dozen sail *
Of ships on such a scale
As should outdo Sadler's Wells, Wells, Wells.

And on the famous night
We're to have this pretty sight,
Or certain men tell monstrous fibs, fibs, fibs,
All in the atmosphere
We shall see and we shall hear
Abundance of crackers, and squibs, squibs, squibs.

Galantee-show no more
Shall be called to the door,
After this fine show is seen, seen, seen;
For all the mob will say,
Hurra, hurra, hurra!
'T is a sight indeed for a Queen, Queen, Queen.

So let no one complain
Of his loss of time and gain,
Or of business think, or of lucre, lucre, lucre;
For, if brandy well we tiff,
Then a mole-hill 's Teneriffe,
And a boat-hole the Bay of Aboukir, boukir, boukir.

POP-GUN.

---

* QUERY—Might not Mr. Nicholas Vansittart move for leave to bring in a Bill to allow the Serpentine River to take the name of the Pacific Ocean?

reverse of every thing suggested in these idle rumours. It appears, that one of the maids of honour, on consulting the weather-glass, has given it as her decided opinion, that the present fine weather will last for a month to come; and this opinion is corroborated by experience, which having proved that the Emperor of Russia, in his late visit to this country, brought his own "frightful climate" along with him, it follows, that His Imperial Majesty, having left this country, has carried it back, and left us to a perfect state of calm and tranquillity. Should this observation on the approaching weather prove correct, it is obvious that it must totally defeat all the operations of the Grand Fleet in the Serpentine. Without wind they can do nothing. They cannot tack, sail, or practise any manœuvre whatever. There they must lie motionless, like the dead cats and dogs, to whose berths they have succeeded. A letter, containing an account of this difficulty, thus sagaciously anticipated by the maid of honour, was on Tuesday despatched from Windsor, by a hobby groom, and immediately taken into consideration. After the breaking up of the Board, communication by telegraph was held, during two hours, with the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, the particulars of which have not transpired; but it is supposed that the Astronomer Royal has been consulted upon this subject, and that his report confirms the opinion of the maid of honour at Windsor. We forgot to notice, that the maid of honour not only consulted the weather-glass, but the moon, *alias* Diana, the goddess of chastity, and the natural patroness of all maids of honour; and that the moon and the weather-glass are perfectly unanimous upon the question. The conclusion then being, that we are to be visited with a month of fine, fair, calm weather, and this natural state of the elements being unfavourable to [illegible]ght, it is proposed to have recourse

course to art, to supply the deficiency of nature; the P—— R—— being resolved to have a breeze (if not a good strong wind) and a sea-fight, cost what it may.

In this extremity, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been applied to, a report having gone abroad that the Right Hon. Gentleman could raise the wind; but he declared that he had exhausted his whole stock in trade, and had not a single puff remaining.

It was next suggested, that the Admiral of the fleet himself, on board the *Redpole*, could do something in that way; but his Lordship protests he is so completely exhausted with watching the royal and imperial foreign sail lately cruising in this quarter, that he is run *entirely out of wind.*—Disappointed here, the agents of Government applied to the Prime Minister, the Earl of Liverpool. They had heard a report that his Lordship was in possession of a huge *pair of bellows*, which, if well applied, would be able to blow up the Serpentine, and produce a terrible roar.

His Lordship received the deputation with all the urbanity of a great statesman, but lamented that he could not gratify the Royal wish, his Lordship not having any bellows, but those which had been in the family for several years. On inquiry, his Lordship's answer was found perfectly correct, and that the report of his having got an enormous pair of bellows originated in a casual observation, by a gentleman who happened to be in the House of Peers when his Lordship lately made a speech eulogizing the treaty with France.

In this extremity, recourse was had to Mr. Croker. The Learned Gentleman said, as a poet, he of course dealt largely in fiction, and would produce a sham-fight, with pleasure, at the shortest notice. But, in reply, he was told, this would not do: it must be a true *Naumachia*—a real fight. The Learned Gentle-

man then suggested, that, in such case, a *quantum sufficit* of Irish whiskey thrown into the Serpentine, care being taken to have a proper number of Irish seamen on board, might answer the purpose; he had known this plan resorted to frequently in Ireland, and never found that it failed of success. To this it was objected, that such a mixture might lead to drunkenness, and destroy the discipline of the fleet, and that nothing short of a real proper *wind* would answer the hopes and expectations of the projector. To attain this object, Mr. Croker has accordingly set about it with all his might; and those best acquainted with his ingenuity flatter themselves that he will not labour in vain.—A country schoolmaster has suggested to him the story of Ulysses, who kept all the winds in a bag; and to find out that bag is now the object of his most diligent research. Yesterday he was seen in the petty bag office in the Court of Chancery, but the whole petty bag would not contain wind enough to fill a single sail. What other *bags* may be in that quarter, of which the Learned Gentleman may have been in search, it is impossible to form any conjecture.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

[From the same, July 9.]

IN order to prevent disappointments to all such ladies as may honour the Field Marshal Prince Blucher, and the Count Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks, with their company, for the purposes of a *patriotic salute*, it is hereby notified, that those chiefs will remain at home for the above purpose each morning, during their abode in this country, between the hours of ten and twelve.

Ladies who come in their own carriages, are desired to order their coachmen to set down with their horses' heads towards St. James's Park.

Ladies

Ladies who may come in the public carriages of the town (*nommés fiacres*), are desired to drive off as soon as the ceremony is over.

The porter of the apartments keeps a regular book for the names of all those ladies who may wish to have themselves entered therein.

SERPENTINE NAUMACHIA.

[From the Champion, July 10.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOU cannot conceive the mortification and dismay with which I read the declaration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the intended *grand sea-fight*, upon the *Serpentine*, was not to take place. Agreeing fully with the Editor of the Morning Post, that it would have been an exhibition peculiarly appropriate to this great naval nation, I am unable to suppress my feelings of regret for the irreparable loss we have sustained; and as, after the decease of a beloved friend, we derive a melancholy pleasure from retracing the minutest particulars of his life, so I have, in some little degree, soothed my sorrows, by collecting the remains of the defunct and deplored *Naumachia*. Among the most curious which my solicitude has procured, is the *official Gazette account of the engagement*, which was *intended* to have been published, and for the printing of which, upon a penny-book scale, adapted to the use of children, and commensurate with the grandeur of the occurrence, arrangements have been made with Mr. Newbery, of St. Paul's Churchyard. I have no doubt of its affording as much amusement to all other grown-up children, as it doubtless did to the sublime projector of the *Naumachia*.

Yours, &c.

GREGORY GUDGEON.

Copy of a Letter addressed to Sir Pigmy Lilliput, Secretary to the Admiralty, by Capt. George Fribble, Purveyor of Park Puerilities, and Commodore of the Canvass Cockboats in the Serpentine.

H. M. S. Prince Regent, off the Boathouse,
SIR, *July* 1814.

It is my painful duty to communicate to you the particulars of a signal and complete overthrow, sustained by the fleet under my command, in two desperate attacks made upon the enemy's squadron, which was led in a gallant style by the *Princess*, foreign-built ship of war.

After running before the wind in the commencement of my cruise, without chart or compass, I found myself in shoal water (although my *draught* of it is remarkably small); and, to avoid the breakers, I was compelled to throw all my metal overboard; notwithstanding which, I still continued to drift towards the shore, without being able to *raise the wind*, so as to haul off into smooth water. In this emergency I hoisted *false colours*, made signals of distress, and the *Princess* heaving in sight, I gave her *a salute*, which she returned, when the *Union* flag was displayed; we were *lashed together*, and, by her assistance, I was towed to a safe anchorage. So soon, however, as I had gained my point, I struck the Union, *cut and run*, *cleared ship*, and immediately prepared for action.

I need not inform you, Sir, that my vessel, though by no means old, is very crazy from the hard service she has seen, the *courses* she has kept, and the effect of *grape* shot to which she has been perpetually exposed. She has an unwieldy hull, with a broad stern, but very *poor head*; is slow in answering the helm, and requires a good deal of ballast to give her any degree of steadiness.

The fleet being drawn up in line of battle, I ordered the *Spite*, an old Royal fire-ship, the *Teaser* and *Growler*

Growler gun-brigs, supported by the *Lynx*, *Fox*, *Spitfire*, *Footman*, and *Liar* doggers, to advance to the attack of the *Princess*; while I used every device for blowing her up by means of torpedos, catamarans, stinkpots, and other secret engines of destruction;—but, for reasons *of which I only am the judge*, I avoided every opportunity of boarding or coming to close quarters.

The enemy, notwithstanding the severity of the attack, was so well supported by the *Royal Sovereign*, that she repulsed every effort made by the fleet under my *command*, without sustaining the smallest damage herself. My own ship, I am sorry to say, was considerably injured by the explosion of the torpedos and other contrivances. I therefore hauled off, and ordered the whole squadron to lie-to, for the purpose of refitting for a fresh attack.

The *Royal Sovereign*, after having rendered the country the greatest services, was, from a damage received in its *head works*, obliged to be carried into dock, where this gallant old ship was at last to be laid up in ordinary. Availing myself of this advantage, I again ordered the fleet to advance in the same order as before; directing that no quarter should be given. Observing, however, that the enemy had sent forward a cutter to take soundings, with a *Broom*, the signal of defiance, at the mast-head, I felt the necessity of being wary in employing the secret engines; relying on being enabled by my station, superior weight and power, to *run her down* at once. On advancing for this purpose, I found that the place of the *Royal Sovereign* had been supplied by the *John Bull*, a formidable-looking three-decker, which, whenever I approached, emitted so terrible a *hissing* sound, that I apprehended combustibles were at the bottom, and instantly sheered off for fear of an explosion. In this dilemma I took a position for *raking*—a manœuvre to which I have

all my life been devoted, but had the mortification to find that none of my shot would reach the enemy, while she hulled me most alarmingly at every broadside. From the number of *spars* between us, I fear I must have suffered considerably, and, although no lives were lost, I am sensible that, in point of character, I have sustained a most irretrievable injury.

Of my officers I can only speak in terms of commendation; all seemed anxious to carry my wishes into effect; they evinced considerable address in *trimming*; and when got into *shallow* and *dirty* water, and it became necessary to take soundings, they were all eager to *let themselves down* for the purpose. The ship was abundantly found, especially in *blocks*; and I can only attribute my want of success to my going, in every instance, upon the *wrong tack*.

I am, Sir,

Your most doleful and defeated servant,

GEORGE FAIRBLE.

THE THREE PARKS:

A NEW TRIO.

[From the same.]

Tune—"O Lady fair."

St. James's Park.

O SISTER *Green*, what is the matter?
Is that a cheese of Stilton in a platter?

Green Park. Sister, I look as if my head had on it
A Brobdignagian Oldenburg bonnet.—

Hyde Park. And what is that bridge, with timbers so substantial?
And who is to meet such extravagance financial?

St. James's P. Strong is the bridge to bear sneers and rockets,
Form'd, like its Founder, to empty John Bull's pockets.

Hyde P. Who, Sisters, who can look with a grave eye
On this ridiculous gingerbread navy?

Green P. What shall we do to shun degradation?

St. James's P. Make an appeal to the Ruler of the nation.

All.

All. Hear, then, O hear, Grand Galantee Showman!
Equall'd in gewgaws and trumpery by no man!
Leave us, unspoil'd, an ornament and treasure,
Or, spoil'd, lock us up for your own private pleasure.

IMPROMPTU.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 11.]

"SEE," quoth our P——e, "the fête I've made,
Yet cannot please John Bull."
As the Devil said when he shear'd his hogs,
"Much cry and little wool." B. D. T.

THE CONTEST STILL CONTINUED.

[From the same.]

WHILE Europe's Rulers bid her troubles cease,
And wearied nations court the smiles of peace,
Britannia's Genius still prolongs the strife,
Spurns an inactive and inglorious life,
And seeks new triumphs o'er her former foes,
In a grand contest of Galantee Shows. S. B.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Herald, July 12.]

LAST night the following fragment of a *naval* despatch was picked up in Hyde Park:—

The Royal Colossus, at Sea, *July* 10.

Yesterday, at two P. M. the Powder Magazine bearing W. S. W. a black lugger was descried, of a suspicious aspect, from the mast-head. Ordered all hands for action, *presuming* it to be an enemy. She loomed large. When we came within a cable's length, found it to be the *Br——m* fire-ship, with the *T——y* bomb under her stern, and both deeply laden with *combustibles.* On this inauspicious event, and as the weather began to look *squally,* our Commodore ordered

dered out the old tried sloops, the *Truth* and *Candour*, who having poured one broadside into the *common enemy*, they very adroitly hauled their wind and sheered off, under the protection of a thick and noisome fog, which had just risen from the Opposition marshes near *Knaves-acre*.

P. S.—We have sustained no damage in this slight engagement, but a small laceration in the main sheet, which time alone will quietly repair. Several small shot grazed the figure of *Britannia*, just above the cut-water, but, luckily, without doing any material mischief. *Harry Hawser*, one of our foremast-men, and a prime seaman, fell from the topgallant-mast upon the deck (a height of almost eleven feet), by which he fractured his right leg: but the carpenter of the fleet soon *fished* him another; as it was, fortunately, a wooden limb!

LAUDABLE ECONOMY—AN EPIGRAM.

[From the British Press, July 12.]

"IN auntiente daies" (historians know it),
Kings had two followers—*fool* and *poet*;
More wisely has the Regent done,
Joining the offices in one;
And, at the waste of money loth,
Names *Mister* S——y to them both. ARION.

SHIP NEWS.

[From the General Evening Post, July 12.]

THE *Serpentine flotilla* did not form their perfect line of twenty sail before three o'clock on Monday, P. M. owing to the *Tremendous*, in endeavouring to *weather* the turnpike at Hyde Park Corner, on her sledge, *missing stays*, and taking a *lee lurch*, running foul of the S. W. post, carrying away her bowsprit, and knocking three of her ports into one: but being towed

towed to the dry-dock on the Powder Bank side of the river, she underwent a thorough repair in less than fifteen minutes; when she was immediately launched, and took her station a cable's length ahead of the *Spitfire*, Captain *Blow-me-up!*

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 13.]

Serpentine River, July 12.

THE utmost activity prevails in the equipment of the fleet, which now consists of twenty sail, chiefly two-deckers, moored head and stern down the anchorage. Curiosity and conjecture as to the object of the armament are agog; filling every mind and engaging every tongue, but equally in vain. This is common to all expeditions, when these feelings have their short-lived and idle day; but long after they shall have evaporated, lo! a grand despatch suddenly arrives, the horses are covered with laurel and the chaise with dust, and straight the object gloriously developes itself in a *London Gazette Extraordinary!* So it was, I remember, with Sir Home Popham, at the Cove of Cork: every body wondered where he was going: he goes, and had been long forgotten, when at last we have the *capture of the Cape*, which those churlish fellows the Whigs did not think worth thanks. Combining these naval, with the vast land preparations going on in the vicinity, the present undertaking cannot fail to be worthy of our magnanimous rulers; and then their croakings will recoil on the gloomy, and their pratings on the pert.

The presence, however, of so great a fleet, with its multitudinous complement and retainers, makes every thing very dear on the adjoining coasts; but it certainly occasions a great influx of money and a pleasing stir. The officers very often come on shore, to the

delight

delight of our promenading *belles*, and much enliven the assemblies and other evening recreations, to which the concourse of all ranks has given birth. To-day all the flag-officers and captains dine at the Pavilion, and will enjoy the dignified urbanity and seducing conviviality of their Princely Host.

THE HYDE PARK HOAX.

[From the British Press, July 13.]

THOUGH in vain, like Cassandra, perhaps, I may raise
My voice, in these hoaxing and credulous days;
Yet duty demands it—and terrors impel
My prophetical soul its sad visions to tell.
I see the red Serpentine glowing with gore,
I see carcasses strew'd on the Serpentine shore;
I hear the loud thunder of guns in the vale,
And the shrieks of the dying pass by on the gale.
Death rides round the Park, on a lily-white mare,
In blood-red regimentals, unsparing and spare;
Foul corpses are stretch'd all along *Rotten* Row,
And fatten the vulture and pamper the crow.
In short, Sir, the fleet on the Serpentine River
Is destin'd to blot out our freedom for ever;
As to fêtes and rejoicings, they are but pretences,
As to all must appear, who make use of their senses.
The Government fierce and despotic will rule,
And lop off at leisure the limbs of John Bull.
We remember 't was said by Judge Blackstone—a *cavè*
Was needless—we 'd nothing to fear from the navy:
'T was an army from foreign invasion to save us,
But could never be turn'd 'gainst ourselves to enslave us.
But, alas! 't is not so—and the fleet on the River,
For his country, may well make each Englishman shiver.
No geese in the water, to warn us of all
That the Capital soon and the State will befall!—
If you read the account of the old Trojan horse,
In Virgil, book two—but you know it of course—
You will find fifty lines that apply but too well
To ourselves—to the sad and the tragical tale

That

That soon shall be told of the Serpentine wave,
The cradle of Tyranny, Liberty's grave;
Where Liberty sunk, and where Tyranny brew'd
The fierce tempest that scatter'd her wreck o'er the flood.
Then some maiden, perhaps, by the side of her spark,
While taking the dust and the air in the Park;
Or perhaps fetching water (a slave of the Court),
To cool some high Sultan's Imperial draught—
Shall cry, as she bends o'er the water—"Ah! this spot
Saw the fall of the people, the rise of the despot."
Ah! think how the Trojans of old were humbugg'd,
When into their city the Grecians they lugg'd;
When they thought but with stabling the hobby to treat,
(For they knew that a mere wooden horse could not eat,)
But found to their sorrow, (O villanous plan!)
They had giv'n entertainment for horse and for man;
And that, though wooden horses in gen'ral don't eat,
Yet their bellies may be just as full for all that.
And that very night, when their glory was sunk,
The Trojans all frolicsome, thoughtless, and drunk,
Were dancing, and romping, and singing for joy,
And playing the fool in all corners of Troy;
To think that a war so disastrous and long,
Was now but a theme for their triumph and song;
That the bread it would fall, and the taxes would cease,
And they 'd have an establishment proper for peace:
While doubtless Prince Priam, where'er he appear'd
With his wife, by the mob was exultingly cheer'd:
So thoughtless were they of the storm that was near;
So mad, and so raving with joy and with beer.
So raving, so mad, will the scene be in London,
And by folly like theirs will the country be undone.
When the mob are half conquer'd already with gin,
The fleet will set sail, and the carnage begin;
From behind in a cloud the land-forces will drive,
And destroy all the fleet shall have still left alive.
And the battery (pretended for fireworks) shall play
From the Park of St. James's, and thicken the fray.
Even those that we thought for their country were set off,
The Emperor, and King, and old Blucher, and Platoff,

Will

Will return (as the Grecians from Tenedos came),
And lend their assistance, our spirit to tame.
I see the red Serpentine glowing with gore;
I hear Death shriek aloud from the Serpentine shore.

NAUTICAL.

[From the Morning Herald, July 13.]

ANOTHER officer arrived at four o'clock yesterday, P. M. with an important despatch, of which the following is an extract:

Royal Colossus, at anchor in the Serpentine Seas, July 12, P. M.

——This afternoon, by the blessing of Providence, we had a fine falling shower from the S. W. which, in the course of ten minutes, gave us an extra flood tide from one half to three quarters of an inch, by true hydrographical observation. This fortunately prevented our heaving any more of the Royal Colossus's guns overboard, to keep her afloat. The midnight before, the officer who had the watch in the van ship, descried the motion of a dark lantern in the skirts of the main; on receiving this information, by signal, I ordered the *Sphinx*'s jolly-boat to be manned, with muffled oars; the crew, landing near the spot, soon discovered a one-legged man actively employed in digging a gap at the extremity of *Swan*'s Bay, with an evident intention to drain the whole *Serpentine Sea* in the course of the night, in order thus to lay His Majesty's squadron high and dry, that he might with more facility set fire to the whole fleet; for which purpose he had a bunch of phosphoric matches, and a handful or two artfully concealed between his shirt and the waistband of his breeches! He was immediately secured and examined, but he sullenly refused to answer any questions; he is now a prisoner on board the flag-ship, in the cockpit, between mud and water,

water, and will there remain till I receive instructions for his disposal.

The crew of all the ships continue generally healthy; and the *sea-sickness* on board this ship is much abated since the providential lull of wind and fall of *fresh water*, &c. &c.

THE LAST LAY OF THE SWAN OF THE SERPENTINE,

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE LILLIPUT FLEET.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 13.]

"O GRIEF of griefs! O dolor, dolor!"
Thus sang the Swan (in Latin *Olor*);
"Farewell, sweet Serpentine;
Thy silver wave, thy margin green,
Where lately I so proud was seen,
Are now no longer mine.

"Nor only grief, but burning shame
Dies my white plumes as red as flame,
To think of such abuse;
For who thus drives thy Swans away?
(My head I cover while I say,)
A waddling, pamper'd ——."

AN ANSWER

TO THE IMPERTINENCE OF A SILLY SWAN IN YESTERDAY'S PAPER.

[From the same, July 14.]

"CALL *me* a *goose?*—I contradict you flat,—
For a *goose* hisses folks;—but I 'm *hiss'd* AT."

THE STOCKS AND THE PILLORY.

[From the Morning Post, July 14.]

MOURN, patriots, mourn for C———'s hapless fall;
Down on your knees, lest Satan tempt you all;
From his example learn how ill he fares
Who feels the vengeance of the *Bulls and Bears*;
For doubly hard his Lordship's fate must be,
Straight from the *Stocks* to mount the pillory.

R. LAWRENCE.

NOBODY.

[From the Morning Herald, July 14.]

THE only safe opinion that can be formed upon the subject of the late fraud is, that *Nobody* planned it, *Nobody* had any interest in its success, and *Nobody* committed it. This is now certain; for Mr. Cochrane Johnstone solemnly declared his innocence in the House of Commons; Berenger declared his in a petition to the House of Commons, if not in his affidavit; Lord Cochrane has made an affidavit of his innocence, and now Mr. Butt declares his in a petition to the Throne! *Nobody* bought the coat and star "for a person in the country, who was about to play *a foreign officer*;" *Nobody* had an interest in helping any body to change this dress; *Nobody* was the owner of this coat and star, when they were drawn up from the bottom of the Thames; and *Nobody* cared about turning a loss of 160,000*l.* upon stock-jobbing speculations into a gain of 10,454*l.* though somebody did join with others in keeping a regular office for private stock-jobbing in Shorter's Court, having one apartment for themselves and another for their clerk!

STATE OF FRANCE.

[From the Times, July 14.]

AMONG the daily novelties which issue from the Parisian press, is one of which we have thought proper to present our readers with a translation: it is entitled "Le dernier Traité de Paix mis à la Portée de tout le Monde." The base and arbitrary projects of the late Ruler of France, united with the necessity which he imposed upon all his people of praising and justifying every one of his acts, however atrocious, seem to have corrupted all notions of right and wrong in the minds of the great mass, or at least of the active

ive portions of the French people. Louis XVIII. will have a more difficult task to rectify the principles than to relieve the sufferings of his subjects, after these twenty-five years of war: they still call out for the flesh-pots of Egypt; they still hanker after the worship of that Moloch to whom they sacrificed their very children.

We shall accompany the fictitious treaty by one of our own, calculated to expose its sophistry and falsehoods.

The last Treaty of Peace, made easy to the meanest Capacity.

"The High Allied Powers, who have only made war upon France for her own happiness, and to procure for her the blessings of a solid and glorious peace, wishing to prove their disinterestedness to His Majesty Louis XVIII. and to treat with him more favourably than they would with Buonaparte, have agreed upon the following terms:—

1. There shall be an eternal alliance between France and the Allied Powers, except war shall become necessary for the happiness and convenience of one of them.

2. The Empire of France preserves the title of Kingdom.

3. In consequence of the declaration of Frankfort, of the 7th of January, that a great nation ought not to lose its rank, the Allied Powers, desirous of giving the French armies a high mark of their esteem, only take from them the conquests made since 1792.

4. Belgium is given to Holland, to recompense the Prince of Orange for the active part which he has taken in the war, and for the sacrifices which he has made to recover its States.

5. In exchange for Belgium, and in conformity to the declaration of Frankfort, bearing that France shall be greater than under any of her Kings, His Majesty

Louis

Louis XVIII. acquires the sub-prefecture of Anneci, to which his right is irrevocably fixed, till some new order.

6. The King of France will not be repaid the millions spent upon the port of Antwerp, but he shall be loaded with—blessings; and in consideration of this sacrifice, the King of Sardinia shall not demand any war-contribution of His Majesty.

7. The King of Sardinia is to retain his titles of King of Cyprus and of Jerusalem, and may also unite with them, if he pleases, that of Marquis of the Ottoman empire.

8. The Pope recovers his Roman States, &c.; abolishes the civil government; and commands all his subjects, born and dead since 1802, to come and make a declaration of it before the ecclesiastical authorities.

9. England restores to France all her colonies, except Tobago, St. Lucie, the Mauritius, &c.: as for the rest, the French must conquer these.

10. England gives Norway to Sweden, and Sweden cedes Guadaloupe to France; His Britannic Majesty abandons all his just rights upon Norway and Guadaloupe.

11. England consents to keep the fleet of Antwerp, on condition that she may maintain a land army on the continent, at the expense of Holland.

12. The royal navy of France shall be composed of thirteen vessels, five frigates, three corvettes, and five packets, of which half only shall be armed as ships of war at one time. As to naval officers, the King shall be free to increase their number to as many as he pleases.

13. Her Majesty the Empress and Queen, Maria Louisa, shall be raised to the dignity of Duchess of Parma and Placentia, by the care of her august father, the Emperor of Austria.

14. As a reward for his frank, noble, and loyal conduct,

conduct, Prince Eugene Napoleon shall cease to be Viceroy of Italy, and the throne of Naples shall remain in the possession of King Joachim Napoleon, one of the sovereigns the most faithful to Buonaparte, to the Pope, to France, and to the Allied Powers.

15. England consents that the French navigation of the Marne, the Saone, the Dordogne, the Isere, and part of the Gironde, shall be free. Manufactures and commerce shall resume their splendour; and French merchants shall be allowed to sell nothing but English wares.

16. The Allied troops shall quit France as soon as possible, taking care not to return through the countries by which they advanced, lest they die of hunger.

17. All former treaties, as well as the sums expended upon the fortifications of Dantzic, Frankfort, Mayence, Cassel, Mons, Luxembourg, Antwerp, and the blood of five millions of Frenchmen, shed for the glory and honour of France, are declared null and void.

18. Pending the execution of this treaty, and to prove the union subsisting between all the European powers, *Te Deum* shall be sung in all languages; immediately after which, instructions shall be given to fortify places and recruit armies."

The following is the Treaty which we present in refutation of the sophistry contained in the above:—

The late Treaty of Peace made easy to the Capacity of the meanest Man in France.

"The High Allied Powers, having been each of them most unjustly attacked in their turn, their territories invaded, and their independence sought to be overthrown, by Buonaparte, are still unwilling, after they have pursued that unprincipled tyrant into the very heart of France, and deposed him there, to visit his sins upon the heads of the French people, who have

now

now recurred to the legitimate rule of their ancient sovereigns; and have therefore agreed to the following terms:—

1. There shall be a perpetual alliance between France and the Allied Powers, if the former will return to habits of peaceful industry, and suffer her neighbours to be at rest.

2. France, instead of forming an empire for a Corsican, shall become the realm of a Frenchman, a Bourbon.

3. In consequence of the Frankfort declaration, that a great nation should not lose its rank, &c. the aggressions of France upon other countries shall be forgotten—her perfidious invasion of Spain—her unprovoked annexation of Holland. The Allied Powers, in possession of her very capital, will even leave it unhurt, and give her more territories than she possessed before her system of plunder began.

4. The Belgic provinces will revert to their lawful owners, the Houses of Orange and Austria; with a greater share to the former, in consideration of the heavier sufferings of that family, and the severer wrongs inflicted on the country.

5. In exchange for Belgium, and in conformity to the declaration of Frankfort, the French frontier towards Flanders is rounded and "rectified," every where to the advantage of France; and France acquires a territory towards Savoy, which the victorious arms of Louis XIV. were not able to secure to her.

6. The money spent in improving the port of Antwerp will, of course, turn to the advantage of those to whom the port of Antwerp of right belongs: he who removes his neighbour's landmark, loses, together with the land which he has gained by this fraud, the cultivation also which he has bestowed upon it, whenever the rightful owner recovers his property. But the *King of* Sardinia, whom France ruined by various

acts

acts of plunder, does not apply to France for the indemnities which she would in justice be bound to afford him.

7. The best reply to this article is the fact, that Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, entered Turin on the 30th of May last, amidst the joyous acclamations of his subjects.

8. The Pope re-entered his dominions also on the 2d of April, when the departments of Rome and the Thrasimene ceased to exist. The declarations of artists, living or dead, if they could be obtained, would not be very honourable to the plunderers of their works. France, however, would not have been suffered to retain these, if the arch-plunderer himself had remained at the head of that kingdom.

9. England restores to the French several of their colonies and settlements, as Martinique, Pondicherry, the Isle de Bourbon, Cayenne, &c.; none of which the French could ever otherwise have recovered: but it is apprehended that the cruelties practised by Buonaparte in St. Domingo, and, above all, his secret murder of Toussaint L'Overture, will make it difficult for the French to recover their ancient possessions in that island.

10. Norway being already ceded to Sweden by Denmark, its lawful owner, in the treaty of Kiel, England has nothing to do with that transfer; but the King of Sweden agrees to give Guadaloupe to France; and the King of England, who took Guadaloupe from the French at his own expense, consents that it shall now be restored to them: so that Guadaloupe may in effect be reckoned among the islands ceded by England to France.

11. The fleet of Antwerp is to be divided between the Dutch and French, in proportions favourable to the latter. England is too powerful by sea, and too

liberal, to view the maritime strength of other nations with jealousy.

12. Referred to the last article.

13. As Maria Louisa, though degraded by her union with Buonaparte, is still the daughter of a monarch, the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, are assigned as a liberal provision for herself and her child, which is innocent of the crimes of its father.

14. There being no longer a kingdom of Italy attached to France, there can no longer be a Vice-king; but he has been otherwise honourably provided for by his lawful sovereign, his unlawful one having abdicated and left him fighting. And Ferdinand IV. having no great merit with the Allies, is left in possession of Sicily, and may recover Naples if he can.

15. England gives France the free navigation of the ocean; in a word, she restores to France half the created world; England gives France colonies, unrestrained access to them, the enjoyment of their productions, sugar instead of extract of beet-root.

16. The Allied troops shall leave France as soon as possible, and it is hoped they will find a more commodious route than that by which the French quitted Moscow.

17. All former treaties, by which France had endeavoured to guarantee to herself her unlawful acquisitions, are null and void. As to the blood of five millions of Frenchmen, shed in unprovoked aggression upon all nations, far and near, from Syria and Egypt to the shores of the Baltic and the heart of Muscovy, that blood must be required at the hands of him who shed it.

18. A general amnesty is proclaimed, and thanks to Almighty God are returned for the blessings of peace; which it is trusted that France is at last sincerely disposed to suffer harassed Europe to enjoy."

ON

ON THE APPEARANCE OF LORD ERSKINE IN THE CHARACTER OF AN OLD GIPSY, AT WATIER'S MASQUERADE.

[From the British Press, July 14.]

THAT Erskine a teller of fortunes should act,
His friends all deny to be matter of fact;
But pray, in these days, is the thing so uncommon,
That a *Chancery Lord* should become—an *old woman?*

ARION.

ON THE HIPPOMANIA.

[From the same.]

PRAY tell me, John Bull, why you make such a clatter?
Why Timour or Blue Beard excite such a rage?
And mark the distinction ('tis no easy matter)
Betwixt a stage-horse, and a horse on the stage.

FROM A GENTLEMAN, ON SENDING HIS MAN JOHN TO BORROW A BOOT-JACK.

[From the same.]

I SEND for your boot-jack, my Jack;
O! deny not so humble a suit—
Let your servant, dear friend, send me back
Your boot-jack, with my Jack to boot.

Brighton, Aug. 12, 1813.

QUERIES FOR QUIDNUNCS.

[From the same, July 16.]

THE MATRIMONIAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE matrimonial negotiation between the Princess Charlotte and the Hereditary Prince of Orange was broken off in consequence of the refusal of the lady to reside in Holland.—*(Vide the Daily Papers.)*

The Prince Regent's friends say he did not want her to reside in Holland.

The Princess did not wish to reside in Holland.

The Dutch did not want her to reside in Holland.

The Prince of Orange did not want her to reside in Holland.

The people of England did not want her to reside in Holland.

Quere—*Who wanted Her Royal Highness to reside in Holland?*

THE FIRE-WORKS.

The Prince Regent, it is said, takes no interest in the fire-works.

Colonel Congreve says he is tired of the fire-works.

The workmen curse the fire-works.

The public grumble at the fire-works.

Nobody likes the fire-works.

Quere—*Who ordered the fire-works?*

THE SERPENTINE FLEET.

The Lords of the Admiralty disown the Serpentine fleet.

Mr. Croker will not correspond with it.

No admiral in the navy commands it.

No naval captain will have any thing to do with it.

Nobody fears it.

No enemy will encounter it.

Quere—*Who ordered the Serpentine fleet?*

THE DOWNFALL OF BUONAPARTE.

Who destroyed Buonaparte?

The English say, the Duke of Wellington did it.

The Austrians say, Prince Schwartzenberg did it.

The Russians say, Platoff did it.

The Prussians say, Blucher did it.

The winter of 1812 says, it did it.

The Bourbons say, they did it.

Quere—*Who did it?*

July 13. I ASK.

NAVAL

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

[From the Morning Herald, July 16.]

WE have been favoured with the following copy of part of yesterday's *log* of the flag-ship in the squadron of the *Serpentine Seas*, dated

Royal Colossus, at Sea, Friday, July 15.
Wind S. W.

—— 4 o'clock A. M. hazy; winds light and variable at S. E.

—— At 5, fog thickened—could not see the ship ahead.

—— At 6, fog; scudded a little away—discovered, by Dollond's day and night glass, Wellesley House loom large over our weather bow.

—— 3 minutes after 7 piped all hands to breakfast: signal from the *Gorger* of a mutiny in her from the bum-boats not having arrived with the hot rolls and butter. Fired a forecastle gun to leeward as a signal to man armed boats—rowed on board the *Gorger*, and secured the ringleaders.

—— At 8 manned barge to bring Lord Y——- from the Powder-bank shore; did not fire a salute, lest it might singe his *whiskers*. At half after 8 my Lord said it was a d—d deal more like a fleet of ships than that at Spithead.

—— At 9 o'clock a squall came on by shift of wind to the northward—signal made to strike gallant royals—ship uneasy, and pitched smartly—my Lord sick, not from the *water*, but, as he reported, from the last night's *wine*. Veered out more cable.—Half past 9, rowed my Lord to his horses that met him *half seas over*.

—— At 10, ensign-staff not ready—hoisted a bob pennant—scaled our two lower-deck guns.

—— 11, hoisted the yellow flag at the fore, for a dozen to be given to the barber of the *Pilferer*, for pluck-

ing the one-eyed *swan* to make swansdown puffs for his shop in Petty France.

—— At 12 o'clock, the gale increasing, made signal to strike topsails through the fleet—20 minutes past 12, P. M. several of His Majesty's ships, from the defect of the cordage, broke from their moorings, and three, as per margin, drifted on the grassy ooze to the southward. All boats of the fleet manned to assist 'em—no chance of their getting off till a flood tide, after a week's rain should float 'em.

—— 1 o'clock, P. M. all hands through the fleet employed in repairing their damage in masts, yards, and rigging.

—— Half after 2, the *Royal Colossus* sprung a leak, by a plank starting; all hands to chain pumps—leak gained on us!—two inches water in the hold.

. . . . . .

[From the Champion, July 17 and Aug. 7.]

MR. EDITOR,

A FRIEND who bought the other day a parcel of old manuscripts at the sale of a great man's effects, found among his purchase the following writing, which, as it did not contain one obsolete word, he was going to fling into the fire with much contempt, but at my entreaty gave it to me. I have perused it, and think it not entirely uninteresting: it seems to be a sort of confession of some statesman, written to his friend; but as there is no date to it, and no name mentioned at length, it is not easy to tell by whom or when it was written. This is not of much consequence: the moral of the letter is quite intelligible without any clue. Perhaps you may think it worthy of insertion in your paper.

Yours, truly, T.

PROGRESS

PROGRESS OF A MINISTER OF STATE, DESCRIBED IN A LETTER FROM LORD A. TO LORD X.

MY DEAR EARL,

You have done very wrong in making an apology for your *etourderie* on Saturday night: though we have been separated so many years by your insatiable love of travelling, yet you might have supposed that I am not so forgetful of our early friendship as to be offended with any thing you could say on our first meeting. Indeed, the simplicity of your observation not only took all sting from it, but was highly amusing: Lady A. and myself laugh at the abrupt *naïveté* with which you came up and saluted me: "Why, Tom, is it possible! they tell me you are the principal Minister of the day. You are a lucky fellow, and I wish you joy heartily: but who would have thought it? How the deuce did it come about?" This question, with the good-natured, unaffected stare that accompanied it, would certainly have made me laugh to the danger of my sides: but, having some of my humble admirers about me, I thought it necessary to assume a cool dignity, in order to repress their evident disposition to titter. You were foolish enough to mistake this for anger, and have written to me a whole sheet of excuses. For shame! But, by the way, in the midst of all your apologies and compliments, you cannot help recurring to your question, "*How I came to be Minister?*" As I think your curiosity perfectly reasonable, I shall take some trouble to gratify it: and when you hear the gradations by which I ascended, your astonishment will probably cease. I am rather apprehensive that your respect for me may be somewhat diminished by parts of my relation, but I trust all to the candour of a friend who has seen so much of the world.

'T is now, I believe, nearly twenty years since you and I were at college together; you were then a fiery enthusiast, devoured with the love of travel, and determined to range the whole globe, whether habitable or unhabitable; and I, as you used to say, merely exhibited the odd mixture of a plodder and a man of fashion. You always beat me, you know, at our college exercises; and I verily believe, though you were too kind to say so, you thought me a very dull fellow. I remember, however, that just before you left England, you were struck with some symptoms of cool courage which I displayed, and also with my address, which was reckoned not unpleasing: under such impression you strenuously advised me to enter the army, as the only profession in which I should succeed. I was not disinclined to adopt your suggestion; indeed, I always had a military *penchant*. But when I wrote to my father on the subject, he told me, that, as three of my brothers had already embraced that mode of life, it was quite impossible that he could undertake to provide for a fourth in the same way; but he had the happiness to assure me, that there was a vacant borough which he could command, and that I should immediately have the opportunity of pushing my fortune in Parliament. I confess that at first I did not much relish the proposal: I had never turned my attention to public business, and I was remarkably deficient in the gift of speaking. I, however, relied so much on the perseverance of my character, that I did not despair of doing something. My father, who was, as you may recollect, of a very ardent and impatient temperament, was miserably disappointed when he discovered my small talent for oratory, and used to ring perpetually in my ears, "Tom, Tom, you will never come to any good: you will never be more than an Under-secretary, or at most Chairman to the Committee of Supply."—About this time the Chief Minister of the day, who was

was on a visit in the neighbourhood, came to dine at —— Castle: my father, proud of his coming guest, stunned me with declamations on the wisdom of improving so golden an opportunity. His lectures tired me, but I will not pretend that his doctrine at all offended me: on the contrary, when the Premier came, I used without reluctance all my means and arts of pleasing. I succeeded: he was charmed, as I afterwards heard, with my manner, and when he learned that I was a young man fond of business and fagging, without any of the common vices of youth, he exclaimed, that I should exactly suit him.

Allow me to say a few words concerning a man who was my first patron—I would say *friend*, but the world would laugh at me, though you would not. He was, though not a great man, yet full of the elements of greatness: a noble disinterestedness, an intrepid spirit, talents powerful and brilliant, and the most extensive information as to things that was ever possessed by any man of the same years; add to this, the most skilful and imposing rhetoric. On the other hand, he was absolutely eaten up with the love of power; he was haughty and contemptuous; and though his conceptions were comprehensive and grand, yet, in the detail of execution, he was feeble and even ignorant. But his great defect was his total want of discernment as to the character and dispositions of men: in that science which has been called knowledge of the world he was as uninstructed as a child. He had never mixed much in society, nor had he expended any observation upon it: so that no college recluse could be more unacquainted with the milder arts of government; such as insinuation, accommodation to caprice, well-timed compliments, or any other of those methods by which an instructed ambition knows how to subdue even the wise through the medium of self-love. He governed by force and fear; and yet his nature was,

when uninfluenced by his absorbing passion, kind and gentle almost to weakness. His reserve prevented him from having many friends; but those who knew him intimately were closely and dearly attached to him; and I am proud to own that I never think of him without tenderness.

But to return to a less important subject—I mean to myself. My father, and all my relations and connexions, were eager to congratulate me on having engaged the attention of a man who was never known to desert any one whom he had taken under his protection. I had sagacity enough to perceive that my new patron was one who was to be pleased by open and candid conduct: I therefore took care to tell him, what indeed he must soon have discovered, that I had no talent for speaking. He smiled, and told me that I need give myself no trouble on that score; and at the same time encouraged me to persevere in my attempts, for that a certain degree of fluency was soon acquirable. The fact was, that he was so strongly and so justly confident in his own powers of speech, that he almost disdained the oratorical assistance of his colleagues: but he was anxious to have about him young men of industry, who would do the drudgery of business, and who were sufficiently attached to him to be strenuous in the discharge of their duty. He gave them all the compensation in his power—pensions and sinecures; and, what was better even than those, his own glowing and magnificent panegyric. But, as he paid munificently, he expected to be served without grudge. He soon put me to a very severe test: having first made me Under-secretary, and given me large promises for the future. About two months afterwards a member of the Opposition gave notice of a motion on the subject of parliamentary reform. The Minister hinted to me that this would be a good opportunity of making my debut. My heart was quite warm with his

actual

actual and his proffered services to me—I immediately undertook the task with cheerfulness. It was not till two days afterwards that I recollected that I had pledged myself to my constituents to support the cause of reform. Here was a sad dilemma: I went to my father, who laughed at my scruples, and told me to oblige the Minister, who would make my fortune, and not the wrong-headed electors, who would ruin it. I confess I was too easily persuaded: I was convinced by too slight arguments that reform would be dangerous, and, in short, after a deliberation much too hasty for a very conscientious man, I consented to do as the Minister directed. My heart, however, was not in my subject; and not being famous for eloquence, I made poor work with the question: the Minister, however, applauded me with much ardour, for I believe he was pleased with a piece of apostacy similar to that which had once marked his own conduct. The odium, however, and contempt with which I was assailed from all parts of the House would exceed belief; and if you had seen my condition at this time, you would have thought it absurd and monstrous to suppose that I could ever be a popular Minister. It was, indeed, the most trying situation of my life; and nothing but that cool and decisive courage for which you always gave me praise, could have saved me from utter ruin.

The vehement reproaches and bitter sarcasms which I really was so childish as to think arose from indignation at my apostacy from the cause of reform, were, I soon found, ascribable to causes of a very different nature. The old leaders of the Opposition, who could not be supposed either to dread or envy my talents, were, however, eager to crush me, because a young man of good connexions and tolerable abilities is considered an immense accession to a party. All the hungry and youthful expectants gladly

joined the cry against me, from mere malice, because I had been more successful than themselves. But you will perhaps be surprised to hear, that the most persevering and ferocious attacks upon me proceeded from some of our own friends and partisans. In the House, indeed, they sometimes made a show of defending me, but they filled the daily papers with every sort of gibe and lampoon that ingenious envy could invent to ruin a fortunate rival. I had reason to know that the cleverest and most stinging of these satires were written by my coadjutor in office, a young man whom the Minister had lately taken under his protection, and had recommended to my particular regard. I had, however, no direct proof, and the rascal (I must call him so) behaved with such smiling cordiality that I was puzzled how to act. To have challenged him on bare surmise, would have shown a soreness of temper that would have made me ridiculous: to have exposed my suspicions to the Minister without substantiating the charge (for I was bound to conceal my authority), would only have lowered my own character. I determined, therefore, to swallow my resentment; and at the same time to watch my dear colleague with the utmost attention. My great object, however, at present was to devise some method of being useful to the Minister, and I exerted all my faculties to project some practicable scheme which might at once evince industry and knowledge. As soon as I had brought my plan into shape, I presented it to the Premier; who said he would bring it forward immediately, as an answer and a check to the visionary projects with which one of the Opposition members was perpetually teasing the Administration. It was agreed that he should propose the measure, lest any ridicule should be cast upon it as coming from me; and when an impression had been made, I was to be called upon to explain at length the minutiæ of the plan of which I was the inventor.

This

This arrangement was at once politic and generous, and it succeeded to the extent of our wishes. My patron opened the motion in one of those magnificent harangues which used to overwhelm the common-place members with stupid admiration, and had the power for a time of even silencing the petulance of his most experienced adversaries. Persons well versed in the subject praised the measure from all quarters of the House, but asked for a more detailed description. Now was my time come: the Minister referred the House to the ingenious author of it (as he termed me), and begged me, by name, to rise and do justice to my own invention. I wish you had seen the House at this moment: with your keen relish for humour, you would have selected materials for laughing all the rest of your life. Agitated as I was at this second era of my political existence, which was to make or to mar me, I found it difficult to restrain a burst of laughter. Imagine to yourself the grave leaders of the Opposition struck aghast, as if at the blow of a thunderbolt; with open mouths and distended eyes expressive of the most incredulous astonishment. Behind sat the youngsters pale with envy and disappointed malice. Our own young partisans attempted to smile upon me, but never was any smile so gloomy: it was the sun shining through the dense atmosphere raised by the Siroc. Nay, my faithful friend and coadjutor above-mentioned, absolutely affected to cheer me; but "*Hear! hear!*" stuck in his throat. I made a long speech, which, though it did not advance my reputation for oratory, at least convinced the House that the plan was mine. By this time the Opposition had recovered a little from their astonishment, and began to start objections, and fling their sarcasms. It was too late: the best-informed members had already given their approbation, and all that was now said merely went for the effusion of party-spleen.

I was

I was now a man again, and two days afterwards was made Secretary at War, with the promise of higher promotion. I look back to this stage of my career with much pleasure: by dint of honourable and persevering exertion, I had shamed my opponents, done the state some service, and earned for myself a lucrative and distinguished situation. But, alas! the life of a political adventurer cannot be marked every where with bright spots. Things, however, went on smoothly for a time, till I began to feel some alarm at the progress which my late office-companion was making in the House: he was a mere frothy declaimer, yet with three fourths of the members his school-boy tinsel passed for eloquence. The Premier, I believe, felt nothing but contempt for this shallow imitator of his own style, but he was not insensible to his use in a large and mixed assembly. It was necessary to reward this young declaimer, and he was accordingly rapidly promoted. I was firmly convinced that this imposture could not last very long—that the bubble must some day burst; yet I was not willing that he should be placed over my head even for the shortest time. I looked about for some new expedient to advance my credit with my party; and, after long deliberation, could think of nothing better than a proposal made by my father, that I should immediately marry some woman of rank and accomplishments, who would at once enlarge my connexions, and bring round me a circle of political friends, through the instrumentality of good dinners to the gentlemen, and splendid routs for their wives and daughters. We canvassed a long list of our relations and acquaintance, and at last pitched upon a lady who was reported to be not only very beautiful in her person, but highly cultivated in her mind and fashionable in her manners. I had not seen her for some years: I was, however, soon introduced, and being much struck with her, exerted all my powers

to

to please. I succeeded, and we were speedily married. What commenced in interest has ended in love: I have not only derived all the political advantage which I expected from my union with Lady A. but have experienced a portion of domestic enjoyment which can scarcely be exceeded by the imagination of a novelist. I must not, however, praise my wife too much, lest you should laugh at the uxorious politician: but come and see her often, and, my life upon the event, you will subscribe to my opinions.

Though, as I have intimated, this marriage has ultimately produced every advantage which could be expected, yet the effect was not immediate. It is true, that I very quickly increased the number of my friends (you know what the word imports), and Lady A. attached them to my service. Still my declamatory rival was daily gaining ground, while my speeches rather injured me, and I had not been able to mature any new project. About this time an opportunity occurred which I seized with the utmost readiness. The Minister wished to gain over to his party a large body of men, whose opposition was as formidable as it was strenuous. For this service he fixed upon me, because, he said, he placed much reliance on my conciliating manners, and my influence in the district where those persons resided. I proceeded upon my expedition, armed with full powers to threaten, to promise, to give. Threats I soon found had little avail: but, heavens! how I promised, and how I gave! In short, I must not reveal, even to you, all my means for effecting my purpose. After immense labour I succeeded, but brought away the execrations even of those whom I had persuaded and drawn over to our party. The Minister was ready to hug me for joy: he overwhelmed me with panegyric, and immediately made me one of the Principal Secretaries of State. I was now, however, more unpopular than

ever,

ever, but I was too firmly established to be easily shaken. I was assailed with every weapon which indignation, and even calumny, could make or wield; but I was so delighted with my new dignity, that at first I did not even feel anger, much less did I express it.

When the Minister found that he could not keep his word, as he had intended, he resigned his office: perhaps I ought to have followed his example, but the sweets of power were too new for me to relinquish them, when I could easily retain them. Behold me, then, a considerable person, planning expeditions, most of which, however, failed; and making speeches, to which, however, nobody listened. By good temper and by the most courteous manners, I was gradually exciting the regard of those who pretended to think meanly of my understanding. You, who knew my niceness of feeling as to affronts when at College, will scarcely believe that I sat, day after day, patiently attentive to the most violent and calumnious abuse to which party-spirit ever gave utterance. Though my heart boiled with indignation, I never showed it by word or look. This habitual suppression of my feelings has produced, I am told, an odd effect upon my countenance: the outline of my face is bold and determined, but the muscles and the flesh are as inanimate and inexpressive as wax. I really believe that I could not now, from long disuse, express any passion by my face, unless, perhaps, by my eye. You see what it is to be a devoted politician: it destroys not only the healthful tone of the conscience, but even the beauty of the countenance. Do not, however, mistake me: I do not repent, though I cannot now and then avoid a painful reflection.

I should tire you to death, if I were to detail step by step my political life: suffice it to say, that, having once been established in high place, and making daily impression

impression by my manners, I was in a situation to profit by any good fortune. A series of lucky events succeeded each other with a rapidity that astonished the most sanguine: our great enemy, hitherto invincible, luckily began to overthrow himself by obstinacy and desperate enterprise: the elements, luckily for us, fought against him; his friends luckily deserted him; and, lastly, he luckily abandoned himself. It is a rule, you know, that if any good fortune occurs during any administration, it must all be imputed to the Government; and thus it is that you now see me *a popular Minister*.

I have now disclosed enough to satisfy your curiosity: and, if I have lowered myself in your opinion by certain parts of my conduct, I shall expect some counterbalance of esteem for the candour of my confession.

Yours, sincerely, A——.

A LETTER

FROM AN OFFICER ON BOARD ONE OF THE SHIPS OF THE FLEET NOW RIDING IN THE SERPENTINE, ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIEND IN LONDON.

[From the same, July 17]

SAFELY anchor'd at length, and in danger no more,
Such shoals having pass'd as were ne'er pass'd before,
Our yards squar'd and trim, here we are, ev'ry sail
Snugly lock'd in the land, and secur'd from the gale;
So now, my dear Tom, as the last watch was mine,
Just before I turn in, let me drop you a line.

Our Commodore, fearing unpleasant suspicion
Might rise from the grandeur of this expedition,
Lest the natives, poor timorous fools! should take fright,
Sent our *first-rates* in *carts*, to arrive before light:
I leave you to judge of the people's surprise,
When the morn show'd our warlike array to their eyes;
Whole clouds of them daily come down to the strand,
Where, in stupid astonishment, gazing they stand.

To

To grown folks, indeed, we afford little pleasure,
But the boys and the girls are amus'd beyond measure.
Our exploits have been what the most zealous could wish:
We frighten'd the frogs, and dispers'd the small fish;
Then noting a cruiser this ocean upon,
We chas'd, till we found 't was a monstrous huge swan;
About-ships we went, lest the bird, in a freak,
Should take wing, with a man of war hung in his beak.
You may laugh if you will, but the honest old ranger
Vow'd he never saw navy expos'd to such danger;
And though some folks are proud of their castles in air,
A fleet in the clouds might well make them stare.
You 'll ask, now the tale of our peril is past,
What admiral's flag is to fly from the mast?
Some guess that the R——t is coming on board,
From the plenty of *brandy* and *biscuit* we've stor'd:
But ours are *broad-bottoms*, and these, you well know,
He detests for their taking his consort in tow.
Gallant Cl-r—ce is nam'd, and, i'faith, 't is but just,
That so great a commander should have this vast trust;
But His H——ss, with Blucher, has gone down to Dover,
And the pair, before now, must be full *half seas over*.
Some sneer at all this, and boldly pretend
That Castlereagh's flag to the main will ascend;
But his Lordship a foreign connexion has made,
And with French colours sails—in the African trade.
Irish Croker lays claim (he 's as brave as a stoic)
To fight, as he writes, in bad *mock heroic*.
But satire avaunt—and sense be off too:
With a navy like ours what has reason to do?
Ye ghosts of the mighty departed, awake!
Come, shades of our Nelson, and stern-hearted Blake!
See our ships, not of oak, but of canvass and leather,
Neptune flings down his trident, and grasps the tri-feather!
Though the aisles of St. Paul's the poor tatters display
Of the trophies of many a gallant-fought day,
Though our laurels have bloom'd, yet never till now
Did the true naval crown grace Britannia's brow.
But the question which puzzled each patriot breast
Is settled, I've learn'd, and quite for the best.

Sir

Sir William, the fearless, whose glories have spread
From the Hebrides southward to Ramsgate's pier-head,
Whose maritime courage did never yet fail
At the sight of a turtle or scent of a whale,
In spite of the prayers of his friends upon land,
Sir William himself will assume the command.
Yet weep not, fair ladies; though stormy our main,
Your eyes shall behold your Sir William again,
Shall greet him when, safe from *this* perilous tide,
Fame shall add a fresh wreath to the warrior's pride,
And with Walcheren laurels shall closely entwine
The ocean-green leaves of thy waves, Serpentine!
O, then, let our foes their torpedoes prepare,
Or light up with rockets the chambers of air:
At the sight of our hero all discord shall cease,
And "*speedy and soon*" be the visit of peace.
But 't is time to *bring up*—a phrase, you must know,
With us jolly tars tantamount to *let go*:
So with health to all those whom we value most dearly,
Believe me, dear Tom, your faithful BILL CHEERLY.

JONATHAN AND THE LION.

[From the same.]

I.

WHEN England, Old England, undaunted and free,
Had swept all her enemies' fleets from the sea,
In Portugal landing she lifted her lance,
'Gainst Europe united and headed by France.
Derry down, down, &c.

II.

Quoth Jonathan—"Now I 'll come on in the nick,
And give the old tottering Lion a kick;
With the world on his back he can't stretch out a paw,
So I 'll nibble his tail without fear of a claw."
Derry down, &c.

III.

O, then, did the blustering Yankees begin
To threaten his flanks with a terrible din,

On

On Canada thrice they commenc'd an attack,
And from Canada thrice they ran scampering back.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Meantime from the Lion, by Wellington led,
His foes in the bloodstain'd Peninsula fled,
Till he gave such a terrible roar at Toulouse,
That Boney chang'd colour and shook in his shoes.
Derry down, &c.

V.

And well might he stare, with astonishment struck,
Betwixt hawk and buzzard most awkwardly stuck;
For the Bear of the North crept behind him, so snug,
That he jump'd from his throne to escape from the hug.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

His foes, by their conduct, increas'd their renown,
For they handsomely sold him his life for a crown;
Nay, more—to secure him from trouble and strife,
They gave him an island, and took back his wife.
Derry down, &c.

VII.

His object accomplish'd—his triumph complete,
All Europe united in peace at his feet;
The Lion, ye Yankees, has nothing to do
But to turn with a withering frown upon you.
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

When dangers and foes thicken'd round him like hail,
If he lash'd ye, like troublesome gnats, with his tail,
O think of your doom with well-founded affright,
When stung by your teasing he marshals his might.
Derry down, &c.

THE SERPENTINE SEA.

[From the British Press, July 18.]

SEVERAL tons of rock salt have been thrown into the Serpentine, in the course of last week, and it is now a real salt sea. Of the immense crowd of people

people who yesterday lined the shore, several ladies tasted it, by dipping their fingers into the briny deep, and declare that it is as strong and good as any at Margate. Large quantities of cockle-shells, periwinkles, and razor-fish, with a portion of sand, have been also strewed along the banks, to give it a finish. The azure green is all that is wanted to make it complete, and a composition of sea-weed and verdigris is preparing by an eminent chemist for that purpose.

Serious apprehensions, however, continue to be entertained, that there will be a want of wind on the day fixed for the battle. It has been suggested to remove the high lands extending towards Highgate, by which means it would be exposed to the north wind, and the chance of a breeze would be rendered more probable. To this there is one great objection, that is—there is not time for it. As to the expense of the undertaking, no person of any liberal mind would object on that account.

In this extremity it has been inquired of the Board of Admiralty, whether it would not give a better idea of vessels *tumbling about in rough water*, to change the scene of action, and fight the ships in the streets of the town.

It has been recorded in praise of King Alfred, that by his wise institutions he brought justice home to every man's door. Would it not then redound to the glory of the First Lord of the Admiralty, to have it recorded of him that he brought a sea-fight to every home? It would be sufficient to have two or three of the new large water-pipes to burst suddenly, and float the fleet down Piccadilly, and along the Strand. The gas lights might blow up at the same time, and thus we should have all the elements in confusion at once; for, from the success of some recent experiments, it

is

is evident nothing can be more easy than to raise a breeze, if not a storm, in a man's own house.

In case of this proposal taking place, one of the Commissioners of the Grand Junction has offered to take command of the rough passage. The rocking of the coaches that venture to ply since the water companies began to lay down their pipes, may give an idea of how naturally and beautifully the ships will heave and rock, on tacking at Charing Cross. The only objection to this plan is, that the people are so used to perils and dangers from the broken-up state of the streets, the distress and confusion would not be so great as that which may be created in Hyde Park.

COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE'S BREAKFAST.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN you know who I am, you will be surprised at my power of addressing you; but very ill usage, according to the poet, will make the inanimate alive—

"Preaching to stones might make them capable."

I was, Sir, prepared to pay due honours to the Duke of Wellington, on his arrival at the Albinia Fête. I was covered with a most beautiful top of sugar, as white as snow, with a large laurel-leaf spread over me; and an exquisite little blue flag, bearing two elegant lines, written by the Hon. Mr. ——:

"For Wellington's eating,
Albinia treating:"

and there I sat, Sir, in triumph, on a table, the envy and admiration of every body, intending to immortalize the Duke of Wellington, and to reward him for all his military exploits. Often and long did the amiable

able Duchess of that name eye me with regard; indeed, she looked as if she could have "eaten me."

"But this eternal blazon could not be."

When, doleful to relate! news arrived that the great Duke was otherwise engaged. No words can properly describe the look of despair, rage, and horror, painted in the Albinia countenance. Virgil has something like it—

"Erectæ steteruntque comæ; vox faucibus hæsit."
Stiff grew her beard, and motionless her tongue.

I have no power to add more; and therefore can only subscribe myself, A PLUM CAKE.

PARVUM PARVA DECENT:

BEING A DEFENCE OF THE PARK FLEET AND THE MAN THAT MANAGES IT, AGAINST PERT CAVILLERS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 18.]

HE who shall carp at Hyde Park shows,
Proportion's beauty scarcely knows;
For *of a piece* the plan is:
Little each ship—with little gun,
A little sea—*(but* little *fun!)*
And *very small* the MAN is.

THE SERPENTINE FLEET.

[From the British Press, July 19.]

THE Serpentine Sea was last evening as smooth as a mirror; and the fleet lay moored in a line along the southern shore, in perfect safety.

The *Redpole*, Capt. Lord Y———, with a lantern in the poop, was lying off *Cuckold's Point*, and appeared to roll a little, but all the rest were snug in their berths.

The *Lord Cochrane* seemed to have lately encountered a storm, and was under *Jury* masts. Although

this

this fine vessel has been condemned, it is the opinion of several experienced shipwrights, that her timbers are sound, and she is perfectly sea-worthy.

This being the first time a fleet ever navigated this sea, some *scavans* * have been put on board to make their observations. Drowned *puppies* they have discovered to be the only inhabitants of this vasty deep, from which they infer that the words of Virgil,

"Stant littore puppes,"

translated by Dryden,

"The ships stand upon the beach,"

are a corruption of the old English language, and meant originally, *a litter of puppies*. It would thence follow, that the English language is more ancient than the Latin—a piece of information worth a whole voyage of discovery.

The *Cat*water at Plymouth has been accounted for upon nearly the same principle.

It is mentioned in the voyage of Christopher Columbus, that, after long wandering upon an apparently boundless ocean, he discovered a flight of birds, which he hailed as a sure omen of his near approach to land.

I have carefully watched the Serpentine, Sea since the arrival of this strange fleet in it, and not a flight of birds have I descried to revive our drooping spirits. I suppose, therefore, I shall never see land any more.

A LAND-LUBBER.

AT HOME.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COUNTRY.

[From the same.]

A SQUIRE from the West, who to London would roam,
As he read all the *bulletins*, "Ladies at home,"
Cried, "Sure in the country we moralists err,
For I vow not a lady seems willing to stir;

* Quere—Do *scavans* mean scavengers?

But,

But, doubtless, rememb'ring for what she was wed,
Is putting her children and husband to bed."
"To bed!" said Tom Skip; "that's a good one, my hearty—
To be sure they're *at home*; but that is—to a *party*;
And wait you a while, and no doubt you will learn,
They are all very good, and—'*At home in their turn*.'"

ARION.

NEW ALPHABET FOR 1814.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

BEING a great admirer of the New Æra, and the improvement of modern times, I have invented the following Alphabet for 1814, which I think will be found a pleasing variety to the teachers of that necessary part of education; and, at the same time, should it be universally adopted (which I have no doubt, when generally known, it will), prove an admirable method of handing down the present brilliant entertainments to posterity, as all future generations will be by this means as well acquainted with them as they are with their A, B, C.

A—Stands for August, the month of the shows,
B—For the bridge built to frighten the crows;
C—For the Colonel, with genius so rare,
D—For the day when he makes us all stare;
E—For the English who see this fine sight,
F—For the fire-works let off at night;
G—For the grandeur these works will display,
H—For the hundreds we for them must pay;
J—For John Bull, just as blithe as a lark,
K—For the kick-shaws built up in the Park;
L—For the long-boats our gala to crown,
M—For the men who convey'd them to town;
N—For the noise which seems never to stop,
O—For the oil-skin o'er each temple top;
P—For the powder that's us'd by the fleet,
Q—For the queer ones that plann'd such a treat;

R—For the Regent, of all this the giver;
S—For the ships in the Serpentine River;
T—For the temples of all town the talk,
V—For the vessels afloat in the Park;
W—For the winds; and, O may they prove fair!
X—For the crosses these vessels must bear;
Y—For the youngsters this sight keeps from school,
Z—For the zeal with which we play the fool.

FREDERIC.

ON PLATOFF AND BLUCHER BEING MADE DOCTORS OF CIVIL LAW.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 19.]

PLATOFF and Blucher, thunderbolts of war,
Long taught successfully the *Cannon*-law,
And slaughter'd hapless millions;
But peace returns—when, as we've lately seen,
They throw aside war's *fierce, ungentle* mien,
And quickly turn *Civilians*.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

[From the same.]

SOME call the Cossacks a half-savage crew;
So Cam's sage sons, concluding this was true,
Thought that, to render their improvement brief,
'T was needful first to *civilize* their chief.

July 4, 1814. D.

ALL THE BOOTHS IN THE FAIR.

[From the Morning Herald, July 13.]

NOTICES EXTRAORDINARY.

MESSRS. R-ss and Tru—f—t, Peruquiers, have the honour to acquaint their numerous friends, that they have established a partnership for the approaching fête, where they can supply perukes, fronts, tillets, false curls, scratch and tie wigs, &c. to any extent, for the purpose of making good any losses that *may be met* with in the hour of national confusion.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ll—d G-bb-n begs to inform the public, that it is her intention to be in attendance on the ground at the Green Park, with various descriptions of boddices *à la Française*, long and short stays, under dickies, &c. &c.

Mrs. Ba-l-y is happy to assure her friends, that she has a large stock of patent elastic repelling corsets, calculated to keep off the pressure of any number of *men* whatever.

Mr. Fa-l—r requests the attention of the public in general to several hundred sets of mineral paste teeth, with which he purposes being in the Green Park during the fire-works, to replace on the instant any cavities that may accidentally arise in the upper or under jaw works of wide-mouthed spectators.

Cha-t-n and Co. Wigmore Street, have the honour to make known to their customers, that they shall be ready in the Park, during the fête, with innumerable dressing and bed gowns, to conceal, on an emergency, those charms which, on this *wear and tear* occasion, might otherwise be exposed.

In addition to the above, we are credibly informed, that a deputation from the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons will be in waiting, without fee or gratuity, and that the Apothecaries' Company have most humanely promised a liberal supply of hartshorn, sal volatile, lavender and sugar, &c. &c.

Messrs. Sh——ke and Co. beg leave to assure the nobility, gentry, and others, that they have just completed a most extensive assortment, to which they shall continue to add, of legs, arms, noses, breast-works, &c. &c. of every description, to repair the damages which may be sustained at the ensuing demonstration of joy.

N. B. A lady's *sprained ancle* braced in five minutes; so that she may return home without the accident being discovered.

ECONOMY, RECOMMENDED BY SIR WM. PETTY.

REDUCE the *army*, as in peace 't is meet;
You see His Highness *has* reduc'd the *fleet*.

THE WHOLE FLEET FOUNDERED, AND WONDERFULLY RESTORED.

The *Indian Juggler* saw the ships were small,
So gulp'd, and at a mouthful swallow'd *all*;—
The deed was witness'd by a gentle *crane*,
Who stretch'd his neck, and fetch'd them up again.

ONE OF THE SHIPS HAULED ON SHORE BY ACCIDENT.

A simple angler, throwing flies for trout,
Hook'd the main-mast, and lugg'd a first-rate out.

A NAUTICAL PHENOMENON.

A crow, in his *fright*, flying over the fleet,
Dropp'd something, that cover'd it *all*, like a sheet.

AN EPIGRAM ON A DIAGRAM OF EUCLID, CALLED "PONS ASININUS."

I overheard a silly Cambridge Clerk
Thus mutter, as he pac'd St. James's Park:
"What 's this? A Bridge? How hard to be got over!
O! 't is the *Ass's Bridge*, I now discover."

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 21.]

JUBILATE!

[From the British Press, July 22.]

YE *young Misses*, rejoice at the *fête* in the Parks;
Without doubt 't will afford ye abundance of *sparks!*
Rejoice, O ye *Naïads* of Rosamond's Pond!
Your abode shall no more be "The Slough of Despond!"
No more shall the cows plunge their hoofs in your mud—
No more shall they slake their fierce thirst in your flood!
Mark the paling that rises around your domain,
And rejoice!—it will ne'er be invaded again!
Ye *Dryads*, who dwell upon Serpentine's banks,
Rejoice! and pour forth to Sir William your thanks:
His *rockets*, which once destroy'd armies and fleets,
Shall now frighten the crows from your shady retreats!

Ye

Ye *fishes*, who gaily amidst the waves glide,
Rejoice at the honour that 's due to your tide,
On which *twenty stout vessels* triumphantly ride.
A second Columbus now dares to explore
A track where no mariner ventur'd before.
Ye *swans*, who adown the Canal gently sail,
The seasons no more 'gainst your lives shall prevail!
Behold yonder *bridge*, which now bursts on the view,
Then rejoice!—it will form a rare shelter for you!
When the dog-star is raging, how cool a retreat—
But take care lest the timbers be crack'd by the heat!
When Boreas loud roars, here a refuge you 'll find—
Yet beware—lest the bridge be o'erturn'd by the wind!
But, *John Bull*, above all, you 've a right to rejoice—
In praise of this *fête*, like *Sir Fred.* "strain your voice!"
Drink a health to its founder—sure none but a Prince
Could, in planning amusements, such talents evince!
The men who condemn it, must want common sense—
Huzza! for the fire-works! and—"d—n *the expense!*"
Squib Alley. N.

TO A SAILOR

WHO EXPRESSED SOME DISLIKE TO GOING ON BOARD THE FLEET ON THE SERPENTINE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 22.]

WHY, Jack, d' ye know the R——t's rig
Is with humanity so big,
You need not fear disaster?
If wounded, or if cast away,
Or worse befall you on that day,
There is a sov'reign plaster.

What though the salt, in waggon-loads,
Is pouring in from all the roads,
Upon the mighty notion,
That, when the massy bellows puff
The Hyde Park billows high enough,
The pond will be an ocean;

Yet still, to guard against its rage,
And hardy seamen's fears assuage—
For nought must stop the bellows!—

Some casks of oil will ready stand,
To pour from windward, at command
Of philosophic fellows.

And lest the smoke-and-ocho fight
Should not be over till the night,
To guard from ill the sailors,
Some Congreve-Rockets in the air
Shall light the valiant tars to fair,
To get as drunk as tailors! J. G.

PETITIONS.

[From the Public Ledger, July 22.]

MR. EDITOR,

DOZING over my pint of wine and a newspaper, in a coffee-room, the other day, I fell into a sound sleep; and, in my dream, fancied that I was still reading the newspaper, but found that it was dated 1816, and that a *newish* order of things seemed to have taken place, as you will be convinced was the case, when I hand to you the following paragraphs, which I very well remember:—

——"Mr. —— presented a petition from Hannah Wilkins, widow, which stated, that on July 16, about nine o'clock in the forenoon, she purchased a quartern loaf of Mr. John Alum, baker, which was afterwards found deficient four ounces in weight.—Ordered to *lie* on the table.

"Mrs. Wilkins's petition being taken into consideration, it was moved, that Mr. John Alum do attend at the bar of this House to-morrow; which, after a debate of five hours, was ordered. A motion for a new pair of weights and scales for the House was referred to a Committee.

"Lord —— presented a petition from William Tricksey, a debtor in —— gaol; which, he said, detailed a shocking abuse of office on the part of the *gaoler*. The petitioner, Mr. Tricksey, had ordered half

half a peck of peas, which cost *three shillings*, on the 30th of June last; and when they were brought to his table, which his Lordship described as two deal boards nailed together, there was not above half a pint of peas.

"This was corroborated by Lord ——, who had likewise received a letter from the petitioner, respecting a very considerable deficiency in melted butter and pepper.—Ordered to lie on the table.

"Mr. W. presented a petition from John Fopling, a journeyman haberdasher, stating, that he had ordered a *Wellington coat* from Zacharias Snip, tailor, which, when brought home, would not fit, and that the said Snip had summoned him to the Court of Requests, where he was cast in the value of the said coat, and hoped the Honourable House would enable him to obtain *redress*.—Ordered, that the said petition be taken into consideration this day se'nnight; and that a copy of the trial and sentence be printed for the use of the members.

"Sir —— said, he held in his hand a petition, stating a most flagrant case. Our liberties were gone, if such perversions of justice were to be endured. The petitioner, Marmaduke Filch, had been dragged from his house and family, on a charge of purloining a handkerchief from the pocket of a free and independent elector, at the hustings, last Saturday; and, although the said elector had sworn, and was ready to swear again, that the said Marmaduke Filch was not the man, inasmuch as the person who took the handkerchief had a *green* coat, and Mr. Filch a *brown* one, yet the justice would not dismiss the said innocent Mr. Filch without a *reprimand*.—Ordered to lie on the table; and the Worthy Baronet was about to present another petition, respecting a hackney coachman, who was *persecuted* for taking a shilling more than his fare"—when the waiter jogged my elbow, to give me

me the Gazette; and when I awoke, behold it was a dream!

Yours,

BUNYAN, jun.

THE REHEARSAL OF THE RAREE SHOW.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 22.]

MR. EDITOR,

THAT the magnificent preparations in commemoration of the peace might not lose any part of their effect, it was deemed necessary to *rehearse* those parts of it in which any failure could be expected; and as the naval department was that which required the most practice, it met, as it deserved, the chief attention. Mr. Vansittart, it is well known, referred those who, in the House of Commons, demanded information, to the Lords of the Admiralty; and they, it is said, committed the whole management of the affair to their *Secretary*, whose activity upon this as well as upon many other *critical* occasions, has drawn down upon him the favour of his employers. Last Tuesday evening, I am informed, he attended to inspect the flotilla and to manœuvre it. Conjecturing that the *large bellows*, which had been constructed for the purpose of raising *a ruffle*, might not be sufficiently powerful, he brought down with him eight or ten of those friends who have been so long employed in *puffing*, to aid the machinery; their exertions were crowned with complete success, and a *curl* was produced extremely satisfactory to a certain great personage, who was a spectator *incog.*—The fleet having become sufficiently agitated, the next point to be ascertained was the effect of a broadside; the *Tremendous* was accordingly lifted out of the water, by a disabled boatswain, and placed upon a table, and the whole of the upper tier of her guns was loaded and primed out of a single powder-horn; she was then replaced in the water, and the reports were heard at the

amazing

amazing distance of twenty-seven feet five inches, by several trust-worthy persons, who were stationed for the purpose, who assured me of the fact, as I was fully employed, for the *Annual Register*, in taking exact minutes of a transaction which will be, *as it deserves*, handed down to the remotest posterity.

The skeletons of the fire-works were then examined, and they certainly, in my mind, display a fund of unparalleled ingenuity. One stand represents the figure of an African, erect and free, which immediately changes into a slave bent double with the weight of his chains, and trembling under an iron scourge; the next is to exhibit a luminous pair of *whiskers*, which turn into a *blazing wig*: there were various other devices, which I shall not trespass on your space to detail. The squibs and crackers were tried and found effective; but an objection was made to *the hissing* of the Catherine wheels by the Secretary, as likely to prove highly disagreeable in a certain quarter: this is to be obviated, by mixing with the ingredients equal parts of the popularity of Wellington and Blucher, which is found to have a wonderful efficacy in qualifying this unpleasant modification of sound, and rendering it less grating to the sensitive ears of undignified great ones.

After the *naval review* the party returned to town, and went over every part of the anomalous building raised in the gardens. There was some dispute about the peculiar order of architecture to which it was reducible; but the knot was cut in a very authoritative manner by a great personage, who observed, that "it was his order:" upon which the Secretary turned blue with fear, and the rest shrunk into themselves, as in duty bound upon such solemn occasions.

The lath and plaster had given way in several places, but the breaches are to be made good by some of the unsold copies, in quarto, of the poem of Talavera; they are to be paid for by the square yard, and it is

supposed the expense will be defrayed out of the *Droits of the Admiralty*. Though the builder had pronounced the fabric to be perfectly secure and stable for the term of thirty days and six hours, it was still deemed necessary to ensure it at the *Sun* Office, an institution remarkable for the *liberality of its policy*, and its habitual readiness to pronounce that *firm* which every other person considers to be *rotten*.

Such are the particulars of this memorable occurrence; and if you deem them worth insertion, they are much at your service. T. T.

N. B. I forgot to mention a very current report, that two of the Law Lords have been prevailed on to dance a reel on the 12th of August. One of them, who is celebrated for scrupulosity, asked for *a precedent* before he gave his consent; upon which the Marquis of H—— immediately pointed out that very notorious one of Sir Christopher Hatton, noticed by Gray, and still more fully detailed by Hume: the very great attention which this celebrated statesman and favourite of Elizabeth directed to *the turning out* of his toes, it is said, has struck the Chancellor forcibly: he has been observed of late to have put his toes in turning, and they now form the *exact angle of Adam's Pancake*. Of his intended partner, Dudley speaks in the highest terms—he was a little refractory at first, but has at length conquered the steps, and his *entrechats* are said to be remarkably graceful.

A BULL.

[Continued.]

A GENTLEMAN [illegible] the other day to an Irish [illegible] the science of optics was now brought to the greatest perfection; for that by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern

discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the good-humoured Baronet, "I have one at my lodge in the county of Wexford, that will be a match for it; for, the last time that I took a bird's eye peep through it, it brought the church of Ennis-corthy so near to my view, that I could hear the whole congregation singing psalms."

PATRIOTIC PARADOXES.

[From the Morning Post, July 23.]

THAT the trial by jury is a great and invaluable blessing, the boast and privilege of a country; but that the verdict of juries is only to be regarded when the guilty are acquitted and the innocent condemned.

That the fact of a man's having been convicted of a low and infamous crime, sentenced to an ignominious punishment, and in consequence kicked out of the House of Commons, constitutes a new claim on the public respect and gratitude; and that a fraudulent attempt to pick the pockets of other people, is a strong qualification to be chosen one of the guardians of the public purse.

That the time in which a glorious peace terminates a war, during which the existence of all Europe was in danger of destruction, is not a proper period for rejoicing; that festivities are then unseasonable, and that a pharisaical gloom and lengthened extension of face should be every where visible.

That when unhappy differences exist in a family, the way to heal those dissensions, is to foment the variance by every possible means which envy, officiousness, and hatred can devise; to arm the daughter against the father, and to select for the principal counsellor of the mother, a man who has defended atrocious libels against the father.

That the best way of enabling a nation to enjoy the long-looked-for blessings of peace is, when our foreign enemies are conquered, to excite discord at home, and, by weakening the public respect for laws and government, to endeavour, by internal hostility, to accomplish that destruction of the country which its external foes could not achieve.

It is very credibly reported, that the following protest has been delivered in by the Swans of St. James's Park, for the consideration of Parliament.

PROTEST OF THE SWANS.

[From the Champion, July 24.]

I.

SINCE every Swan is deem'd a poet,
And when he 's dying sings to show it,
Thus, in our hour of peril, we
Protest against the Jubilee.

II.

Firstly, because this preparation
Destroys the quiet of the nation,
And all the noise of nails and hammers
Is echo'd back by public clamours.

III.

And secondly, another race
Of *Blacklegs* will usurp our place,
Who, with the crackers, squibs, and rockets,
Will help to empty people's pockets.

IV.

Thirdly, because the mode of treating
Is copied from our style of eating,
Since we are not allow'd to swill
Nor eat, without a *long black bill.*

V.

Lastly, we deem this Chinese bridge
A shameful breach of privilege,
And we would sooner seek the grave
Than wave our right, the right of wave.

(Signed) The Swans.

CAUTION,

COPIED FROM A BOARD STUCK UP NEAR THE SERPENTINE RIVER.

[From the same.]

NO Ladies are suffer'd to windward to be,
Lest their robes should the breeze intercept from the sea,
And the fleet be becalm'd, in a petticoat's lee!

(Signed) G. P. R.
Countersigned by the Secretary to the Admiralty.

LOG OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP LEVIATHAN, JAMES SHAM, ESQ. COMMANDER, FROM THE 13TH TO THE 16TH JULY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 25.]

July 13.

STRONG breezes and squally—at 10 A. M. the Yarmouth made the signal for an enemy's fleet—hove in on our starboard spring, and beat to quarters—at 2 P. M. strange ships proved to be the Royal Swans standing down the Serpentine; beat the retreat.

July 14.—Light breezes and clear weather—loosed sails to dry—at 2 P. M. Betty Martin came on board from Carlton House, with an old shirt to repair the bunt of the maintopsail—ship's company employed working up oakum into whiskers; at 6 furled sails.

July 15.—Light airs and cloudy—at 10 A. M. lighter came along side with beer—received three pots and a pint—returned empty pots.

July 16.—Strong gales and squally, with a tremendous sea—answered the signal for assistance from the *Exchequer*—observing her driving, with the *Tierney* lying athwart her bows, got all ready for veering cable—the *Whitbread* close in our hawse.

THE

THE SOLILOQUY OF A SAILOR,

WITH ONE EYE, ONE ARM, AND ONE LEG, AS HE LIMPED THROUGH ST. JAMES'S PARK YESTERDAY.

[From the same, July 26.]

BLIND as I am, methinks a camp I view—
Many the *tents*, but, faith, the *contents* few.
Who pays the piper?—Who d' ye think!—*John Bull*,
While for his wife and babes he wants a belly-full.
For this, *I* lost an eye, an arm, a leg,
For this poor Nan too is compell'd to beg.
Illumination!—O the shame and scandal!
God's light they grudge, and tax my farthing candle.

ALL MY EYE.

HYDE PARK SCANDAL.

[From the Public Ledger, July 27.]

WE think it our duty to contradict the following *false* and *scandalous* aspersions, reports, and assertions, which have been lately propagated of and concerning the state of *maritime* affairs in Hyde Park.

It is *not* true that it has been found necessary to issue *press-warrants* to man this navy.

It is *not* true that the Victualling Office has entered into any fresh contracts, or that more than *six hours* provisions will be necessary.

It is *not* true that this fleet is in any danger of being *becalmed*, as the Opposition papers have entered into an agreement to kick up a *breeze*.

It is *not* true that one of the first-rates struck upon a *sunken rock*, by which she was nearly split in two. It was only an *old milestone*, which, it is supposed, had remained there since the Park was first enclosed.

It is not *true* that any number of Jews from Rag Fair have been hovering on the coast, to purchase the *seamen's tickets*. This report was occasioned by certain neighbouring publicans, who had raised the price *of slops*.

It

It is *not* true that any contract has been made with the New River Company for a supply of *high water*; bands of music being stationed on the beach, which, it is thought, will have the same effect as *whistling* to *horses*.

It is *not* true that any danger can arise from the spectators tumbling into the water, as several of the newspapers have furnished an extra quantity of *railing!*

(By Order) TELL TRUTH, AND SHAME THE ——.

A PLACE WANTED.

"I often wish that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year."
"Tintinnabula vexant."

[From the British Press, July 28.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a journeyman tinker, and followed my calling very closely up to the day when the mail-coach entered this city in triumph, in honour of the *peace*; from which moment I have declared *war* against all work, and have lived for the last month like a nobleman. I have been present at every ox and sheep roasting within a circuit of thirty miles, and have often drunk the *health* of the noble Duke of Wellington, till I have been very *ill* myself. But I am sorry to say, I think gentlemen begin to flag a little now in giving away their beef and mutton, and grow stingy to us jolly loyalists; for, though I have been some days keenly on the scent, I cannot hear a breath of any thing of the sort going forward. This, Sir, chagrins me the more, as my patriotism was only just got into full swing; and being very obstreperous in my politics, and a first-rate *draughtsman* (not in *water* colours, you may suppose), I was fast rising into notoriety. Now, Sir, the very thought of a saucepan or a tea-kettle gives me the horrors, and yet something must be done to make both ends meet, as the saying is. I

am

am thinking of a place under Government, and rest my claims on the vigour with which I have seconded Ministers in support of the Bourbon cause, which I have uniformly and loudly advocated in every company, and at every public dinner where I have appeared, either as chairman or guest. Thinking, therefore, that you, Mr. Editor, are as likely as any body, from the heaps of newspapers I see daily taken into your premises, to know when a good berth drops, I should take it vastly civil of you, just to let me know before it gets wind too generally. I have had my eye upon two or three *good things* for some time past. Now, I very much fancy the post of *Liquor-taster* to the Excise—or a snug affair in the *Victualling* Office—or what think you, Sir, of Warden of the *Stannaries*; or, indeed, any other comfortable sinecure, where there is good living, no work, and a little fingering of the chink? I dare say, Sir, you see exactly what would suit me; and so, waiting the event, I remain your hearty well-wisher,

Bath, July 21st. HUMPHRY CLINKER.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. SADLER, THE AERONAUT, BY THE JOBBERS ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 29.]

GREAT Sadler! you that soar so high at will,
We *Omnium* Holders do your aid require;
O! try your *lofty* philosophic skill,
By some new art to raise our *Omnium* higher!

Suppose as ballast, then, instead of sand,
(When next you sweep the region of the skies,)
You'd take some *heavy Omnium*, now on hand—
Would n't this, d'ye think, Sir, make it *quickly rise?*

Yet,

Yet, hold: some danger, though, I now foresee—
(My *wits*, at length, begin to waken up;)
For *you* consider'd in the HOAX might be—
And, the *same moment*, would be—*taken up!*

LOSS OF THE REDPOLE, CAPT. Y——H.

EXTRACT OF A DESPATCH FROM CAPT. Y——H, LATE OF THE REDPOLE FRIGATE, TO J. WILSON, ESQ. SECRETARY OF THE LILLIPUTIAN ADMIRALTY.

[From the British Press, July 29.]

Banks of the Serpentine, July 27.

THIS letter, you see, Sir, is dated on shore,
For the good ship the *Redpole*, alas! is no more:
Her loss the whole Serpentine navy deplore!
But still I revive my sad spirits by thinking
No exertion was spar'd to prevent her from sinking;
The mariners did all that seamen could do,
And no blame can attach to the captain or crew.
While the least hope remain'd we stuck fast to the ship,
And the sailors were cheer'd with abundance of flip.
It becomes now my duty—with grief I 'm o'ercast—
To state what occurr'd since I wrote to you last.
Though I strive to be calm, still my sorrow appears,
And the Serpentine's flood will o'erflow with my tears.
Half past ten, Monday night, I was rous'd from my sleep
By a whirlwind, which shook to its centre the deep!
I mounted on deck, ('t was a bold undertaking,
For I was half tipsy, half dozing, half waking)—
There I view'd with amazement a terrific sight—
I shall never forget that most horrible night!
It seem'd as if Auster, and Boreas, and Eurus,
Had determin'd to puzzle the sage Palinurus,
Who guided the helm, and who look'd quite aghast—
For, steer which way he would, he was *met* by the blast.
Human efforts were vain 'midst this dreadful commotion—
Now the ship touch'd the sky, now she plung'd in the ocean!
"To pray'rs" was the word—on our knees we all fell—
But my chaplain, Sir Henry, was snug in Pall Mall!

Holy

Half past two, Tuesday morn, we receiv'd a vile shock;
I fear'd that the *Redpole* had bump'd on a rock;
For the Serpentine Sea, like the Red Sea, is found
With shallows, and quicksands, and rocks, to abound.
"Out, out with the boats," was the instant command;
"Let us strain ev'ry nerve to get safe upon land."
But we soon saw our error, no rock was there near—
Now guess, if you can, what excited our fear.
A huge Newfoundland dog was forc'd right 'gainst our bow,
And had like to upset us—so fierce was the blow.
I have heard of sea-horses, of sharks, and of whales,
Who will vessels destroy by a lash of their tails;
But my crew all inform me (in knowledge they 're rich)
That a monster so hideous ne'er swam in Fleet Ditch.
At *six* the storm ceas'd, and our fleet, great and small,
Were anchor'd, in safety, near Kensington Wall.
The storm, I 've since learnt, which so loudly did roar,
By two *Smithys* was caus'd, on the *north* and *south* shore.
While some horse-shoes were forging, so plied were the bellows,
As had nearly plung'd me in the deep, with my fellows.
The tempest, which rag'd with such fury and ire,
Was o'er—when these rascals ceas'd *blowing the fire!*
At *eight*, by the *Tartar* a signal was made
Of a foe right ahead—soon our anchor was weigh'd—
We pursu'd—love of glory inspir'd ev'ry soul—
And we soon ran 'longside—a *Tom-cat* in a bowl!
We cheer'd, as we gaily the action began,
And, in ten minutes, captur'd this "*cat*-a-maran."
Grimalkin, believe me, fought hard—"*tooth* and *nail*,"
Till we boarded the bowl—when at once he turn'd *tail!*
By the bearer the skin of the vanquish'd I send,
'T will make for your Lady a nice bosom friend!
And here you must know, while employ'd in this chase,
I harpoon'd with my sword-cane, a couple of *dace!*
The fish weigh'd eight ounces, and gave much relief
To my crew, who were sicken'd of biscuit and beef.
At *ten*, as we gallantly coasted the shore,
Believing our perils and dangers all o'er,
Not a breath of wind stirring—the sky calm and clear—
While the crew were regaling on '*bacco* and *beer*,

Two

Two *belles* plied their *fans* with such force on the strand,
As propell'd us across tow'rds the opposite land!
In a moment I order'd the sails to be furl'd—
'T was in vain—'gainst a ledge of sunk rocks we were hurl'd.
O horror! the breakers soon dash'd o'er the mast-o,
Rari nantes apparent in gurgite vasto!
I seiz'd on the bowsprit—a fine piece of ozier
As e'er grac'd the hand of a tailor or hosier.
On a dolphin when mounted, 't is said that Arion
Sung out, just as loud as my cockswain, O'Brien—
So I bawl'd for "*a rope*" till my lungs were quite sore,
And was drawn, like an overgrown porpoise, ashore!
The *natives* all laugh'd—one, more keen than the rest,
Swore the life of a mariner suited me best.
I ask'd him the reason—"Why, Captain," says he,
"The man born for the —— may laugh at the sea."
Though the vessel is lost, yet it gives me much pleasure,
To state that we 've fish'd up some stores and some treasure—
Eight sixpenny cannon—four fathoms of twine—
Two ounces of powder—a gill of port wine—
Four three-shilling pieces—and likewise a dollar,
Being sav'd, must disarm my good Lords of their choler.
Having gone through my tale—on each point most observant,
I remain, Sir, your often oblig'd humble servant,
Y————H.

P. S.—Now my spirits are lighter and brisker,
I beg to inform you I lost *half a whisker*
In the fray with grimalkin—I should not this mention,
But a loss so severe surely merits a pension!

THE QUIZZERS.—A DIALOGUE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 30.]

HARRY and Sam, the other day,
Two knowing fellows in their way,
Were strolling round to make remarks
On what they saw in certain *Parks*.

Cries

Cries Sam to Harry, "Pr'ythee, Hal,
What mean these *strings* across the *Mall?*"
Said Hal, "Why, curse your silly knob,
They're meant for playing *cherry-bob!*"
Thus passing on, they quickly found
A *temple* form'd for *turning round.*
"Well! what's the use of this, I pray?"—
"The *use,*" quoth Hal, "I cannot say;
Unless this dome, *sans* lath or plaster,
Is meant as emblem of its *master,*
Who, fearful still of some infection,
Ne'er stays his face in one direction."
Quoth Sam, "Why, now you talk of *rumpus,*
What means *this monstrous seaman's compass,*
Whose wide circumference, *round* and *plump,*
Looks like a fair and forty *rump?*"
"*That!*" says friend Hal, "why, mun, forsooth,
That's what they call the *royal booth!*"
And now they see the huge *balloon*
That's making to eclipse the *moon,*
In case she show'd her *vulgar pate*
At such a glorious, royal *fête.*
And then, fast traversing the *Mall,*
They view the *works* on the *Canal:*
The tents, like *mushrooms,* call'd *marquees,*
And *ale-house benches* under trees.
Quoth Hal, "That *thing* upon a ridge
Is what is term'd a *Chinese bridge.*"—
"Thank ye," said Sam; "I 'm much the *fatter;*
I see the *bridge,* but where 's the *water?*"
Says Hal, "That need not cause your wonder,
Our modern *bridges* folks walk *under;*
Nor need you fear the being *drown'd,*
I warrant ye it 's all dry ground!
And regiments of foot may march,
Dry-gaiter'd, through the centre arch,
Like those of yore, who made a ford on,
And walk'd across the river Jordan.
Come; dare you *go?*"—"Ay, that I will."
They *went*—up Constitution Hill!

And,

And, as they walk'd, said Hal, "I trow,
What beast outlandish have we now?"—
"*Outlandish beast!* Why, that's a *cow!*"—
"A *cow!*" cries Hal, "'t is but a lean one:
It's now some months since we have *seen one:*
But look ye there, Sam! Who'd believe it!
Why, there's the *fleet.*"—"I can't perceive it:
Egad! yes, *now* I see the group,
Like *lumps of crust* in *thin pease-soup.*
I see them *now:* that clumsy fellow
Had hid them with his *silk umbrella!*
But see that man on yonder horse,
With *coat* so richly lac'd across,
And *cuffs* and *collars* fac'd with *fur:*—
Is not that a man a *trumpeter?*"—
"A *trumpeter!* your most obedient!
Why, no, you blockhead; that's the ———."

W. H. M.

THE EXCLUDING SYSTEM.

[From the Champion, July 31.]

THE public have heard much of political exclusions, and more of domestic ones. They are the weapons by which a "magnanimous master-spirit" exercises its resentments. The exclusion of the "old friends" ushered in the "new æra;" and its splendid course has been subsequently marked by exclusions from drawing-rooms, fêtes, and cathedrals on thanksgiving days. The "BOOTH," too, on an ensuing occasion of salt-petre brilliancy, is, we understand, to be opened very carefully: a certain personage, who has recently given trouble in the House of Lords*, cannot be permitted to view the rockets from this privileged station. These are noble deeds, and will tell well on a marble monument: the idea of the inscription may be taken from Dryden's lines on that blockhead Settle:—

* Does this mean H. R. H. the D— of S——, the strenuous advocate for religious freedom?

"In

"In *fireworks* give him leave to vent his spite.
* * * * * * *
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a *puppet-show*.
On that one stage his works may well appear," &c.
Absalom and Achitophel, Part II.

It is recorded to the praise of one great man, that he refused to take advantage of his elevation, to gratify those displeasures which he felt before his rise; but this was sheer pride—we possess a great man of a more condescending turn of mind, who gratifies his little displeasures by the most little means, and thus places himself on a becoming equality with the least and lowest of mankind; yet, if the poet's logic be good,

"Spiteful he is not,
For still there goes some *thinking* to ill-nature."

The lists of invitations to the entertainments lately given, have usually been carefully regulated by a recollection of all causes of offence, recent or ancient, real or imaginary, political or personal—whether arising from words spoken in Parliament, or visits paid to proscribed quarters, or poems written, or jests uttered. A lady, and her two pretty daughters, who had settled their dresses with their milliner, were, to their great grief, disappointed of the expected cards through the imprudence of the head of their family, who sits in the Commons, and had there unthinkingly said something about the expense of *thatched roofs* for cottages. Above thirty persons, male and female, were excluded for having alluded to the Naumachia in a very irreverent way; and a few bad jokes on this worse subject had almost caused the exclusion of the Morning Herald; but an apology, made last Monday by a Reverend Baronet, has restored his print to its old place on the corner of the dressing-table among bottles of essences, and oils for causing hair to grow on bald spots, and stopping its unhappy tendency to turn gray.

At

At a recent entertainment, given in honour of military merit, it was thought necessary to repress these feelings for once—and the doors were accordingly opened to some very honourable and gallant individuals, who probably felt, when they were asked, as a once famous orator did, who could not but fear that he had somehow or other disgraced himself, inasmuch as he was unexpectedly applauded by those for whom he cherished the reverse of respect. But when they attended, they were soon relieved from all anxiety on this score; they were treated with a marked rudeness very flattering to its objects, but certainly not very illustrative of the virtue of hospitality, nor of those drawing-room gifts and graces of which we have heard so much—and which an English judgment esteems a poor compensation for the want of an upright and manly character.

We have still, however, to notice the most exquisite manifestation of wrath. The offences of the beautiful of the other sex, have been commonly regarded with a very indulgent feeling, by the gallant and generous of ours.

> "Though to her share ten thousand errors fall,
> Look in her face, and you 'll forget them all,"

says one casuist; and another assures a fair delinquent,

> "Though you were whelm'd in sin,
> Stand but at heaven's gate awhile,
> And you so like an angel smile,
> They can't but let you in."

We will not venture to say that these doctrines are recognised by the Fathers—but we will affirm, that the impulse from whence they spring has a lodging in the best and most accomplished minds, and it cannot have been put there but for good purposes. Its absence is among the surest of all tests of a debased, corrupted, and emasculated disposition. A certain individual of

no mean rank, had collected the portraits of the present chief beauties in the circles of wealth and fashion —which were done for him by a female artist of taste. If we may judge by what follows, he concluded that the favour was thus conferred on *them*, though this is not the inference which the "most perfect gentleman in Europe" would be inclined to draw. One of these, whose charms distinguished her even in such a group, by some means or other came lately under the displeasure of this mirror of chivalry, this gallant collector of beautiful resemblances. We have not yet heard her precise offence, but we believe the titled fair one has been honoured by the intimacy of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, who regards her with peculiar affection. We believe, also, that the Emperor Alexander paid her those attentions which he thought due to the most exquisite example of English beauty and grace. Whether these were her crimes, we know not; but the revenge taken on them seems to indicate that they were very great. *Her portrait was dismissed!* This was the severe punishment inflicted on *her!* Had Paris angrily shut his eyes against one of the goddesses on Mount Ida, how much we should have commiserated her fate, and admired his revenge! But we are keeping our readers too long from the following nervous satires which this incident has drawn from the pen of a young nobleman, who is not merely a wit among Lords, but who is rapidly establishing a poetical reputation, which will be a better distinction to his name in after-time, than the hereditary honours of his aristocratical rank. ED.

LINES BY LORD B——.

When the vain triumph of th' imperial lord
Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorr'd,
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust
That left a likeness of the brave and just;

Whas

What most admir'd each scrutinizing eye,
Of all that deck'd the passing pageantry—
What spread from face to face that wond'ring air?
The thought of Brutus—*for he was not there.*
That *absence* prov'd his worth; that absence fix'd
His mem'ry on the longing mind, unmix'd,
And more decreed his glory to endure
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.
If thus, fair J——y, our admiring gaze
Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,
Amidst those pictur'd charms, whose loveliness,
Bright though they be, thy own had render'd less;
If he, THAT VAIN OLD MAN, whom truth admits
Heir of his father's * * * *
If his corrupted eye and wither'd heart
Could with thy gentle image bear to part,
That tasteless shame be his—and ours the grief
To gaze on beauty's band without its *chief:*
Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts—
We lose that portrait, but preserve our hearts.
What can his vaunted gallery now disclose?
A *garden* with all flow'rs except the rose—
A *fount* that only wants its living stream—
A *night* with ev'ry star, save Dian's beam.
Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be
That turn from tracing them to dream of thee;
And more on that recall'd resemblance pause
Than all he shall not force on our applause.
Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine
With all that virtue asks of homage thine!
Thy symmetry of youth—the grace of mien—
The eye that gladdens—and the brow serene—
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair
Which shades, yet shows, that forehead more than fair—
Each glance that wins us—and the life that throws
A spell that will not let our looks repose,
But turn to gaze again, and find anew
Some charm that well rewards another view:
These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,
Albeit too dazzling *for a dotard's sight*;
And those must wait till ev'ry charm is gone,
To please the paltry heart that pleases none;

That dull, cold sensualist, whose sickly eye,
In envious dimness, pass'd thy portrait by,
Who rack'd his little spirit to combine
Its hate of freedom's loveliness and thine.

THE SERPENTINE OCEAN AND FLEET, &c.

[From the same.]

HIS H——, when lately surveying the ocean,
With one single hiccup set all in a motion;
The sailors, expecting a terrible squall,
Cried, "Damn it; his —— *will upset us all!*"

THE R—— thinks to make us stare
By raising rockets in the air;
His scheme to please will fail, he'll find,
Since we for it must *raise the wind.* G.

JOHN Bull, the other day, in pensive mood,
Near to the Serpentine Flotilla stood—
His hands were thrust into his emptied pockets,
And much of ships he mutter'd, and of rockets—
Of silly fêtes, and Jubilees unthrifty—
And babies, overgrown, *of two-and-fifty*;
I guess'd the train of thought which then possess'd him,
And deem'd th' occasion fit, and thus address'd him:

"Be gen'rous to a fallen foe;
With gratulations meet,
On Elba's Emperor bestow
Thy Lilliputian fleet;

"For with his island's narrow bounds
That navy might agree,
Which, laugh'd at daily here, redounds
In ridicule to thee.

"Behold Britannia's naval force,
As Nelson led her line,
Burlesqu'd, extend its giant course
Adown the Serpentine.

"Nor

"Nor is the memory of that brave
Commander wounded less
Than when a venal mistress gave
His letters to the press."

Says John, "Right readily I 'll part
With these and all the gay things—
But it would break the R——'s heart
To take away his playthings."

A CASE.

[From the same.]

FOR the opinion of any reader
Who practises as special pleader:

The Regent means to give a public fête—
The Park the place, and Monday next the day;
And he intends to lock up ev'ry gate,
And let in only those who choose to pay:

But since, in time of memory of man,
St. James's Park has been a public way,
'T is therefore doubted if the Regent can
Shut up the gates, and make the people pay:

And is it not a nuisance so to do?
And may not any one, who can, abate it?
And if a sentinel should run one through,
Would any action lie?—Be pleas'd to state it.

THE NAUMACHIA.

[From the same.]

"Why such impress of seamen, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
'T is a cockle, or a walnut-shell—
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap."—SHAKSPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE ingenious contriver of the Naumachia seems to have been in the predicament of the unfortunate gentleman who had but one idea, and that was a

wrong one. There are three main errors in the present scheme, in regard to the *time*, the *place*, and the *mode* of the fight; which I humbly propose to remedy, by altering the date of the engagement to the *first of next April*, if it cannot take place on the equally appropriate anniversary of the Prince Regent's birth:—the place, to the neighbourhood of the *Scilly* Islands: the cannons to pop-guns, and the bullets to pease, which may be collected after the battle, and formed into an immense national *peace* pudding, to be permanently placed in one of the Parks in commemoration of the peace with France.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Pudding Lane. MATTHEW MARROWFAT.

PATENT SNUFFERS EXPLODED; OR, A HINT TO THE COMMISSIONERS AT ELBA.

[From the same.]

"This candle burns not clear; 't is I must snuff it,
And out it goes."—SHAKSPEARE.

I.

YES, Boney, you might still have hurl'd,
And kick'd about your football world,
Without a chance of falling;
But, when you trampled on the round,
No wonder its elastic bound
Should quickly lay you sprawling.

II.

Like Vulcan, from your godlike height
You fall, and on an island light,
Perhaps to ape his labours,
In forcing from its iron ore
The thunderbolts of future war
Against your peaceful neighbours.

III.

III.

'T is said, with philosophic smile
You view your Baratarian Isle;
But if you truly do so,
Why with vain titles swell your reign,
Since you are fated to remain
A *Quixote* or a *Crusoe*?

IV.

A perfume from the weed and flow'r,
With the same tongue's adaptive pow'r,
The honey-making bee licks;
So, if your halfpence tell us true,
An Emperor or outcast, you
Are "*Ubicumque felix.*"

V.

If you admire my simile,
I hope you 'll prove an *humble* bee,
Which, satisfied with singing,
Makes a great noise with little harm,
Is never follow'd by a swarm,
And has no power of stinging.

VI.

Cheer up, my pigmy Prince! a few
May still, with honest sorrow, view
The change in your condition;
A patriot Spaniard, I confess,
Has rather cause to curse than bless
Your day of deposition.

VII.

For then the dastard, monkish thing,
That dares to call itself a ——,
Had never prov'd a traitor;
Nor had those heroes been enslav'd
Who from one knave their country sav'd
To give it to a greater.

VIII.

Ah, Boney! I should like to know
Whether your secret wishes show
A future field of battle:

Or whether, like some country squires,
You wisely limit your desires
To rents, and corn, and cattle.

IX.

I view you as a spark that may,
Perhaps, go out the common way,
Like an expiring candle's;
Perhaps light up a flame of war,
More wide and desolating far
Than all the Goths and Vandals.

X.

But should this fearful little spark
Prepare to kindle in the dark,
And threaten new ignition;
Or take a Phaëtonic flight
To set the universe alight
With undisguis'd ambition;

XI.

I hope some staunch commission'd Squire,
Before he sees the train on fire,
Or any treason suffers,
Will snip the rushlight's head off clean
By the old-fashion'd *guillotine*
Instead of *Patent Snuffers!*

EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN BEFORE THE RAILING WAS SET UP IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, TO SEPARATE THE PART ALLOTTED TO THE PURCHASERS OF TICKETS FROM THAT RESERVED FOR THE PUBLIC.

[From the Morning Herald, Aug. 2.]

"WHAT a shame," cries out Sam, "that no fence we have got,
Between those who buy tickets, and those who do not!
The Ministers, hang 'em, should set up a paling."—
"What a ninny," cries Will, with triumphant retort,
"Not to know, that, while *Ministers* furnish the sport,
Their *Opponents*, kind souls! have agreed to find *railing!*"

Temple, July 30, 1814. P.

LOST,

LOST, STOLEN, OR MISLAID!

[From the British Press, Aug. 4.]

THE beautiful *Green* Park, that used to extend from St. James's Park to Hyde Park Corner, was missing on Tuesday morning. At this season of the year, the Green Park has often shown symptoms of a disposition to run away, alleging that it found the town too hot for it; but it is fully ascertained, that its late disappearance was not its voluntary act, but the result of violence and oppression. Several respectable witnesses have deposed, that they saw it, on Monday, kicked, trampled upon, and beat down, in a most brutal manner, and next morning not a trace of it was to be seen. In its place, however, a *Brown* Park was found; but this is a most unseemly object, whereas the Green Park was the delight of all the neighbourhood. This bad exchange has, therefore, as might be expected, given great uneasiness, and excites universal discontent and dissatisfaction. The Green Park was always healthy, lively, and pleasant. The Brown Park, on the contrary, is dull and disagreeable. A Mr. *Rain*, who is a near relative of the family of the *Showers*, was met with yesterday, who is expected to give some account of the party missing. It is feared, however, that a Mr. *Sun*, who has made himself very busy for the last week, may endeavour to suppress Mr. *Rain*'s evidence; as he is known to be a decided friend to the Brown Park, and resolved, if he can, to prevent the return of the Green Park. Any information of the latter will be thankfully received at the Cow-house, at the great gate leading from Stable Yard, St. James's Palace, into St. James's Park.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE NAVAL ACTION WHICH TOOK PLACE IN HYDE PARK ON MONDAY EVENING.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

[From the General Evening Post, Aug. 6.]

THE ships that were intended to engage were, on the

STARBOARD TACK.	LARBOARD TACK.
Regent,	*Princess of Wales,*
Eldon,	*Royal Charlotte,*
Orange Boven,	*Sussex,*
Liverpool,	*Bedford,*
Castlereagh,	*Bandon Bridge,*
Vansittart.	*Burdett.*

The *action* commenced about seven, P. M. by a signal from the Eldon, an *old first-rate,* when the Regent *bore down* on the Princess of Wales, attacked her *warmly,* and had nearly driven her out of the *line,* which, being observed by the Royal Charlotte frigate, she immediately *slipped her cable,* and succeeded in rescuing the Princess, having in her way previously *sunk* the Orange Boven, *a Dutch ship,* which had *run her alongside,* and was preparing *to board.* The Bandon Bridge, commanded by Admiral Tierney, seeing the Royal Charlotte in *some danger* from the Castlereagh, which was furiously *bearing down to cut her off,* gallantly placed himself so effectually between them, that he not only received the *broadside* of the Castlereagh, but returned it with such success, as presently to *silence that ship.* The Sussex too *manœuvred,* and made a *motion* for the relief of the frigate, but after a *broadside* from the Liverpool, and a gun or two from the Eldon, which he answered successfully, *dropped astern.* In short, the Royal Charlotte, after performing wonders, was *towed off* by the Bedford, Captain Whitbread, somewhat *crippled,* is now safe at anchor

in

in Cranbourn Creek, and will go round the first fair wind *to Weymouth, for repair.* The Vansittart was warmly handled by the Burdett, and, for the first time, was observed to become *sprightly*, so that her own companions could scarcely believe, so much fire proceeded from that *dull ship*; but it was afterwards found to issue from a number of Congreve rockets and squibs taken *on board*, without *any order* from a Lord of the Admiralty, and which took fire by accident.

The Queen, an old 74, was intended to join this fleet, but in coming round, *she missed stays*, and was crippled by a few random shot. The Clarence, having *sprung a leak*, was thought too much *damaged* to be depended on.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 6.]

IF all the tar and turpentine
That lie upon the Serpentine,
Were blazing, at the R——t's wish,
And scorching up the little fish,
I wonder if he'd then aspire
To set the river Thames a-fire?

SQUIBS AND CRACKERS.

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 6.]

HOW many squibs and crackers too
Before the Fête the *Faction* threw,
Each loyal subject knows;
But when the noble sight took place,
I'll swear I saw a *snarler*'s face
Delighted with the shows.

There's nought that Cambria's Prince can do,
Ye grumbling dogs, can quiet you,
Or make your clamour cease;
And yet his *faults* I freely own:
He has *your* darling *Nap* o'erthrown,
And giv'n to England peace!

Temple of Concord, August 1, 1814. A ROCKET.

AN EPISTLE

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER SISTER JENNY, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND JUBILEE.

[From the Champion, Aug. 7.]

I 'VE seen it! I 've seen it!—the Bridge—the Balloon,
The Temple, the Booth, and the Jubilee moon,
The fire and the water, the fight and the fun,
I tell you I 've seen them all—every one!
And I 've taken this long sheet of foolscap to write
A proper account of this wonderful sight.
The peace is the cause of this grand raree-show,
That peace which alone to the R——t we owe,
For so the lamps told us in Manchester Square,
Although they most strangely forgot to declare,
That to him we are *equally* bound for the boon
Of the last crop of grass and the present full moon.
But Rulers are never so rude and absurd
As to throw any doubts on a lamplighter's word;
So he wisely resolv'd, since the peace was his own,
To show his own talents in making it known.
Now, Jenny, the greatest of men, I admit,
Were once little babies without any wit;
And Gog in Guildhall, when a snivel-nos'd boy,
Would blubber, no doubt, for his rattle and toy.
But what would you say, my dear girl, were you told
Of an overgrown Baby, some fifty years old,
Whose body the changes of age should fulfil,
While his wit, taste, and habits were puerile still;
At once fond of gewgaws, liqueurs, fêtes, and dresses,
New lanterns, new minions, and old Marchionesses,
And only averse to those torments of life,
First friends, and first duties—his child and his wife:—
Could we fancy, I say, such a compound ideal,
Such a *lusus naturæ* embodied and real,
I should certainly think that its own master hand
The Jubilee scheme had invented and plann'd.
Hence the nondescript Temple, with *versatile attic,*
Of his taste and his principles quite emblematic:
Hence the fire-works and fiddles, the booths and the huts,
The gingerbread navy, and gingerbread nuts,
And the trumpery yellow Pagoda that dwells
On the head of the Bridge, like a fool's cap and bells.

However,

However, 't is useless to guess and debate
Who the author might be of this classical fête,
Since the whole is kept snug as a secret of state.
'T is said, that this Jubilee autocrat elf,
Without any sponsors, appear'd of itself,
For men of all parties its folly condemn,
And beg that it may not be father'd on them.
  However, to come to the matter, dear Jenny,
Cousin Tom very handsomely put down his guinea;
And, when I was drest in my best bib and tucker,
Away trotted I, in a terrible pucker
For fear I should lose any part of the Fête,
Or be stopp'd by the people besieging the gate.
The ticket I grasp'd all the way in my hand,
Lest it might be forgotten, or lost, or trepann'd;
My heart gave a leap when the spot came in view,
And I enter'd at twenty-one minutes past two!—
  At first, I confess, there was little to see,
And the prevalent feelings were heat and ennui,
With naught to enliven us countryfied wenches,
But a pickpocket brawl or a squabble for benches.
Some cheated the moments with lounging and yawning,
And some row'd about in a boat with an awning;
While the dainty gas odour invaded all noses
That were not provided with bottles and posies,
Until the Balloon, floating up to the skies,
Aton'd to our nostrils by feasting our eyes,
And we trac'd its aërial course with delight,
Till it dwindled, and dwindled, and melted from sight.
  Now Hunger, who angles for gudgeons at fêtes,
Began to distribute his numerous baits,
And hooking man, woman, and child by the tooth,
Drew them rapidly up to some neighbouring booth.
Such clatter of glasses—such squeezing and jamming!
Such stuffing and laughing! and fasting and damning!
'Mid schoolboys and mobs all your life you may ramble,
And never behold such a glorious scramble.
But they reckon'd me lucky, for I got a plate,
And thus was enabled to banquet in state,
Though, when I attempted to drink from a bottle,
I treated my tippet, instead of my throttle.

O Jenny! the fire-works—the fire-works, my dear!
I have never seen any thing like them, that's clear;
And the growlers may censure the rest as they please,
But let them not venture to grumble at these.
A lofty Pagoda first dazzling the sight,
From a flame-cover'd Bridge shed a torrent of light,
Enriching the boughs of the flickering trees
With a burnish of gold, as they danc'd in the breeze,
And gilding the stream, as it linger'd below,
With so brilliant a tint, such a glittering glow,
That the boats seem'd to glide on a mirror of gold,
While the oars scatter'd spangles too bright to behold.
The Temple of Peace, and the Serpentine Fleet,
And the rival Pagoda, now gave us a treat,
By keeping our senses suspended in wonder,
While they roar'd out a Trio in lightning and thunder;
And thus they continued astounding the sky
With fiery cataracts bursting on high,
And rockets that seem'd in their daring assault
To pierce the bright blue of the crystalline vault.
But as, when the haughty Salmoneus strove,
From a bridge, to out-rival the thunder of Jove,
To punish his pride he was doom'd to expire,
From his pinnacle hurl'd, and demolish'd in fire;
So the Bridge-built Pagoda, attempting the same,
Met a similar fate, and was levell'd in flame:
(You 'll guess whom I borrow'd this simile from,
So I may as well tell you at once—Cousin Tom;)
However, to turn from these classical days,
The building took fire, and was soon in a blaze;
And an ill-fated one of the people employ'd,
In trying to jump from the top, was destroy'd!
The pillar of fire gave a tottering crash,
Then instantly fell with a terrible smash,
Its towering grandeur and glittering pride
Laid smoking in ruins or whelm'd in the tide!
This fatal event was the only alloy
That lower'd the standard of general joy:
It shatter'd all nerves, and so terrified mine,
That, the rest of the show being glad to resign,
I quitted the scene with a sad aching head,
Determin'd, before I retreated to bed,

In

In writing still further to puzzle my scull,
And I've scribbled, you see, till my foolscap is full;
So no room is left for the Serpentine Fight,
Or for any thing further, excepting—*good night!*

EPIGRAM

ON THE DROWNING OF A KITTEN FROM A PARACHUTE, IN THE SERPENTINE RIVER, AT THE GRAND NATIONAL FETE, AUG. 1, 1814.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 8.]

WHEN Marlborough's skill had baffled France by land,
And Russell's valour crush'd her naval hand,
A grateful country bade her bounties flow,
And drown in present glory previous woe:
As marks of England's triumph o'er her foes,
Proud Blenheim's dome and Greenwich towers arose:
But *we*, in modern days, surpass all that—
We *raise*—an *air balloon*;—and *drown*—a *cat!*

W. H. M.

PRESCRIPTION

BY LORD CASTLEREAGH, FOR THAT POLITICAL INVALID MR. G. CANNING.

[From the Morning Herald, Aug. 8.]

TAKE, sick'ning Sir, in your sad case,
Another bitter pill of mine;
Then go to Lisbon—fittest place
For *public men* in *deep decline!*

C—A.

A LETTER MISSIVE!

FROM THE RIGHT HON. G— T—Y TO AN ILLUSTRIOUS FEMALE.

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 10.]

AND is this the return for our labour and toil,
The strain of our lungs and our consciences too;
The Prince to insult, and the people embroil,
In *order to* whitewash Your H——ss shoe?

Did

Did W———d, for this, clothe his face in a smile,
And cringe at your levees with W—th—n and W—d,
Addresses and speeches by hundreds compile,
To show he 'd a Minister be if he cou'd?

Could he or myself, Ma'am, have thought you 'd be off,
When we call'd on the Commons to raise the supplies?
What to *us* were your servants, establishment—stuff!
If we were to share in no part of the prize?

Was 't for sentiment, virtue, and nonsense like this,
D' ye think we clubb'd heads, and *paid* Johnny to hiss?
No, no; 't was the lift in the mud that we got,
When Boney, our idol, *went fairly to pot*;

That bade us the Court and the Regent assail,
To draw Johnny's eyes from the trophies and graces
Of men, *we declar'd*, were unfit for their places;
And any tub did, to throw out to the whale.

We selected Your H——ss to smooth our retreat;
Your grievances *plann'd* o'er Sic—d's best Champagne;
And *roar'd* them and *chalk'd* them through every street;
And *pack'd a pure mob* to re-roar them again;

Gave to J—y *a Broom* which should aid him to sweep
All the garbage and filth of the town in a heap;
To bespatter the Prince and his Court, lest the eyes
Of John Bull should be turn'd to our grave prophecies;
Which might have been verified had not your spouse,
(Yes, Madam, 't is fact,) kick'd us out of his house:
Was S——x for this with our phalanx combin'd,
Patent husband, exemplar, to better mankind,
Who, bred in that exquisite liberal school
That e'en teaches children their fathers to rule,
And preach up rebellion, when nature's control
Can by *patent* be shaken clean out of the soul!
And is it, I ask, for such services given,
When we 've turn'd topsy turvy the *dicta* of Heaven;
Have scour'd o'er the earth for a pretext and reason
To cloud this d——d peace with *confusion* and *treason*;
That now, when Napoleon, our hope and our idol,
Is left on his rock bed to *bite on the bridle*;
When our *Westminster hope*, too, our theme of applause,
Is expos'd past redemption, and lost to the cause,

That

That thou, cruel Lady, wilt gang o'er the seas,
And leave us to whistle our sad *Langolees*,
Like our *Jacobite archetypes*, naked and bare,
With nothing to cover or cloak our despair?
O had we but known your vagaries before,
Nor W———d nor I had appear'd on the floor;
Your cause might have had other champions to bark it;
Faith, your grievance with us would have wanted a market;
And as for *your income!* if that goes *abroad*,
I'll be *curs'd* if I think it much short of a *fraud!*

Yours, &c.

EPISTLE

FROM THE RIGHT HONOURABLE G. C. TO LORD G. L. G.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 10.]

YOU know, my dear Leveson, how eager I've been,
Ever since I've left office, once more to get in;
That the sum of my hopes, my ambition, and pride,
Was to sit and to vote by my Castlereagh's side;
But he, the best natur'd and kindest of men,
The ablest to wield both the pistol and pen,
(How steady his hand, when near Battersea fighting!
How rapid, official despatches inditing!)
When business was urgent, declin'd my assistance,
And oppos'd to my wishes such civil resistance,
That, like a coy damsel long sought by her swain,
He augmented my ardour, and doubled my pain.
'T was then, that by friends and admirers encumber'd,
(For two years ago nearly twenty I number'd,)
I advis'd them, despairing of serving the state,
To try their own luck, and leave me to my fate;
But that fate, left alone, I soon hop'd to amend,
And find a snug berth for myself and one friend;
For one friend is useful, if gentle and true,
And such I possess, dearest Leveson, in you.
Then share my delight, when I tell you the news,
And invite you to take what you will not refuse—
Invite you to profit of Castlereagh's bounty,
And, obtaining a coronet, give up the county;
For peace, you must know, has afforded him leisure
Our merits to weigh, and our talents to measure;

So,

So, in spite of the Doctor, and Ryder, and Rose,
(My earliest friends, now my bitterest foes,)
He 's offer'd us places, and what do ye think?
Not such as would dirty our fingers with ink,
But dignified posts, which he civilly chose,
As adapted to men who seek health and repose;
So to Lisbon, I fancy, I soon shall be sent,
As Stuart 's promoted, and Strangford is absent,
Where Castlereagh says, there is little to do,
And therefore once meant to propose it for you;
Only sometimes, for form, I must write him a line,
And oranges send him and choicest Port wine.
(Alas! that our Pitt and our Melville are gone
Where Port wine there 's probably little or none.)
Wellesley Pole has the Mint, but need never attend,
New dies to devise, or the coinage to mend;
For, as silver is scarce, and as gold there is none,
He must first try to find the philosopher's stone.
On Boringdon's brow shall new dignities shine;
Future Parkers point out the first Earl of their line;
And show the five balls, which so gracefully sit
On that hot-bed of honours, of horns, and of wit;
While Huskisson, cutting the woods in rotation,
Each forest shall thin, and improve each plantation;
And, forgetting the Bank and the Bullion Committee,
Woo Douglas's dryads, remote from the city.
A Councillor's title my Binning shall grace;
And my Ward, who that title prefers to a place,
And the Board of Control has disdain'd as unfit
For his classical learning and critical wit.
They 'll keep the King's secrets, for, as ev'ry one knows,
They who hear and see nothing will nothing disclose.
For Sturgess or Blachford, whiche'er I like best,
Jenky says he 'll find room in the Treasury Nest.
So now we 're all posted, each man to his station,
And avoid loss of office like death and damnation.

MY DONKEY.

[From the Morning Herald, Aug. 10.]

WHO is the type of Patience on this earth?
Who feeds the appetite of common mirth,
Yet gives no sentiment of harshness birth?
My Donkey!

Who sleeps unmov'd when *sophs* and *sceptics* pine?
Who cares not two-pence though the funds decline?
Who 's a philosopher without his wine?
My Donkey!

When Eolus will angrily assail,
And levels castles, while their lords grow pale,
Who 'll turn his bottom to the ruthless gale?
My Donkey!

While foaming malcontents will live at odds
With truth, and good, and right, and merit rods,
Who eats his crust with peace, and thanks the gods?
My Donkey!

Who 'd kick at *critics*, in their classic boat,
And laugh at all Quintilian ever wrote,
As much as Kean, or any Mime of note?
My Donkey!

Who 's the true *Democrat*, in these sad days,
Who scoffs frail honours, and the general gaze;
And scorns the *Laureatship*, and all the bays?
My Donkey!

Who 'll take his neighbour's Lady where he 'll list,
Spurning the lawyer, and his legal fist;
And cares not though the parish saw her kist?
My Donkey!

When there 's no symptom in the azure sky,
And we have no barometer to try,
Who brays aloud, and says the storm is nigh?
My Donkey!

While L.L. D.'s and M. D.'s shun the sneers
Of Satire's sons, and all their cruel fleers,
Who candidly, and boldly, *shows his ears?*
My Donkey!

Who's

Who 's above prejudice, and all her clack?
Who leaves the fool to tread in Folly's track?
Who shakes his load off when *it goads his back?*
My Donkey!

Then, when in this, or any other reign,
You shower dignities on Fortune's train,
Pray pass not by (to please the weak or vain,)
My Donkey!

EPIGRAMS.

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 11.]

ON LORD COCHRANE.

HOW weak the ties of Honour and of Fame,
When Av'rice prompts, is prov'd in Cochrane's shame.
P.

ON THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE INQUISITION.

To Spain, entranc'd in golden dreams,
Fair Freedom comes; and tempting seems
The heav'nly apparition:
But, ah! when, waking, Spain essay'd
To hold the all-enchanting shade,
She clasp'd—the *Inquisition.* P.

ON THE LONG SPEECHES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH HOUSE OF DEPUTIES, ABOUT THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

THE French have found *freedom,* they say;
And where is the man that can doubt it?
For they have, it is clear, ev'ry day,
The *freedom* of *talking about it.* P.

EPIGRAM

ON THE P—— R——'S EXPRESSING A WISH FOR THE CONTINUANCE OF THE FAIR IN HYDE PARK.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 11.]

THE R——, we have oft been told,
Prefers the *Fair* when *stout* and *old:*
Now here we've cause to think him wrong,
For liking *any Fair* too long.

A CHURCH-

A CHURCHYARD REFLECTION.

[From the same.]

SUCH skin-and-bone Nags in the churchyard are fed,
That I cried the first day I was shown 'em,
" Poor Nags! you get nothing but bones from the dead;
De mortuis nil nisi BONE-UM." J. B.

THE MISANTHROPE.

FROM "THE GENERAL POST BAG."

I SAUNTER'D through the lonely dell,
To visit Cynic's mossy cell;
His aim was solitude, his plan
Eternal enmity to man.
I found him stretch'd beneath a willow,
On flow'ry bed and heather pillow;
Close by his side a seraph lay,
More lovely than the vernal May.
The anchorite woke—transporting bliss!
I saw him steal a honey'd kiss;
Dwell on the angel's countless charms,
And clasp her in his doating arms.
" Cease, wretch!" I cried, " those beauties spare;
Hold! on your sanctity, forbear!
Or boast no more to Heaven and me
Of penance and misanthropy!"—
" Fool!" cried the philosophic knave,
" I take but what an angel gave;
And if I swore to herd with no man,
The vow extended not to—*woman!*"

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MRS. HENRY JOHN—N, ON HER DISAPPOINTMENT IN NOT ASCENDING WITH MR. SADLER, IN HIS BALLOON, ON THE DAY OF THE JUBILEE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 13.]

DEAR John—n! it was really wise
You did not 'tempt to *mount* the skies,
You 'd ample cause for fearing;

For,

For, had an accident occurr'd,
Your pray'rs *above* might not be heard,
Though you to heav'n were veering!

If so, then—be content below—
Check lofty passions as they grow—
Be prudent, wise, and steady;
And not for foolish empty fame
Attempt the skies to raise your *name*—
That's up enough already!

Q IN THE CORNER.

THE STATESMAN THAT GAVE ME A PLACE.

ALTERED SINCE THE DEATH OF MR. PITT, FROM "THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM," BY THE RIGHT HON. G. C——G, M. P.

[From the Morning Herald, Aug. 13.]

AGAIN while around us all Europe is smiling,
Though Fortune from me has averted her face,
With dear reminiscences mis'ry beguiling,
I remember the *Statesman that gave me a place.*

At the footstool of power though now forc'd to fawn,
Expos'd to my rival, O direst disgrace!
From Pitt, my first patron, untimely withdrawn,
I turn to his Lordship to *give me a place!*

But will not the memory of Britons repeat,
That, intriguing with Portland by Castlereagh caught,
Though I shuffled and fought, I was forc'd to retreat,
And they 'll add, that at present by place I am bought?

Well, let them rail on, and let Lyttleton * say,
That, in knavery train'd, and of origin base,
I erst sold my conscience to Pitt for vile pay,
And now cringe to political foes for a place.

O Pitt! when o'er Britain grim famine was spread,
And ruin each Englishman star'd in the face,
By thy bounty my hopes and my hunger were fed,
And thou sav'dst 'midst the wreck of a kingdom my place.

---

* The House will long remember the rebuke which this gentleman *gave to the insolence* and vanity of Mr. C. on the subject of ancestry, *and how he cowered under it.*

Though

Though nurs'd in a playhouse, and destin'd by Fate
A Magazine Scribbler, yet, rais'd by thy breath,
How I strutted and fum'd in an Office of State!
How I mourn'd for that Office, when lost by thy death!

I enjoy'd of thy sun the meridian heat,
My name, and importance, I borrow'd from thee,
Thy munificence gave me a place and a seat,
And pension'd my mother, my sisters, and me.

But I've long felt that gratitude's only a name,
A word that a frothy oration may grace;
So I quit you to whom I owe fortune and fame,
And turn to the *Statesman who offers a place.*

And should Castlereagh bid me to Lisbon repair,
New tricks I'll invent for my patron's disgrace,
And manœuvre, intrigue, and cajole even there,
To destroy the last *Statesman who gave me a place.*

ON THE FIRE-WORKS BEING LET OFF ON THE NIGHT THE MOON WAS AT FULL.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 15.]

"FULL moon and fire-works! O preposterous hit!"
Exclaims the crowd; "so much for P——ly wit."
"Soft, soft, my friends! what better can unite;
The moon at full, and *folly at its height!*"

ON MILES PETER ANDREWS.

[From the same.]

MILES Peter long by gunpowder had thriv'd,
And, though the peace was made, contented liv'd;
But when the follies of the Park he spied,
"Was powder made for this?" he said—and died.

NEW CHARITABLE INSTITUTION.

[From the General Evening Post, Aug. 18.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE object of my present address is to recommend a new charitable institution; and although it may be *objected*, that institutions of this kind are already exceedingly

exceedingly numerous, I consider this circumstance as making *for* rather than *against* my proposal; and the experience of half a century has convinced me that no proposal of this kind, founded upon cases of real necessity, ever failed of success. I shall not run over the names and titles of our present public charities, by way of forming such a comparison between them and what I am about to propose, as shall appear in favour of the latter. I wish to establish no rivalship, or hazard any invidious remarks. The world is wide enough for them and me, and the public generous enough to provide for us both.

Without, however, depreciating the merits of any existing institutions, I hope I may be allowed to say, that my scheme is totally and entirely new, and that its novelty does not arise from my powers of invention, for I disclaim all applications for imaginary distresses, aches, and pains, be they of what kind they may; but solely from this circumstance, that the objects of my intended charity are a class of human beings for whom no provision has ever yet entered into the head of any schemer whatever. You will be convinced of this, Sir, when I tell you, that the persons for whom I plead, are the *innocent*, who, notwithstanding they are *innocent*, are considered and punished as guilty, by corrupt judges, juries, barristers, and witnesses. This class was once thought so small, that any application in their favour might seem unnecessary or ridiculous; perhaps an instance or two might occur in a century, and could therefore make but a transient impression upon the public mind; but now, when instances are so very greatly multiplied, and when, in defiance of the clearest evidence, and every species of legal investigation, it has been determined—ay, and upon oath too—that every man is innocent, who chooses to think himself so, you will agree with me, that a more numerous class of distressed persons never before solicited the

compassion

compassion of the public. But that some limits may be set, and the subscribers to this new charity may have some security that their money shall not be wasted on *unworthy* objects, I beg leave to add, that, according to the statutes of this new institution, no application will be listened to from any *innocent*, who has not been found *guilty* by a jury of his countrymen, and who cannot prove that nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand are of the same opinion.

It may, perhaps, appear from this, that I am about to attack that palladium of our liberties, the *Trial by Jury*. Nothing, Sir, can be farther from my intention; but, as in every thing merely human there is some small speck of imperfection, so in this our great blessing, the Trial by Jury, we have *lately discovered* that there is something very much amiss. For instance, we have found, that when we were in the habit of praising the Trial by Jury, drinking its health, and the health of all friends to it, we were not aware that the time might come when Juries would take upon them to *convict* as well as to *acquit*—a liberty which threatens to destroy every other liberty. Had we foreseen this consequence, we should not have been so loud in our praises and our exclamations; but, as the evil cannot be removed, we have no remedy but in pronouncing all to be *innocent* whom such juries pronounce *guilty*, and in waiting for that happy time when some of the schemes of parliamentary reform, now in *our budget*, shall be carried into execution; and then we shall show juries, to their cost, that, in all cases where the *Crown* is prosecutor, it is their business to *acquit*.

As, however, there seems a repugnance in the public mind against these reforms, merely, I presume, because they are too dull to comprehend the extent of such blessings, I have brought forward my scheme for alleviating the distresses of the innocent persons above mentioned;

mentioned; and my first proposal (there is nothing to be done without money) is, to raise a large fund for the support of the *innocent-guilty*. The nature of this support is various, because it must vary with the punishments inflicted upon *innocent* persons. Where that is restricted to *fines* only, the use of the fund is obvious; and we have a precedent for its being successfully employed in the case of a variety of persons convicted of insolence, or assaults, such as hackney-coachmen, watermen, bullock-hunters, and other *innocent* persons, who are persecuted by our wicked police justices.

This, however, is that part of my plan which requires the least explanation. The puzzling question is, how our new charity shall afford relief in the case of imprisonment, pillory, whipping, banishment, or hanging; and I confess, that this was so long a puzzling question with me, that I more than once determined to burn my papers, and abandon my scheme as hopeless. Of late, however, I caught a glimpse of relief from the speeches of some of the Palace Yard Orators, who certainly, for powers of invention and broad assertion, exceed all others. I heard so many of these gentlemen speaking in the highest terms of the *honour* of standing in the pillory, and the honour of standing *in the shoes* of the *innocent-guilty* objects of their admiration, that I saw, or thought I saw, at once, an easy remedy for all the personal inconveniencies to which the *innocent* are liable, namely in a system of *substitutes*; and when I consider the zeal, friendship, and attachment of the said orators and their friends, I have no manner of doubt that a sufficient number of substitutes may be found for every case of personal punishment. I propose, therefore, that part of the funds of this society shall be appropriated to *reward* such public-spirited characters, where any reward may be necessary; which, however, I conceive, would be in

in very few instances. It would not, indeed, be handsome to suppose that men who, in their love for the *innocent-guilty*, consent to give up the evidence of eyes and ears, and surrender their understandings, would hesitate to go to the d—l in so glorious a cause, if they had an opportunity, without fee or reward. We are to consider, likewise, that, as to imprisonment and whipping, two very common ways in which the *innocent* may be punished, if the present *corrupt* system goes on, many of the persons I have in my eye as substitutes, may already have been so familiar with them, as to have none of those fine feelings of honour which, although they seldom step in to prevent crimes, are always sure to be very troublesome in the case of punishment.

As to the last-mentioned punishment, *hanging*, which always must be the *last*, some difficulty may occur, and I should, perhaps, have omitted this as incurable by our new society; but when I consider how many of the believers in *innocent-guilt* have adopted those principles which tend to make a man somewhat weary of life; when I consider how many have hanged themselves without deriving any credit from it, and how many have been hanged by others without the satisfaction of standing in an *innocent* man's shoes, I do not despair of seeing this object likewise accomplished, as soon as the institution I propose shall be established, and the laws of it become, as it were, a fashion. Then, Sir, the substitutes of this last class may say, with more truth than they had ever yet said, if they can speak Latin—"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

I have now explained, as briefly as I could, my scheme for the relief of the new class of *innocents*, who appeal to public compassion. Objections may, perhaps, be tendered to some parts of the detail; but, as *a whole*, I flatter myself that it will meet with the

approbation of that enlightened part of the public, for whom it is intended; and, although the existing laws may militate against some of its regulations, yet, if things go on in their present prosperous career, the time cannot be far off when every man will make his own laws, and try and acquit himself without the impertinent interference of judge or jury.

I am, Sir, yours,

HUGH PETERS.

MADISON TO BUONAPARTE.

[From the Morning Post, Aug. 19.]

DEAR Boney, this comes hoping you will be glad
To receive a few lines from your President MAD.
Though my letter must be in a sorrowful strain,
I really think I've some right to complain:
My last quarter's salary might have been sent
Before, as a bankrupt, to prison you went;
For, cheated by others, who 'd countries to sell,
Of me you 'd a *bargain*, 't is known very well.
Alas! what a change have two years brought about,
Since with England I made up my mind to fall out!
You told me that ev'ry thing safe I should find,
"While *you* fought before, I might stab her behind;"
That when I did this, she at once must be undone,
Since, master of Russia, you 'd soon be in London.
And if I took Canada, did not you say,
Having once there establish'd your sovereign sway,
Such armies to aid me you quickly would bring,
As should make all the Yankees confess me their King?
And 't was settled that I (it was seal'd and 't was sign'd,
If sealing and signing to *honour* can bind,)
Should pay you a smaller *ground-rent* for my throne
Than o'er all *your Crown lands*, up to that time, was known.
Ah, what is the state I have now to deplore!
My sal'ry from you I shall never touch more.
I 'm oblig'd to give up all I swore to maintain,
Too happy, if that will call peace back again;

For

For now all alive, like a vast bag of fleas,
The English ships swarm o'er American seas,
And, not to tell lies and dissemble my fears,
I think they 'll soon batter our towns 'bout our ears;
They scorn our torpedoes, mock all Rodgers's tricks,
And make but a jest of the dread *Mister Mix*,
Who swore he would make ev'ry ship a balloon,
Blow the whole British navy at once to the moon,
While all England's sons in wild anguish should flounce,
And mourn the effects of a damnable bounce.
Why—why through this vagabond did I not see,
And perceive that his *bounce* was let off against me?
O, Elba's great monarch! I trust that to you
I 've prov'd myself loyal, and constant, and true—
You bade me the war carry on with great vigour;
Through you 't is I cut this contemptible figure:
You told me, when England had threaten'd to hang
Her subjects if found in America's gang,
At once in defiance to lift up my voice,
For *heroes* who fought for "the land of their choice:"
I did so—the hanging her sons I forbid,
By threat'ning that I would hang more if she did.
Two men, whom I could not corrupt, I bade wait here
To die, if she sent to the gallows one traitor.
But this fail'd that arrogant nation of stopping
From sending such fellows to dangle at Wapping.
They calmly replied by just doubling the number
Of those I had promis'd a long night of slumber;
And I was compell'd, though it went to my soul,
To let all my hostages out on parole.
Now England has swept from the ocean our trade,
And put all our ports in a state of blockade;
The fellows who gave you in Spain a death-blow,
Are daily arriving out here from Bourdeaux.
Our Gen'rals are all so d—d thick in the scull,
They can only work true to the pattern of Hull;
Our armies get serv'd out like Wilkinson's squad,
For ever play'd h-ll with by some "act of G-d."
Our vessels at sea are the enemy's sport—
Our *Essex* is now near their *Tilbury Fort*;
Their ships ev'ry day come so close to our shore,
That safety's a thing we hear talk of no more;

Even Washington town is by no means secure,
I feel no small alarm for my *new furniture.*
Had he not skulk'd in port, some of England's queer codgers
Would have sent to the bottom *great Little Belt* Rodgers.
The people, to lend the state cash, are unwilling,
Our treasury hardly can boast of a shilling—
Ev'ry thing 's in confusion, and going to waste—
In short, to the devil we 're all off post haste.
This, in anguish of heart, I am now forc'd to say;
Can you not give me some little help on my way?
O say, ere despair bears him off from the earth,
Can you not give your Maddy in Elba some berth?
Do this, and for ever I 'll be at your beck,
If the gallows should not get the loan of my neck.

JAMES MADISON.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE TRIAL OF ROBERT MERCIER, THE DANCING-MASTER, FOR CRIM. CON.

[From the same.]

LE Mercier rightly punish'd is
By Britain's equal law;
He should teach ladies *proper steps,*
And not a grand *faux pas.*

THE FAREWELL;

ADDRESSED TO FIELD-MARSHAL BLUCHER.

[From the British Press, Aug. 19.]

MR. EDITOR,

A FEW days ago a friend of mine was mentioning some Prussian stanzas, which an Aid-de-Camp of Marshal Blucher had written since his departure from England. For the amusement of your readers I have endeavoured to give them an English version.

ADIEU to the kisses of Britain!
The noblest a country e'er gave;
For no sweeter praise could be hit on
Than such kisses embalming a grave.

For

For they were the kisses of heaven,
Unpurchas'd by promise or lucre:
They were free and spontaneously given
To the fame and the glory of Blucher.

You want not, great warrior! then,
The poet to praise, as his trade is;
For you live in the tongues of the men,
And die on the lips of the ladies! ARION.

AGE PROPERLY RESPECTED.

[From the same, Aug. 20.]

SO, Mr. Editor, I perceive, by the statements in the public prints, that the conductor of the *Journal de Paris* endeavours to turn into ridicule the gentlemen of London, for paying so much attention to Joanna Southcott, whom, in derision, he terms an old woman of sixty-six. I am surprised that a *Frenchman*, above all other persons, should be astonished at such a proof of our increasing politeness, since the French *beaux* are noted, throughout Europe, for extending their gallantry to women of every age, from seventeen to seventy.

I have beheld, with great pleasure, the attention with which, within a few years, young gentlemen of fashion in England have begun to treat the most venerable dowagers. I recollect the time, Sir, when the appearance of an old woman, however it might command reverence or respect, was sure to put all amorous ideas to flight. Thank Heaven, this is no longer the case. The "finest gentleman in Europe" has shown a praiseworthy affection for the ancient part of the female sex, who certainly stand more in need of protection than those who have youth, health, and strength, to support them; and I am extremely happy to observe that the fashion is rapidly gaining ground. I can readily overlook, however, any foible, so long as it

it is beneficial to the great body of *tabbies* in England. Hereafter, Sir, instead of constantly reading in your list of *marriages*, paragraphs of this nature—"Yesterday was married, Mr. F. to the blooming Miss K. who had just completed her eighteenth year;" I hope to observe many statements to the following effect:—"Yesterday *Mr. Bud* led to the hymeneal altar the venerable *Mrs. Lauristina Evergreen*, in her eightieth year."

I remain, Sir,
In hopes of a speedy union,
Yours, or any man's,
MATILDA THORNBACK.

Maiden Lane, Aug. 17. *Æt. sticæ* 57.

TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT,
EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 22.]

OF Alexander, Philip's son,
The fame shall henceforth cease:
O monarch! thine is greater far;
For *he* but set the world at war,
And *thou* hast given it peace!

CHARLOTTE ELIZA.

ON THE NEW SUNDAY NEWSPAPER CALLED THE "WILLIAM PITT."

[From the British Press, Aug. 23.]

AS *Pitt* at last is nam'd a *paper*,
Who made our gold in *rags* to caper;
Improve upon such jeering wits,
And call our Bank notes *William Pitts!*

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

REVENGE; OR, FATHERLY KINDNESS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 23.]

A *VIXEN* wife, who felt the horsewhip's smart,
Ran to her father—begg'd he 'd take her part.
"What is your fault?" said he; "come, state the case."—
"I threw some coffee in my husband's face,
For which he beat me!"—"Beat you, did he! 'Slife!
He beat *my daughter!* Zounds! I 'll beat *his wife.*
If for such faults he gives my *daughter* pain,
Come but his *wife*—I 'd whip her home again!"

GRAND MILITARY DINNER.

[From the British Press, Aug. 24.]

HOW comes it, Mr. Editor, that you, who have paid so much attention to the different *fêtes* given, in honour of the peace, throughout the country, have neglected to notice the *Grand Military Dinner* provided on the 18th ult. in commemoration of that happy event by the *Company of Cooks*, of the populous town of Dartmouth? This omission, let me tell you, argues a lamentable want of *taste*. But, that you may have an opportunity of proving, that you deserve not such a stigma, I send you a correct account of the entertainment—and hope you will not refuse to *dish up*, in your paper, so rich a *mental repast* for your numerous readers.

Yours, GEO. GOBBLE.

P. S. A schoolmaster, a particular friend of mine, and as clever a fellow as ever wielded a birch rod, has written the subjoined article. He swore, while I was treating him to a pint of ale, that so divine a subject ought to have been handed down to posterity in *hexameters*—but I hate pedantry, and begged of him, if he could, to write in *plain* English. Whether

he has complied with my request your readers will be the best judges.

O Muse! who erst inspir'd a Settle's breast
To sing, in numbers worthy of the theme,
The "pomp, pride, circumstance" of *civic feasting*,
Assist me now—now I essay to paint
The famous entertainment lately given
By men of note in Dartmouth's ancient town!
Now do I feel the Muse burn high within me:
Whence is her influence? From yon piece of *beef*
Methinks it comes. Surely *three* solid plates,
From the *prize ox*, which I have just devour'd,
Would fire a duller man. My Muse, begin!
Three tedious weeks were pass'd in fierce debate
'T wixt various bodies of our citizens;
The subject—how thy blest return, O Peace!
Should be commemorated.
"Let's have some *fire-works*," exclaims the wight
Who deals in man-destroying gunpowder.
"Fire-works be d—d;" the tallow-chandler cries,
"Let all our windows be illuminate;"—
"Ay, and let *bonfires* shine in ev'ry street,"
Vociferates the needy oil-merchant.
Now, while the people's minds were unresolv'd,
A veteran *Cook* stood up, and thus he spoke:—
"O men of Dartmouth! be advis'd by me,
Nor heed the calls of mean self-interest—
Such have ye lately heard, I blush to say.
Fire-works, 't is true, indeed, the eye may dazzle—
But, my good friends, have they ere fill'd the belly?
Tell me, I pray, what pleasure you can find
In gazing on illuminated windows?
And what are *bonfires* but mere *nucleusses*
Round which, guile, infamy, and fraud, soon gather?
My proposition is an English one—
A good, substantial, plenty-looking feast;
Where the proud *barron*, and the smoking *sirloin*
Shall satisfy *three* senses 'stead of *one*;
Where, in quick succession, the *eye*, the *nose*,
The *palate* fully shall be satisfied."
Loud acclamations follow'd this harangue:

The

The mind of *Saltpetre* was *fir'd* with rage—
Tallow, a second Ætna, *burn'd* with fury—
And *Rozin blaz'd* with more than mortal ire!
'T was all in vain! fat *Lickspit* gain'd the day,
And ev'ry tongue exclaim'd—"A feast! a feast!"
The Master Cook, the well-known *Suet-onius*—
Like the fam'd *Sturgeon*, or no less fam'd *Birch*,
Once trail'd a pike in the Artillery Ground.
Long had he left the glorious trade of arms,
Contented with the laurels he had gain'd
In Battersea's and Putney's desperate fights;
Now, 'stead of "setting squadrons in the field,"
His pride consists in *setting out a table*.
When this old hero heard the people's choice,
His former martial ardour burn'd within him.
Thrice did he slap his hand upon his forehead—
Thrice he exclaim'd, "I have it—'t is engender'd!
This shall a military dinner be!"
For two long days the Town Hall doors were clos'd,
And none durst enter, save the Master Cook—
But, on the third, the portals were thrown open.
Wondrous the scene that burst upon the eye!
One mighty table stretch'd along the Hall,
Groaning beneath the cumbrous weight of viands.
Full in the centre a huge ven'son pasty
Rear'd its enormous head—like a proud fortress.
At top the Gallic standard gaily wav'd—
While *marrow-bones*, replete with unctuous matter,
Like cannon, frown'd upon the geese and ducks
That smok'd below.
On either side, *pies* of a tent-like form,
Adorn'd with all the implements of war,
Well fram'd in paste, show'd as a hostile camp.
At either end the table a *barron* stood,
Each on each frowning like Calpe and Abyla.
Beyond—two mighty seas of punch were seen,
Fit boundaries to the field.
Now is the signal given—the fray begins—
Dire is the clash of knives—dreadful the tug of war.
The Master Cook, in front, attacks the fortress—
While I, th' historian of this well-fought day,

Come on i' th' rear. Anon, it sinks—it falls!
And *Suet-onius* cries, "The day 's our own!"
Next we assail the camp—resistance vain!
Though regiments of ducks, and geese, and fowls,
Command each pass, and bid us *hot* defiance,
Soon do they sink before our angry arms.
Limbs fly in all directions! fearful sight!
And gravy runs meand'ring o'er the floor!
Had the fierce *cranes*, who once with *pigmies* warr'd,
Or e'en the *geese* who sav'd the Capitol,
Been rang'd around the camp—the camp had fall'n.
Courage works miracles as well as faith.
Lately I saw two mountains of ox-beef
Plac'd firmly on the table.
Calpe stood *there*—and *here* stood Abyla!
Where are they now?—Sunk in that deep profound
Where day shall never come.
Thus having cut our passage to the *sea*,
Fatigu'd with war's alarms we sat us down,
And spent the time in gay festivity.
The Master Cook his "battles fought again,
And all the livelong night discours'd of war."
Few were the losses which our host sustain'd,
Though *knives* conflicting mischief oft presag'd.
Slop, who is famous as an *accoucheur*,
Lost his *forefinger* in the doubtful fray—
And *Doctor Trulliber*, a parson sage,
Who had destroy'd two geese, a duck, a fowl,
Fell by a *stroke* from *Captain Apoplexy*,
Never, I fear, to raise his head again. N.

THE PREDICTION VERIFIED.

[From the same, Aug. 26.]

CRIED Cr-k-r (who knows all the signs in the air)—
"Here's a thunderstorm coming as sure as my life."—
"How so," said his friend, "when the sky is so fair?"—
"O, I knew I was right, Sir; for yonder 's my wife!"

ARION.

ON

ON THE REMOVAL OF THE STAGE PILLARS OF DRURY LANE THEATRE, 1814.

[From the same.]

"WHY, brother," cries one of the pillars of Drury,
"You tremble and seem in a terrible taking;
And for my part I'm not over-well, I assure ye;
For I feel, like a bank over-drawn, I am shaking.

"But the architect tells me (by way of a plaster,)
He feels quite asham'd at obliging the town:
While the workmen all cry—'T would be well if their master
Would suffer his *porter*, like us, to come down.'"

PROSCENIUM.

THE MISTAKE.

A TRUE STORY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 26.]

SOMETIMES the R——t condescends,
When talking freely with his friends,
(The R——t, chief of royal wags,)
To call the C————r "*Old Bags*."
One day His Highness quite forgot
That he address'd Sir William S—tt.
And said, "I wish you 'd go and see,
And send my friend, *Old Bags*, to me."
And now, by royal mandate sent,
With all due speed Sir William went,
Bid Bankes to Carlton House repair—
"His presence was commanded there."—
"'T is strange!" said Bankes. "Yea," said his wife,
The joy and partner of his life;
"But since we know 't is thus, my dear,
To-night you 'll be, thank Heav'n, a peer!"
Old Bankes, full dress'd, 't wixt three and four
Halted at the Regent's door—
Was there receiv'd—gave in his name,
And said he by appointment came.
"Who?" cried His Royal Highness, "what?
By order of Sir William S—tt?"

 Bankes!

Bankes! Bankes! re-echo'd through the hall—
"I never sent for Bankes at all."
Bankes was order'd not to stay—
Bankes, rejected, drove away.
Mother B——s, with hope quite ruddy,
Flew into her husband's study—
"What's our title, love?" she cried.
"We have none," her spouse replied.
Who can tell *their* grief and sorrow
"Who mourn the past, nor hope the morrow!"
They found 't was as the Regent said—
Sir William had a blunder made—
And so mistook the King of wags,
That he confounded *Bankes* with *Bags*.

THE CHASTITY OF JOANNA.

[From the British Press, Sept. 2.]

A VILE Sceptic, who doubted Joanna was chaste,
Exclaim'd, in a rage, "Who is she? who knows her?"
A fanatical preacher replied, with much haste,
"I knows her! I knows her! I knows her! I ——,"

TOZER.

IMPROMPTU

ON READING JOANNA SOUTHCOTT'S INVITATION TO THE BISHOPS TO COME AND EXAMINE HER.—(VIDE HER LIFE.)

[From the same, Sept. 3.]

OUR Archbishops and Bishops were very uncivil,
Not to visit Joanna, the breeding old wench;
But I think they were right, lest the crafty old d—l
The bastard should swear to some one of the bench.

ON THE LATE JUBILEE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 3.]

FOR, the eye, not the stomach,
This was a grand treat;
There was plenty to *look at*,
And nothing to eat.

ON

ON THE FEMALE FIRE-EATER IN BOND STREET.

[From the same.]

TO take this fair Lady for better for worse,
Might be dangerous—nay, do not scoff—
Since, being combustible, Sir, a mere spark
Might make such a mistress—*go off*.

THE HUMAN SALAMANDER.

[From the Champion, Sept. 4.]

"Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire?"—PRIOR.

MR. EDITOR,

THIS is indeed the age of wonders. We have not only old women of sixty-four who can bear children, but we have young ones who can bear to gargle their mouths with melted lead and vitriol—hum an air while they are standing barefooted upon red-hot irons—and ogle the men while they are immersing their arms in scalding water or oil. All this, and more, may be witnessed with great satisfaction and conviction, on paying a visit to Signora Josephine Girardelli, the incombustible Spaniard, now exhibiting in London, in whose behalf I feel myself called upon to contradict a ridiculous rumour, of her being related to the beloved Ferdinand, which seems to have no other foundation than that she possesses a similar faculty to his of getting into hot water. Sir, the Signora rejects the imputed affinity with disdain, and calls upon the world to recollect, that the enlightened monarch in question has never been able to stand fire, and has always shown a mortal aversion to lead, so far as his own person was concerned, though, in spite of all his pusillanimity, he seems to be in danger of burning his fingers at last. So far from expecting favour from His Most Catholic Majesty, she has no doubt, that, upon her return to the

the peninsula, she will be subjected to the same purification as the returned prisoners of war; nay, she is very much disposed to believe, that she would be seized by the Inquisition, and burnt for a witch, at the next *auto da fé*, were she not happily incombustible.

For my own part, I sincerely hope that this pyrophorous prodigy will never think of quitting our own country; and as I am a bachelor, I verily believe I should be tempted to make her an offer of my hand, could I flatter myself with any chance of raising a flame, or making a match, with such an uninflammable commodity.—Only conceive the luxury, when a man comes home fatigued, and in a hurry for his tea, of having a wife who can instantly rake out the heater for the urn with her fingers—stir the fire with ditto—snuff candles with ditto—make a spit of her arm, or a toasting-fork of her thumb!—What a saving, too, at the washing season, since she need only hold her hand between the bars till it is red-hot—thrust it into a box-iron, and iron you off a dozen children's frocks, while an ordinary laundress would be coddling the irons over the fire, spitting upon them, and holding them to her cheek, to ascertain the heat before she began to work.

But if the young lady be as insensible to the flames of Cupid as she is to those of Vulcan, I still think she may be highly useful in a national point of view, and well worthy the attention of the various fire-offices.—How desirable would it have been at the late alarming fire near London Bridge, to have had a trust-worthy person like her, who could very coolly perambulate the blazing warehouses to rescue from the flames the most valuable commodities, or lolling a-straddle upon a burning beam, hold the red-hot engine-pipe in her hand, and calmly direct the hissing water to those points where it might be most effectually applied! In our

our various manufactories, what essential services she might perform! In glass-houses, for instance, it is notorious that great mischief sometimes arises from inability to ascertain when the sand and flint have arrived at the proper degree of fusion. How completely might this be remedied by merely shutting up Signora Josephine Girardelli in the furnace; and I can really imagine nothing more interesting than to contemplate her in that situation, dressed in an asbestos pelisse, watching the reproduction of a phœnix hung up in an iron cage by her side, fondling a sprightly little salamander, and bathing her naked feet in the vitreous lava, to report upon its intensity of heat. Much more might be urged, but I hope I have said enough to draw the attention of Government to the propriety of retaining this anti-ignitible young lady, not only for the benefits she may confer upon the public, but for the example she may afford to others of her own sex, that, by a proper exertion of courage, the most ardent sparks may be sometimes encountered without the smallest inconvenience or injury.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

PYROVORUS.

ON THE HOTTENTOT VENUS JOINING THE *FASHIONABLE* PARTIES AT PARIS.

[From the British Press, Sept. 8.]

THIS *sable Venus*, eager to display
Her dingy loveliness to all mankind,
From England's shores to Paris bends her way,
But still "her lingering beauties lag *behind*."

ARION.

A COUNTRY-

A COUNTRYMAN'S OBSERVATION

ON THE FACE OF MR. PITT'S STATUE IN GUILDHALL BEING TURNED, AS LOOKING ASIDE FROM THAT OF LORD CHATHAM, WHICH STANDS DIRECTLY OPPOSITE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Sept. 10.]

JOHN Lump, going into Guildhall t'other day,
The statue of Pitt quickly spied,
And after he 'd ponder'd some moments away,
To his comrade he thus archly cried:

"D' ye see, Will; this man, with his father in view
Asham'd of the nation's disgrace,
And the various evils he 's brought us all to,
Dare not look his old dad in the face."

Holloway. M. B.

VILLIAM VICKS;

OR, DO AS OTHER PEOPLE DO!—A COCKNEY TALE.

[From the same, Sept. 12.]

VON Villiam Vicks, as I 've heard tell,
A vintner vas at Clerkenvell;
His vife, she vas a vixen vile,
And oft poor Vill she vould revile;
For ever vanting something new,
She 'd cry, "Dear Vill, I *vish* as you
Vould *do as other people do.*

"There 's neighbour Vite's, they keeps a *shay*;
And ven they vant to dash avay,
And vie vith all the beaux and belles,
Avay they vhip to Hornsey Vells!
Then, since ve all vant something new,
Dear Villiam Vicks, I *vish* as you
Vould *do as other people do.*"

"Vat now?" says Vill; "vat vant you next?"—
"Vy, Vill, I vow it makes me vext
To think ve lives in dirt and filth!
A *country-house* vould save my health;
And here 's a spot vith charming *woo!*
Dear Villiam Vicks, I *vish* as you
Vould *do as other people do.*"

The

The house was bought—and madam now
Must have a coach and servants too;
A pair of geldings smooth and sleek,
And routs and parties thrice a week:
And ven poor Vill impatient grew,
"Dear Vill," says she, "you know that you
Must *do as other people do.*"

But now Vill's cash run very brief,
So Vill turn'd o'er another leaf:
The maids dismiss'd—the house was sold—
And coach and horses, too, we 're told:
"Lord, Vicks!" she scream'd, "vat *shall* we do?"—
"In truth," says Vicks, "you know that you
Must *do as other people do.*"

Ma'am did not like this change of life,
So death *whipp'd* off poor Vicks's vife—
And now, retrieving his affairs,
Most Christian-like his loss he bears,
And ven you ask him—"How d' ye do?"
Vill cries—"Indeed, to tell you true,
I *do as other people do.*"

Sept. 9, 1814. W. H. M.

LEGAL SPORTING.

[From the British Press, Sept. 15.]

MR. EDITOR,

I CONFESS, since the days of the storming of Paris, I have not seen any thing with more terror and dismay, than on reading in the *Game List* for Middlesex, that Sir Vicary Gibbs had taken out his license to kill and destroy game.

I knew, indeed, that Sir Alexander Thomson, Knight and Judge, was an old sportsman, and a very excellent shot: but to have another Judge enter the field, with a gun and a brace of pointers, determined at all hazards on exterminating that dangerous race of criminals the partridges, was a degree of *bold patriotism* that could scarcely have been expected at his years.

If this laudable rage, however, should extend itself further upon the Bench, would it not be desirable that the obsolete French words used by the Crier of the Court, *Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!* should be changed into the more appropriate exclamation of *To! ho!* On the hearing of which, counsel, witnesses, attornies, &c. &c. all that were well and judiciously disciplined, would be *down* in an instant; when Sir Vicary, being properly charged, might let fly at the Jury, as at a whole covey at once.

But, Sir, as it would be very hard upon a Judge who had been all the morning travelling "over brake and brier," that he should be expected to come into Court in all the old cumbrous paraphernalia of his office, I will (if I have leisure) endeavour to suggest something of a habit betwixt law and shooting—something in the *light bob* way, that may enable him to save time, and do both businesses at once.

Lincoln's Inn. FUZEE.

LEGAL SPORTING.

[From the same, Sept. 17.]

MR. EDITOR,

I FIND my letter on the subject of Sir Vicary Gibbs taking out a Sporting License, has made a great stir among the profession, particularly the older parts of it. Many of these respectable gentlemen, who had slumbered amidst dust and cobwebs, in the dark chambers of the Inns of Court, as Serjeants at Law, had no idea of coming forward, as Serjeants at Arms, at last.

But this Sir Vicary, entering the field as a sportsman, has given a new turn to their ideas entirely.

Lord Erskine, we understand, has declared, that he has no objection to "Sporting at Fair Game;" and has been induced sometimes to quit his gig, on his *road* to Hampstead, to beat the bushes in quest of it.

And

And the Lord Chancellor has been lately heard to say, that he sees no objection (no legal objection whatever) to taking an hour's amusement, provided he had time, and that taking out a license was not so expensive; but that, should he be led to get over these scruples, he must have the proper affidavits presented to him that the gun was safe—the dogs very cautious—the gunpowder the *real Dartford*—and the wind in the right quarter, before he could proceed to try the case.

In regard, however, to any new dress, he objected in toto; as he was convinced there was no habit whatever so cheap, so desirable, and so expeditious, as—a *Chancery suit.*

These great law authorities, acting in conjunction with Sir Vicary Gibbs, may now be supposed to constitute a kind of sporting precedent, which will induce the remaining part of the Bench to take the field, and increase the *game list* immediately.

Mr. Justice Heath may probably confine himself to the Northern District after muir-game; and Mr. Baron Graham, being a great walker, may, perhaps, follow in the same line.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc and Mr. Justice Dampier have not intimated a wish to sport beyond a *wheat-ear*, being very pleasant picking; and the Chief Justice *in Banco Regis* opines, "that having collected his ideas into a focus, and brought them into a point of concentration, he has no objection to 'hunting 'down the animal'—only he must do it coolly: the being cool being a material point with him."

And now, Sir, comes the most difficult part of all, viz. the *inventing a dress* in which a Judge may pleasantly and conveniently take the field, and the Court immediately afterwards.

I propose, therefore (diffident in the task I have undertaken), that his Lordship should have an airy cool hat,

hat, a light *hanging scratch*, by way of a wig, and a black everlasting jacket, empannelled with twelve buttons, with the appendage of a purple bag to hold the fruits of his sport and his notes; empowering, however, his Lordship's secretary to remove the said *first-fruits* before trial.

His Lordship, in the hurry of business, might pull out a partridge instead of a precedent; while the common people, in their usual familiar style, might be led to "make game," even of his law.

FUZEE.

CHEAP TIMES.

[From the General Evening Post, Sept. 22.]

MR. EDITOR,

AMONG other good consequences of the Peace, it has been expected that the price of rents, lands, furniture, provisions, and all sorts of property, would fall—in other words, that we should have "Cheap Times." These hopes, if I mistake not, have not yet been realized, and I, for one, profess that I feel no great regret about the matter. "Cheap Times" seems to me a fallacy which has deceived many; or, if you please, it is a way of speaking—a kind of cant phrase—which very few understand. I have been long in business—long a housekeeper—long a master of a numerous family—but I never derived any advantage from "Cheap Times;" and for this plain reason, that the cheaper the times, the more extravagant was my family, and all the families I know.

We are at present amused with representations of the "cheap living" in France, and apprehensions are entertained of vast emigrations from this country; but I have no fears on this head. Such consequences might have been expected while the families of the Thrifties and the Savealls lived here; but they have been extinct

tinct long ago. We have had a war of twenty years duration, and it has brought on us a rise of all prices. We pay three times more for every article than we did at the beginning of that war. This, therefore, we call a "dear time;" but what symptoms have we observed of retrenchment, in order to meet such a time? Let the most prying, or the least prying observers, inform us of their experience, and tell us (the surest criterion of all) where the consumption of any article of luxury has been diminished. Are our tables more sparingly furnished—our cellars worse stocked with wines? Do our tavern-keepers complain of want of customers, or their customers of being charged too much? Are our places of public amusement empty, provided they can furnish a popular exhibition? Have they even experienced a falling off, when genius seemed to have deserted them? No; for, when we could not see good actors, we were content with good horses, dogs, and elephants; and when we could not get good dramas, we were pleased to be highly delighted with pantomime and mummery.

In domestic matters, what inferior tradesman does not educate his daughters at expensive boarding-schools, and put money into the pockets of his sons, that they may become *gentlemen*, by going through a regular course of wenching and drinking before they come of age? Do this class of persons find it more necessary to consult their health at home, than at expensive watering-places? No—Madam and the Misses, although they can scarcely tell who was their grandfather without consulting the records of the parish workhouse, must have lodgings at Margate and Ramsgate, &c. at three guineas a week, and *find every thing*; while, in order to support all this, the husband takes an example from his customers, runs in debt for what is necessary, and pays most honourably for these luxuries.

It was prophesied, at the commencement of this season, that the watering-places would be deserted, and that all, who could afford it, would go to France; but what is the fact? The watering-places were probably never fuller than at this moment, and every week from eight hundred to one thousand passports have been granted for France. *Afford it, indeed!* Every body turns up the nose at such a suggestion. What is there that we cannot afford? and, as a certain statesman once said, "Who has been scratched by the war?"

"Cheap Times" may come—I shall not dispute it; but our conduct shows that we are in no impatience about them. Every thing bears almost the price it did at the beginning of the year; but who regards that? We frequently talk of the prodigality of Government, and we occasionally affect to be shocked at the detection of the waste of public money; but who regards the waste of private money upon objects as unworthy? But let us suppose that "Cheap Times" are returned. Already, by anticipation, we show how we will treat them. If, in these "Cheap Times," 400*l.* will procure what we must now pay 500*l.* for, will the surplus 100*l.* be laid by for a rainy day? No. It will then be discovered that an addition may be made to our grandeur, perhaps a *chay*, or a *willa* near Islington, a horse for Jacky, or a new *piano* for Dolly. Are wine and spirits cheap? Then a *stock* must be laid in, and every body invited to partake; and they who, in dear times, were content with a sly half-dozen of Port, conveyed secretly into a closet, must now talk of their cellar, the last pipe they laid in, and the advantage of keeping up a stock.

If such are the consequences of "Cheap Times," I wish to know in what respect they are preferable to "Dear Times," and what gainers we are upon the *whole*? If, indeed, we could revive and encourage the

the breed of those respectable families already mentioned, the *Thrifties* and the *Savealls*, something might be done to render "Cheap Times" a real blessing; but when the only effect is, that our expenditure is equal to our ways and means, and with a wonderful tendency to go beyond them, I hope I shall be justified in concluding, as I began, with a serious doubt, whether "Cheap Times" will not be more grossly abused, to the injury of families and individuals, than those which we lamented as "Dear Times."

I am, Sir, yours,

OLD HUNKS.

EPISTLE EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Morning Herald, Aug. 29.]

WHEN grave Doctor R—ce's first letter came out,
Said a Lady to S-ms, "Pray, Sir, what 's it about?"—
"Why, Ma'am," said the Doctor, and gave a sly wink,
"The letter is all about—*nothing*, I think."

THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER ANTICIPATED.

[From the Morning Post, Sept. 30.]

WASHINGTON *(as was)*, AUG. 30.

THE public have already been informed, through the medium of our columns, that, according to the reports of the British themselves, "the d——d Yankees fight like the devil;" and to this elegant hit, we added from ourselves, in our paper of the 24th inst. that thousands of brave men were about to meet the advancing foe, with *valour irresistible*.

On the day to which we have just referred, we were obliged to apologize for the *leanness* of our paper. We shall now make up for this, as we at present have it in our power to furnish one tolerably fat. It is now our pleasing task to record the glories of the 24th;

24th; and we hesitate not to say, the victory gained, by our army at Bladensburg, where three thousand Americans defeated a British force amounting, according to the most moderate calculation, to fifteen thousand men (exclusive of a large body of Indians), has never been equalled in ancient or modern times, and fully proves what was stated in Senate, that Roman valour can in future claim but the second degree, American being entitled to the first.

Our "fighting like the devil," and our "irresistible valour," were crowned with such full and complete success, that when General Winder, having gained sufficient honour for one day, thought proper triumphantly to retire, the British had hardly courage to advance one hundred yards to see which way he took. Overwhelmed with the disgrace they had experienced, they remained motionless for two whole hours, pretending to rest themselves. Then, when it was thought our heroes were not likely to be met with, and not before, they moved forward; and, just about nightfall, came skulking into Washington.

One of the principal features in the plan of operations proposed by General Winder, and approved by Mr. Madison, was the throwing open the capital, on the advance of the enemy, as a trap, the more completely to ensure his destruction. This movement was accomplished by our army with praiseworthy alacrity and astonishing expedition. The promptitude and decision with which Gen. Winder and Mr. Madison *headed* the troops *while evacuating the city*, are above all panegyric.

The new Essex, which was to have been launched next week, a sloop, and the dock-yard, were fired as they passed. It was intended to destroy the public buildings as a *precautionary measure*; but this it was feared would let the enemy too much into the General's *plan*, and was therefore dispensed with for the present.

That part of it, however, was carried into effect, through ignorance, by the English themselves; and shortly after their entry into Washington, we had the satisfaction to see the Capitol (including the House of Assembly and that of Representatives), the Arsenal, the Treasury, the President's Palace, the Rope-walk, and the great Bridge over the Potowmac, all blazing at once. Every thing that *could have caused anxiety* thus removed, one general glow of patriotism pervaded the whole metropolis, and only waited the expected signal to burst forth and consume the daring reptiles, who, after such a defeat, had the arrogance to give themselves the *airs of conquerors.*

On the morning of the 25th, a large party of the enemy surrounded this office, and a Lieutenant-colonel, sent by Gen. Ross, demanded to see the Conductor of The National Intelligencer, against whom the soldiers in waiting, with horrid execrations, vowed vengeance for his exertions in the cause of his country. The Editor serenely snatched up a pistol, and threatened to put to death the first ruffian who attempted to arrest his progress. The Colonel slunk away at this, and the Editor quitted the Office pistol in hand, and, marching to the tune of—

"Hail, Columbia! happy land!"

advanced towards the soldiers, half of whom took to flight, and the rest opened their ranks to give him a free passage. He had just passed them; when, happening to scratch his head, his pistol unfortunately went off, and he found himself defenceless. The British now advanced on all sides with fixed bayonets, and having formed a hollow square, at length succeeded in making him their prisoner. In a few minutes he was informed that he had been tried, condemned, and ordered for execution. He calmly replied, that his countrymen would revenge his death

(as they had done that of the Irishman who was hanged at Execution Dock), by imprisoning two men till the British confined four Americans, and then setting them at liberty. They conducted him to a field, distant about a quarter of a mile, where they ordered him to prepare for death. Not wishing to make this a *lengthy* business, the Editor at once dropped on his marrows, and gave the signal by waving over his head a handkerchief, inscribed "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." At this moment three American soldiers were seen at a distance; at sight of which the whole detachment was so much alarmed, that the men who composed it could only think of providing for their own safety. They fired, but in such trepidation, that the Editor escaped unhurt, though he received seventeen bullets in his pocket-handkerchief. The British then took to flight, leaving their arms and accoutrements behind. The Editor caught up the muskets which had missed fire, and discharging them one after another, inflicted a severe loss on the enemy in his retreat, which, in truth, may be called a disorderly flight.

On the evening of the 25th, every thing being ready for the grand attack, the necessary measures were taken with the utmost secrecy. Unfortunately, the whole plan was in a great measure frustrated by the extreme ardour of part of our army. A company of Captain Jumps's rifle corps, anxious again to show their *irresistible valour*, by "fighting like the devil," prematurely entered Washington. They were seen by the enemy, who instantly commenced his retreat, which he continued with so much speed, that not only did he leave the guns behind, which our army, *for prudential reasons*, had quitted the day before, but he even left the spikes which he himself had put in them, at considerable trouble and expense. This *disastrous* retreat will warn him not to come to Washington

ington again, where he is now pretty well satisfied he will get nothing worth having—but hard blows.

Had the plan, so skilfully formed, and in part so successfully executed, been carried completely into effect, not a man of the British army would have returned to tell the tale of ruin and disgrace. As it is, the result must be most beneficial. It cannot but unite all parties in support of a Government who watches over their interest with such paternal care, that it recks not what it sacrifices, to ensure their safety. The building of a new Capitol, War-office, Treasury, &c. &c. &c.; in short, a new city, will, for many months, employ those who have lately complained of want of trade. A statue of Mr. Madison, standing in a *chariot of triumphant flame*, is already proposed, as the appropriate ornament of the new Capitol. When his splendid services are taken into consideration, we think it cannot be doubted that a subscription will immediately be set on foot, to replace his *new furniture* voted by Congress, which he patriotically devoted to ruin, to *save his country*.

Want of room prevents our giving the British atrocities to-day. We shall set apart seven columns for them to-morrow. Correspondents are particularly requested to exercise their ingenuity on this interesting occasion.

LEGAL SPORTING.

[From the British Press, Oct. 1.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE long been a reader of your paper, and have rarely failed, while sipping my coffee in the morning, to derive amusement, either from the *wit*, or the *stupidity*, of some of your numerous correspondents. A few days since, I laughed heartily at the display of the latter quality, contained in a letter,

the author of which expressed great surprise at Sir Vicary Gibbs's expedition against the partridges and pheasants. Your correspondent seemed totally at a loss to reconcile the union, in the same person, of an expounder of law and a destroyer of game; but, Sir, if he had reflected for a moment, he would have seen, that there was nothing incongruous in the two characters; and that, in fact, they were nearly allied to each other. To point out the similarity between the *lawyer* and the *sportsman* is the object of the present communication. The same *arts*, I think, are as necessary to ensure success in the *courts*, as in the *field*; and therefore, Mr. Editor, in treating the subject, my observations will refer to country sports in general.

Patient and persevering, no man can deny that the gentlemen of the long-robe possess two of the most necessary requisites in the composition of a "*complete angler:*" every one knows what immense profits they derive from fishing "in troubled waters;" and what vast numbers of *gudgeons* they contrive to enclose within the *meshes* of the *legal net*. Of *carp* they are fond, even to a proverb; and I never knew one of them yet who had not a hankering after *plaice*. They are said to delight in *black-soles*; but, I believe, they are more attached to the *femme-sole*.

As expert *shots*, their fame has long been celebrated. A *gull* never escapes their accurate aim; a *booby* or a *buzzard* is sure to fall before them; and they feel great pleasure in bringing down a *cuckoo*. Such of them as attend the Old Bailey are, it has been remarked, the terror of *hawks* and *vultures*; and, what may seem extraordinary, they are very active in the destruction of *blackbirds*. They are all inclined to *rail*; and very few of them formerly returned from circuit without a number of *gold-finches*. That bird, *however*, being at present confined to one *preserve*,

in

in Threadneedle Street, they are now obliged to content themselves with *kites*.

Their proficiency in *coursing* and *hunting* is no less conspicuous. The oldest among them are ever on the alert in pursuit of the *ermine*. The Old Bailey corps generally hunt with *stag*-hounds; and having once roused their prey, they strain every nerve to be in *at the death*.

So much for the general similarity between *sportsmen* and *lawyers*. I shall now detail a few particular points, in which the resemblance is still more manifest.

The lawyer carries a *bag* for his *briefs*; the sportsman has also his *bag* for *game*. The former, when he has no business, purchases *waste-paper*, with which, to deceive his friends, he fills his bag; the latter, in the same manner, when he has been unsuccessful, buys a few partridges, to escape the laughter of his acquaintance.

The sportsman uses a great deal of *powder* and *shot*. The lawyer who hopes to thrive, must not neglect to have plenty of *powder*, in his wig—and, unless he has abundance of "*shot* in his locker," I defy him to go circuit.

The sportsman is continually *charging* and *discharging*. How frequently does the Judge *charge* a jury—how often is he employed in *discharging* insolvents? And, will any one deny that the whole profession are perfect adepts in the art of *charging* their clients?

The sportsman eagerly pursues *black game*. No less eagerly does the lawyer hunt after *black letter*.

The sportsman has his *patent* powder and shot—the lawyer his *patent* of precedence, which gives him great advantages over his less prepared brethren.

Before the sportsman can take the field he must

procure a *license:* so must the lawyer, ere he is allowed to open his lips in court.

The sportsman goes forth with his *pointers, setters,* or *spaniels.* No persons are more attached to *points* than the gentlemen of the long-robe; *setters* have always been considered useful agents in the law; and it is not uncommon to see three or four young members of the profession crouching and fawning like *spaniels,* when a brief is to be disposed of.

Then, Sir, the titles of many of the legal instruments afford decisive evidence of the truth of my position. The *clausum fregit* applies to the case of a *poacher,* who breaks into a preserve. The writ *de falso judicio* refers to those misrepresentations which sometimes entice a man ten miles beyond the bounds he originally intended to have set to his excursion, in the hope of falling in with plenty of game; but on his arrival at the "land of promise," he discovers that he has himself been made *game* of. The writ of *magna districtio,* or the grand *distress,* is where a long day has been spent by a sportsman without bagging a single bird. And what is the writ of *forcible entry,* but the breaking through a man's hedge, and beating about his fields, when you have received warning not to do so? The writ of *Appeal* lies where two parties aim at the same bird, and each of them contends that he has been the successful gunner. The writ of *Error* is where a cockney sportsman fires at a *goose* instead of a *partridge;* and I think the *demurrer,* which so often makes a conspicuous figure in law proceedings, may be aptly compared to that stage of a *chase* in which the *dogs are in fault.*

I remain, &c.

Hare *Court, Temple,* MITTIMUS.
Sept. 28.

ON

ON READING IN THE AMERICAN PAPERS OF GEN. ROSS BEING FIRED AT BY A FRENCH BARBER.

[From the Morning Post, Oct. 1.]

THE *tonsor* who nearly had caus'd us the loss
Of our Gen'ral, but sought to defeat
A *rival*; for he never doubted that Ross
Was the *Barber of Bishopsgate Street.*

And well might he think so; the Gen'ral 's to blame,
Who so much *like a barber* behav'd;
For all that he met on the way that he came,
He handsomely *lather'd* and *shav'd.* T.

A HINT TO PEDESTRIANS.

[From the Champion, Oct. 2.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE Examiner lately contained a very amusing article under the above head, in which the writer, with a praiseworthy feeling, bewailed the distressing vacancy that is likely to sit upon the countenances of the chance-meeters in the streets, when the Congress at Vienna, the American war, and the Corn-bill, shall have been respectively brought to a conclusion. After the magnificent events to which we have been lately accustomed, these are paltry topics; but drowning men will catch at straws, and these are infinitely better than nothing; infinitely better than the consciousness, that, after we have met a friend at a sudden corner, and gone through the established routine of inquiries into the health of ourselves and our mutual acquaintances, and indulged in a few original speculations upon the appearances of the weather, we are positively at a nonplus for further subjects of conversation. Few dilemmas are more embarrassing than to find yourself in this state of conversational insolvency, writhing under the expectant look of your friend, who, from having made the last observation, has a

sort of legal claim upon you for an impromptu in return. In vain do you search the pockets of your mind for an unexpected thought—you find nothing there but the health and the weather, which have been already tendered; and at length, with suffused cheeks, you are obliged to make a desperate effort, and get out of the scrape by a sudden good morning, and an abrupt rush across the street. After such an operation, the patients generally endeavour to walk off their embarrassments by a bustling acceleration of motion, as if anxious to make the energy of their bodies atone for the sluggishness of their minds, and prove their command of limbs, if not of words. This is a process I can safely recommend, as the stretching of my legs, and swinging of my arms (if duly persevered in), have scarcely ever failed in reconciling me to myself, and satisfying me that I was in fact a very brisk and clever personage. I have also obtained considerable relief from reflecting, that those who have the most solid sense are in general least gifted with the talent of prompt though superficial smattering; and that I was in the situation of a man who has plenty of money at his banker's, although he cannot give change for a one pound note as often as he may be asked for it in the street.

There is a species of distress, however, occasioned by a superabundance of these tip-o'-the-tongue commonplaces, even more acute than that caused by the total want of them. Many a hasty bolt have I made across a knee-deep kennel, or down a blind alley, or into the sanctuary of a shop, when my keen eye has caught a glimpse of my approaching friend Loquax. His first operation is to harpoon his prey through the button-hole, or grasp his hand till the fingers tingle, gradually relaxing his hold, while he pours out a torrent of voluble impertinence; and if you attempt to redeem your imprisoned limb, he gives it another friendly squeeze

that

that brings the tears into your eyes, and leaves a facsimile of your ring indented for some weeks upon the adjoining finger. Thus have I been detained on a rainy day, in one of the most populous thoroughfares of London, stopping the whole living stream of Fleet Street, compelling some to walk into the kennel, but receiving the elbows of the far greater number in my ribs; having my hat repeatedly knocked into the puddle by umbrellas, and once narrowly escaping the loss of my eye from the point of a butcher's tray, while my tormentor most inexorably persevered in holding my hand and not holding his tongue. In vain do I ask him to walk *my* way;—he never has a moment to spare, though he will waste hours in rattling egotism and flippant ribaldry, and I must either remain pinned in the predicament I have described, or walk a mile or two out of my course till I can plan and execute my escape. As he is a gentleman in every thing but his conduct and conversation, I cannot palpably cut him; for, though his nonsense goes in at one ear and out at the other, I should not like him to try the same experiment with a bullet; and I shall therefore be very happy, if this letter, by catching his eye, should cause me to lose it when next we meet in the public streets.

My friend *Proser* has a fund of good qualities, if not of good talents; and indeed I have an unfeigned respect for him, for I look upon him as indisputably one of the worthiest borers in existence. He is perpetually doing some neighbour a good office, some little attentive civility for one acquaintance or another; and we are all of us excessively glad when he calls, and amazingly more so, when he goes away. The fellow, Sir, has such interminable stories, and tells them in such a monotonous tone, with such a profusion of "Says I's, and Says he's," that, even when he is relating some kindness conferred on ourselves, we are only

the more annoyed that we cannot, consistently with common decency, tell him how very piously we wish him at the devil. I would rather meet a hyæna in the streets, than this very good sort of nuisance. When he begins one of his humdrum stories, how he traced out Wilson's Stilton cheese, that had been left at the wrong house, and had recovered the parcel that Miss Brown had left in the hackney coach—how have I wished for an earthquake to stop him!—Not that I believe it would, for I suspect him to be of close kin to the persevering gentleman mentioned in Josephus, or some of the jest-books, who was telling his friend in Cranbourne Alley how shabbily their mutual acquaintance, Higgins, had behaved, when they were accidentally parted:—the complainant embarked next day for India; remained there twenty years, and on his return to England, happening to meet the same friend, instantly resumed—"Well, Sir, this shabby fellow Higgins, about whom I was speaking to you—"

But enough of these prosing gentry—I have a plan to propose for the better regulation of street conversation, which I shall detail to you in my next letter, and which I hope will relieve such of your readers as are subject to the meetings which have given so much annoyance to AMBULATOR.

JEUX D'ESPRIT.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 3.]

DIFFERENT MODES OF SELLING SEATS.

SEATS in St. James's Park, we know,
By Public Auction are let go;
While in St. Stephen's, we are told,
By Private Contract they are sold.

ON JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

Some pious old ladies are said to grow wild,
When they hear so much talk of "Joanna with child;"
And

And swear, as they lift up the whites of their eyes,
That it only can be by the *Father of lies*.

A PAIR OF PLAGUES.

Between love and gout, Sir,
What mis'ries men find!
For *gout* makes 'em *lame*, Sir,
And love makes 'em *blind*.

EPITAPH ON THE FAMOUS TRAVELLER, WHO LATELY DIED AT PARIS.

Baron Munchausen—peerless Peer,
Who all his life *lied*—now *lies* here.

ON THE LEFT-OFF POKE-BONNET.

Said I, "Trust me, Chloe, without any joke,
You 'll ne'er get a lover with that *ugly poke*."
So Chloe, her cheeks redd'ning high with a blush,
Soon left off her *poke* when it came to the *push*.

ANAGRAM.

BUONAPARTE IN ELBA.

[From the same.]

IN Elba is plac'd—(an appropriate station)
Napoleon, *once* ABLE, once fear'd by each nation;
Now, stript of his empire, his legions dispers'd,
His real situation is ABLE *revers'd*.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE NEW THEATRICAL PERFORMER.

[From the British Press, Oct. 7.]

THE Manager gives a good house and fine scenes,
Thus onward he merrily jogs;
But well may we fear, as the public taste leans,
The Stage will soon *come to the dogs*.

A HINT TO PEDESTRIANS.

[From the Champion, Oct. 9 and 16.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN my last letter* I stated the misery to which pedestrians are frequently exposed, from being at a nonplus for subjects of conversation on suddenly encountering an acquaintance; either from the natural bashfulness of an Englishman, or from his strange antipathy against saying any thing unless he has really something to say. These are feelings of which a Frenchman has scarcely a conception: he is altogether a different animal, compounded, like the Centaur, of two materials, and may be described as half snuff-box and half chatter-box. These reciprocally minister to each other, and combine to make up the character; for his head is always very full of snuff, and his snuff-box is always very full of expression. Then they have all a sort of freemasonry peculiar to themselves, by which they are enabled to maintain a long dialogue in the streets without the clumsy intervention of words or even ideas. There is more eloquent amazement in a shrug of the shoulders, than in a dozen exclamations, or a whole file of printed notes of admiration: the arch of the eyebrows conveys so much archness of meaning, the elevation of the hands is a source of such emphatical conversation, and the *tabatière*, above all, is so inexhaustible a fund of interlocution, that a Parisian lounger has no more real occasion for a tongue than the Abbé de l'Epée's scholars, whose fingers supply them with a volubility which nature has denied. I have seen a muscular and snuff-box conversation of this sort carried on for a considerable length of time with a good deal of smartness and repartee, the parties meeting, discoursing, and separating without uttering a single syllable beyond two ahas!

---

* See p. 319.

each.

each. Among the crowds of Englishmen now flocking to Paris, it is to be hoped some philanthropist will draw up a digest of these dumb colloquies for the use of his peripatetic countrymen at home, so as to prevent them from standing to stare at and from each other when they meet, in all the horror of motionless and speechless vacancy. In the mean time, let me recommend to them to carry a snuff-box, which in similar emergencies has done special service. I know a gentleman at the head of his profession, who I verily believe is mainly indebted to this portable succedaneum for the character he enjoys of profundity and wisdom; and I have been so fortunate as to procure his receipt for this extemporaneous process of manufacturing solid sayings. It is as follows—Having slowly drawn the golden repository from your waistcoat pocket, give it three distinct taps, and apply the contents to your nose with an artificial cough, consisting of one long pectoral *ahoo!*—gently flap off the scattered particles from your frill with the knuckles of the right hand, take out your handkerchief with a theatrical swing, and having gradually folded down the extremities till it has assumed the form of a silken ball, pass it athwart the cartilage of your nose, bending it first to the left, then to the right; again flap your frill, return the handkerchief with the same formalities, and by the time you have heaved up another *ahoo!* you will have been able to compose a very solemn and sententious piece of pomposity. This I take to be a most admirable operation; for, your opponent's attention being occupied by the hocus pocus and mummery, he does not perceive the lapse of time by which you enable yourself to get up your impromptu. You stand, as it were, ten paces off, and deliberately take aim at your adversary with a pistol, while he has nothing but his natural weapons to trust to, and is of course liable to be disabled before he can close and

strike

strike a blow. People of any delicacy and cleanliness may very possibly object to the filthiness of making a dust-hole of their nose; they may consider the remedy worse than the disease, something like the receipt for overcoming the taste of onions by swallowing garlic; but I am happy to inform them, that the ultimate operation of cramming the nostrils is quite unnecessary. You may carry your point by merely making a demonstration; and indeed most of our fashionable young gentlemen open a snuff-box as they do a book, without ever suffering the contents of either to penetrate into their heads.

However, as it is impossible to hit upon any expedient that shall be universally acceptable, and as the evil is too distressing to wait the slow effect of our renewed intercourse with France, I have been induced to compose a *Conversational Almanack*, which will enable gentlemen to invent topics for sudden colloquy the whole year round. They who are in the habit of making *impromptus*, best know *the great time* they require, and will best be able to appreciate my labours. Should you think proper to insert my Almanack, I flatter myself it will prove essentially serviceable to many of your readers. Before taking a walk they will have nothing to do but look out for the month, and under that head they will find, ready cut and dried, all the most approved topics adapted to the season; and, thus furnished with ready-made fertility, they may sally down Fleet Street or Pall Mall, with their wits upon the half-cock, ready to fire at the first game they may happen to start. For the accommodation of those who may wish to be thought smart fellows, I have subjoined a few monthly jokes and puns, which, though bad enough in themselves, are sufficiently pointed for street impromptus, and may be occasionally launched with very satisfactory effect. *That the dealers* in small-talk may not be altogether unprovided,

unprovided, I shall probably add a gossiping diary, by means of which, those who can only get out one day in the week, may be appropriately loquacious, and not trudge along, as they do at present, evidently at a loss how to dispose of their holyday hilarity, the expression of which has been hitherto immemorially confined to a whistle, or a piece of practical mischief.

Before I proceed to the *Conversational Almanack* and *Monthly Jokes* above promised, I think it right to initiate your readers into the most approved methods of husbanding their wit when they have got it; lest, by the unskilful management of the weapon I have prepared for them, they may wound themselves more severely than their enemies, as the awkward handler of a flail generally begins by thrashing himself instead of the corn. To prevent this untoward occurrence, I have drawn up an introductory digest of rules, adapted both to pedestrians and the frequenters of regular parties; by a careful perusal of which, the reader may enjoy the happiness of being as much hated and feared as the most inveterate wag upon record.

1. *Feel your ground* before you *take a single step*, and adapt yourself to your company. You may find yourself among a set of wretches who never read Joe Miller, and yet have comprehension enough to understand him. This is fine! Make the most of such a situation, for it is a happiness not often to recur. If any aspiring member venture to oppose you, crush him without mercy. If you do *not* know what he is going to say, tell him you can help him out in that story, should he be at a loss; if you *do*, cut him short by snatching the sting of the tale from him, and turn it against himself. *You* will get the laugh, for the audience will be happy to *reduce* him nearer to *their own level* by measuring him with *you*.

2. Never mind what smart you occasion, provided *you can say* a smart thing. Your enemy you have a

right to wound; and with whom can you take a liberty if not with a friend? A pretty thing, truly, if a jest were to be stifled because it might give pain! It would give much more to suppress it; and if others do not like the *taste*, how can they expect you to *swallow it?*

3. Latin *bon-mots* are safe if you are sure of the pronunciation; for, they who understand them will laugh of course; and they who do not, for fear of being thought ignorant. With women this rule will not apply; do not, therefore, in their society quote Horace, or confess yourself a free-mason, for they naturally hate and suspect whatever they are excluded from.

4. It is a very successful and laudable practice to poach upon Joe's premises with some poor dog who is fain at night to start the game which you have marked down in the morning. At the given signal let fly, and you are sure to kill the prey, and perhaps some of the company, with laughter. N. B. Be certain that your pointer is staunch; it would be a sad thing, were he to run in upon the game himself, instead of backing.

5. When you launch a good thing, which is only heard by the person next you, wait patiently for a pause, and throw in again in a louder key. Your neighbour, possibly, will not renew his laugh, but will excuse you, well knowing that you cannot afford to throw away a good thing.

6. If your party be stupid, and you want an excuse for getting away, give vent to some *double-entendres* to distress the women. This will answer your purpose, for the men must be fools indeed if they do not kick you down stairs.

7. In the want of other subjects for your raillery and sneers, personal defects offer a tempting source of pleasantry. When your wit has not a *leg* of its own to *stand* on, it may *run* sometimes upon your neighbour's *wooden one*. At least a dozen jokes may be

endorsed

endorsed upon a hump *back*; and you may make a famous *handle* of a long *nose*, by inquiring of its proprietor whether he can reach to blow it, whether he can hear himself sneeze? &c. &c. Take care, however, while making free with his nose, that he does not make free with yours.

8. If your party be equal to yourself in the knowledge of *the books*, or talent for extempore repartee, laugh immoderately at your own sayings, and pretend not to hear theirs. Study also to get next to what is called a good audience, or hearty laugher; for laughter is catching, though wit is not.

9. If your companions be decidedly your superiors in both these requisites, have a bad head-ach and be silent. You could not speak to advantage, and it is better to be pitied for having a pain in the head than for having nothing in it.

10. Mimicry and buffoonery are good substitutes for wit. Thus you may make some use of a prosing old put, by listening to him with feigned attention, and at the same time thrusting your tongue into the opposite cheek. This will amuse the company, and cannot offend the old gentleman; for he will be wise enough to wish your tongue kept where it is.

11. Beware of quizzing your host too severely, or he will not ask you again. Be merry and wise. A laugh is a tempting thing, I own: so is turtle-soup. Always remember that a good dinner is in itself a good thing, and the only one that will bear frequent repetition.

12. If you have once got a man down, belabour him without mercy. Remember the saying of the Welsh boxer—"Ah, Sir, if you knew the trouble I had in getting him down, you would not ask me to let him get up again."

13. Invariably preserve your best joke for the last; and when you have uttered it, follow the example now *set you by*—taking your leave.

Yours, &c. AM

THE DERIVATION OF CHANCELLOR.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 10.]

THE Chancellor, so says Lord Coke*,
His *title* from CANCELLO took;
And every cause before him tried,
It was his duty to *decide*.
Lord E——, hesitating ever,
Takes it from CHANCELER to *waver* †;
And *thinks*, as this *may* bear him out,
His bounden duty is to doubt.

CONSCIENCE.

STREET CONVERSATION.

[From the same, Oct. 14.]

THERE is a set of persons for whose colloquial comforts we have always felt a more than ordinary solicitude, and for whom we cannot but be in pain just now, especially as during the late bustle of events they appear to have been put into a vivacious condition quite unknown to them previously, and the stimulus of which they must very sensibly miss. We allude to those who from being a good deal out of doors are in the habit of meeting their friends in the street, and of being obliged to stop and *say something*. These gentlemen, from the burning of Moscow down to the entry of the Allied Monarchs into Paris, were observed to have been gifted with a very unusual spirit of interlocution. They met not, as heretofore, with a sort of unnatural look between ardour and despondency, and an attitude prepared to take advantage of the first moment of escape. They recognised each other with eagerness as persons who had probably heard the first news—shook hands with cordiality, as if they had not seen each other for forty-eight hours—and proceeded to breathless inquiries respecting the news

* 4 Inst. 88. † Dic. French Academy.

—Well,

—Well, what's the latest?—who beats?—where is Buonaparte now?—In vain they had sisters, mothers, and wives to ask after; in vain there might be a cough on one side, and an inquisitive megrim on the other; in vain (almost) the east wind came piping through the shrugging collars of their coats for days together: —the wind was put aside like an impertinent fellow—the disease was surmounted for the time being—Mrs. and the Misses Wilkins were exploded.

The world, however, now having resumed in some degree its old modes of proceeding, and news coming only in a quiet way as formerly, the chance-meeters are again at a loss. It is scarcely necessary to repeat a catechism so well known; but as we do not remember to have seen it transcribed, and malicious foreigners have a trick of misrepresenting our commonest habits, we shall record it here to prevent mistakes.

Adams and *Brooks.*

A. *(Advancing as if he could not help it.)* How d' ye do, Brooks?

B. Very well, thank 'ee; how do *you* do?

A. Very well, thank 'ee; Mrs. Brooks well?

B. Very well, I 'm much obliged t' ye. Mrs. Adams and the children well, I hope?

A. Quite well, thank 'ee.

(Here Brooks, having to speak next, gives his neckcloth a twist, and looks about a little.)

B. Rather pleasant weather to-day.

A. Yes, but it was cold in the morning.

B. Yes, but we must expect that at this time o'year.

(Another brief pause—neckcloth twisted and switch twirled.)

A. Seen Smith lately?

B. No, I can't say I have. *(This* can't say *is a very characteristic phrase in English discourse, implying that the speaker prefers truth even to the comfort of having an answer to give,* and that he wishes to Heaven he

he could *say it. Brooks luckily recollects, that, if he has not seen Smith, he has seen Thompson.) Brooks in continuation*—But I have seen Thompson.

A. Indeed!—and how is he?

B. Very well, thank 'ee.

A. I am glad of it. Well—good morning.

B. Good morning.

CRITICISM.

[From the British Press, Oct. 14.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE, for a long period, endeavoured to ascertain the cause which actuates you and your brother Editors, to devote so large a portion of your columns to *theatrical business*; but I assure you, hitherto I have been unable to satisfy my mind on the subject. Most of you take a savage delight in exposing and cutting up every poor devil, who, like myself, stands forward to amuse the public. No sooner does a new performer make his or her appearance, than a description of personal beauties and defects—of voice—gait—manner—follows in all the public papers, which, for minuteness and accuracy, leaves at an immeasurable distance the *pictures* that are weekly exhibited in *The Hue and Cry*. Under such circumstances, of what avail is it to "a poor player" to change his name; since, no sooner does he appear on the London boards, than the newspapers gratuitously advertise his creditors where to look for him. This is really very cruel. I recollect that I was myself arrested on the seventh night of my performance, in consquence of the favourable notice taken of me in the newspapers, for a trifling publican's debt contracted in Birmingham; and I was very near losing my engagement through this accident. This, I think, may be *termed "killing* a man with kindness." Now, Sir, if,

if, as it appears to me, you Editors "are nothing, if not critical," why do you confine your talents to dramatic performances? If

> "All the world 's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players,"

why do you not extend your sphere of criticism a little? If you take the trouble of looking about you, you will find plenty of subjects on which you may exercise your abilities, and not meddle with His Majesty's servants.

Why not criticise the Russian Emperor's performance of *Alexander the Great?* or review the representation of *The Confederacy*, by the Allies?

Could you not eke out a column or two in observations on Mr. Madison's performance of *Bobadil*, and his exquisite picture of the *Runaway?*

Why do you not give your opinion on the beloved Ferdinand's exertions as the *Hypocrite?*

How did it happen that you never said a word about Platoff's exquisite execution of "*A soldier I am for a Lady*," which drew half a dozen fair ones after him to the Continent?

Neither did you ever call the attention of your readers to Buonaparte's acting in *Fortune's Fool*—he has since, I understand, assumed the character of the *Maniac.*

Even if you confine yourself to home affairs, you will never want subjects for criticism.

There are, in your own immediate neighbourhood, at least twenty competitors in the part of *Snake.*

Mr. Croker has, for a long time, been playing *Bayes* and *Peter Paragraph*; Mr. Wharton has been equally successful as *Vapid.* Yet little notice has been taken of either.

Mr. Wellesley Long Pole some time since got up *The Heiress*; he has lately played *Sir John Loverule*

with

with effect. Why should your critical acumen sleep with respect to him?

You have never stated what you thought of Sir John Murray's personation of *The Poor Soldier*—which must have disappointed many of your readers.

The other day your paper contained an account of the auction in the Green Park—but not a word was said about Sir William Congreve's execution of "*Adieu! thou dreary pile!*"

You must have heard how excellently Lord E——n personates the *Miser*, and yet you have written no criticism on his performance.

You have been equally silent as to Joanna Southcott's *Mother Cole*—a performance, I understand, beyond *Conception*.

Again, turn your eyes to the sister country, and food for criticism may be found in abundance.

Mr. Peele has got up *The Curfew*, with very little success. His colleague, Mr. W. Fitzgerald, was equally unfortunate with *The Choleric Man*. The latter was thinking of getting up *The Old Bachelor*—but he gave up the idea, and has brought out *Man and Wife*, in which he introduces the Welsh air of "*Poor Mary Anne!*"

Mr. Grattan, with a country company, has been performing *The Man of Ten Thousand*. Those for whose sakes he got the piece up, have not behaved very handsomely; it would, therefore, be only justice in you to make favourable mention of him.

Mr. Peele has made some *noise* as *Owen Glendower*. He bawled out the passage—

"I can raise spirits from the vasty deep!"

with astonishing violence—but no attention was paid to him, after Mr. Justice Fletcher, who appeared as *Percy*, exclaimed, in keen and cutting accents—

"*O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!*"

From

From these hints, Mr. Editor, you will readily perceive that it requires very little industry to select abundance of matter for *criticism*, from the great theatre of the world, which will entertain your readers infinitely more than observations on the mimic scene. I trust, Sir, due attention will be paid to these observations—and that, in future, the knights of the sock and buskin will be permitted "to strut their hour upon the stage," without notice in the daily journals.

I remain, &c.

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

Playhouse Yard, Blackfriars.

ADVICE FOR CONDUCT IN THEATRES.

[From the same, Oct. 19.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE often regretted, that a regular code of laws has not been drawn up for the government of those dashing young gentlemen who are in the habit of visiting the theatres. In the absence of any regulations of this description, I have thrown together a few hints, which may be of great use to them in places of public amusement. I have acted on them, myself, for several years, and never knew them fail of attracting the attention of an audience, which is a matter of primary importance to those who, instead of noticing the performance, are anxious to be noticed themselves.

I am, &c. N.

If you have taken places, be sure not to enter the box until after the commencement of the piece. Select, if possible, the moment when an affecting incident has excited general attention, to make your appearance. It gives an individual an air of great importance, when a party of twenty or thirty persons

is obliged to rise, to permit his free ingress to the front row.

If any person officiously lifts up the centre of a seat to permit you to pass, repay the civility with a smile of contempt.

If the night be extremely dirty, on no account neglect wiping your filthy boots on the tops of the seats; by thus *making your mark*, you are almost certain of securing two or three rows for yourself; and nothing gives a man an air of greater consequence than, in a crowded house, to keep possession of the greater part of a box.

If the evening be very rainy, forget not to bring your dripping great coat and umbrella into the box*. You will thus save sixpence, and, by annoying an entire company, compel them to talk about you.

Should you observe *three* very corpulent persons filling a seat, where there is accommodation for *four* of moderate size, insist on your right to complete the regular number. If you cannot squeeze yourself among them, you will, at all events, be sure of creating noise and confusion, and of drawing the attention of the audience from the performers to yourself.

If you have a friend in the box with you, and observe any foolish fellow very attentive to the business of the scene, immediately commence a conversation

* The young man of ton, we are sure, must admire very much the introduction of the great coat, wet and dripping, to the annoyance of every other person in the box. By taking it off in this condition, and whisking it in the eyes of the ladies, if they be of the first fashion, and display, of course, naked shoulders, it will be as good as a shower-bath; but it has been well suggested as a great improvement, if, this ceremony being over, he would fold it up carefully into a pad, and place it under him; as he will not only sit more at his ease with this additional stuffing upon the seat, but, thus elevated, as it were upon *a throne*, must deprive the persons sitting behind him of all chance of *catching a glimpse* of what is passing upon the stage.

on some trifling subject in the loudest possible key. Of course, you will be requested to keep silence; but you must then, if you wish for notoriety, talk louder than ever. Should you be *solus*, you may interrupt an attentive auditor, by asking for a pinch of snuff—"What is 't o'clock?" &c.

If you are fortunate enough to grace the front of the stage-box, do not fail to criticise the actors in louder tones than they express themselves. When a handsome actress appears, bawl out your approbation; and, should a plain-featured lady come on, point out her defects as boldly as possible. This mode of proceeding distracts the attention of the performers, makes them commit blunders, and transfers to yourself the eyes of the spectators.

You may still purchase the *detonating balls*—with the aid of a few of these you may mar the finest performance. The explosion, it is true, may throw a few females into hysterics—but what of that? A true lounger will always derive pleasure from the distresses of a female.

Should you observe an ancient couple, accompanied by half a dozen modest and beautiful girls, highly gratified at the entertainment, do not hesitate a moment to pick out the most abandoned profligate who walks the lobby, and commence, in their hearing, an obscene conversation. There is something wonderfully pleasing and comical in making a virtuous woman blush.

ON THE LAW MANUFACTORY OF ENGLAND;

AS SUPPORTED BY PROOFS FROM COCKER'S ARITHMETIC AND AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT.

[From the Champion, Oct. 23.]

IT is, I think, a matter of rational surprise, that, in a country like this, whose commerce and manufactures are the main streams of its existence, we should

 have

have weekly commercial accounts of the state of our iron, our cotton, our woollen, and other manufactories; and that, as yet, no individual before myself should have thought of informing the public how we go on in the most important of all, I mean the manufactory of our statute laws.

I am by trade a grocer; a circumstance not worth mentioning, except to show, that, although my arguments may smell of the shop, I have been all my lifetime most correct in weights and measures. A man whose arguments are weighed in a scale, and are bolstered up by Cocker's Arithmetic, has *two bottle-holders of evidence*, which must crush all opposition. I defy the ingenuity either of literary or legal authority to contradict my positions.

The first moment I determined to write, I thought it might be proper to have something like a knowledge of the law; and I therefore sent my apprentice to a neighbouring bookseller, *to buy and bring home the law.* I expected to see about as much as would fill his two coat-pockets; but it was with surprise and pleasure I saw him lay down a bale of law (Ruffhead's Statutes), which, when put into my scales, weighed, butter-weight, with a flopping fall, sixty-one pounds avoirdupois. They contained, in number, 15,708 statutes, and were manufactured from the year beginning 1225, and ending in 1794.

If, then, our laws are most excellent, as without doubt they are, the more they weigh, and the greater number we have of them, the better; and how they can be better weighed than by my scale, and how they can be better numbered than by counting the index with Cocker's Arithmetic in my hand, I do not know. Now, any man of common liberality ought almost to be satisfied with a weight of law in small print amounting to sixty-one pounds, which I think is as much *stuff as we ought* to expect a lawyer's head to carry.

However,

However, I am happy to be the harbinger of good news, and to inform my readers that the law manufactory has been increasing, is increasing, and will increase still more.

Take Ruffhead's Statutes from 1225 to 1766, and place the same in a scale, and you will find thirty-five pounds weight in law. These laws were manufactured during a period of 541 years; so that at that time there was not above an ounce of law in a year, in point of weight, and that administered through the comfortable annual average of 109 statutes for each year.

Next weigh from 1766 to 1789, a period of twenty-three years. It appears the manufactory increased rapidly, for it produced a good weight of seventeen pounds of law; that was nearly equal to twelve ounces in a year, and dispensed through an annual medium of 195 statutes.

Next weigh from 1789 to 1794, a period of five years. There was a large demand for the articles in this eventful period, and the manufactory turned out five pounds weight of goods, which is sixteen ounces per annum, and that dispensed in 230 statutes.

I have proved, beyond the possible powers of impudence to deny, that the law-mongery business has been increased in a ratio of sixteen to one. It is a thousand pities to reflect, that, arrived as steam-engines are to the highest pitch of perfection, no able mechanic has endeavoured to apply their powers to law-making as well as nail-making. They certainly do a deal of work, and do it sometimes as cheaply, and as correctly, as it has been done in the old mode of manufacture. If any arrangement of this nature should take place, we may soon have the pleasure of seeing the weight and numbers of our statute law so much increased, that it will require a broad-wheeled waggon to carry them about with us, and a taxed-cart after it to bring up the index.

MARTIN MUNDUNGUS.

CRANIOLOGY.

[From the Public Ledger, Oct. 28.]

MR. EDITOR,

ONE consequence of peace with France will, as on former occasions, be an influx of *impostures* of all sorts, from a maxim long established on the Continent, that "*John Bull* will swallow any thing." Of this readiness to oblige John in his own way, we have already an example. An ingenious Gentleman has offered a course of Lectures on the art of discovering the qualities of the *mind*, by the *shape* of the *head*, which in Germany and France is called *Craniology*; and, like other humbugs of the kind, was some time ago hooted out of both countries.—But it is thought it will do for honest John, who, they think, will give his money very freely to know something of other people's heads, while they prove to him that he has none at all himself.

Whether this new *hoax* is intended to supplant *Joanna*, who seems almost worn out, I know not; but, after all, I should not be very sorry if the science had been good for something. We really very much want some criterion—some method of judging of those *heads* to which public affairs are intrusted; and if this can be done by a process so simple as inspecting the *shape* of the *scull*, I should be the first to subscribe for a general *shaving* of the *heads* of all men in *office*, that we might know their fitness for the situations they hold: I should like, for example, to inspect the sculls of those who have planned and conducted the present campaign in America; who are of opinion that trade is best carried on when in opposition to the sentiments and experience of the merchants of London; and who are of opinion, that, contrary to a positive agreement, the property-tax may be continued for *years to come*. In all these *heads* there must be some-

thing

thing worth inspecting—something out of the common shape and size; and if the principles of Craniology may be relied on, it is time that we apply it for the public good, by choosing a fresh set of sculls for public offices, more conformable to the *right shape*, and in which the *brains* are all on the *right side*.

I am, Sir, yours,

PHILO-NOB.

THE COMING OF SHILOH SOUTHCOTT.

[From the Morning Post, Oct. 29.]

Scene—JOANNA'S HOUSE.

TOWZER AND COMMITTEE OF BELIEVERS.

First Believer.

VE comes here for to *ax* you, if so be
Joanna 'll let us Master Shiloh see;
For unbelievers, out of doors, keeps prating,
An *blows us up*, till ve is tir'd of waiting.

Towzer.

Ere I to this presume to answer aught,
'T is fit I ask *what presents* you have brought?
If you have empty hands, you come in vain;
As you trudg'd here, you may trudge back again;
For unbelievers will come every day,
Should I reply to those who cannot pay.

Second Believer.

Ve is, Sir, a committee, you must know,
Appointed lately for to come to go
To *ax* if Mrs. Southcott 's in the straw,
And make report of all ve heard or saw;
In *h*order to enlighten the whole town,
And put the vicked unbelievers down.

Towzer.

Speak, d—n you, to the point—not like a fool;
What have you brought? I 've told you what 's the rule.

First Believer.

Sir, ve 've subscrib'd three halfpence all apiece,
Vhich ve means soon to two-pence to increase.

Ve've brought six cloths for Shiloh, to begin,
Besides a gallon and a half of gin.

Towzer.

Have you so? Come, come, thus far all is well;
Now what you want to learn I 'll quickly tell.
To see all 's right, I 'll taste your liquor, though;
Tricks upon trav'llers won't do here, you know.
[*Takes a glass of gin.*
'T is pretty good, I 'll put it in *my* chest—
Joanna 's very fond of Hodges' best;
Sometimes she takes a little bitters in it:
Now, all you ask I 'll answer in a minute.

First Believer.

Ve only vants to know if Shiloh 's come,
Because some people say 't is all a hum;
Swear that to get the dropsy she has happ'd,
And never 'll be deliver'd till she 's tapp'd.

Towzer.

This I well know they say th' elect to tease;
But 't is a bouncing lie—ask Dr. R——;
Or, if you wish to silence those who carp,
To find another witness, look out *Sharp*.

First Believer.

Is Shiloh born? Say, Mister Towzer, do.

Towzer.

D—n your impertinence, what 's that to you?

Second Believer.

Ve mean no harm.

Towzer.

You put me in a pet;
Shiloh can't make it quite convenient yet.
What business, pray, have you to be so flurried;
D' ye think, for any of you, he 'll be hurried?
Has not Joanna, lately, put in print
What to believers might have given "a hint?"

Believers.

O yes! her hint as Gospel ve receive;
But ve vant proof to make the vorld believe.
That ve have Shiloh seen ve fain vould tell—

Towzer.

Towzer.

That you have seen—won't hearing do as well?

Believers.

O, just the same!

Towzer.

Well; though he won't be seen,
You 'll hear him if you stand by yonder screen;
There place yourselves, and Shiloh from on high
Will tell you when he means to leave the sky:
But while he does so I must not be by.

[*Exit Towzer behind the screen.*

First Believer.

Vat noise is that? I vonder vhat I hear:
Punch in a puppet-show, I think, is near.

Second Believer.

I think so too.

Third Believer.

You both is fools. Rejoice!
'T is nothing less than Master Shiloh's *voice.*

(Shiloh sings behind the screen.)

You ignorant gabies,
You cursed blind babies,
Who toddle here, scratching your fleas;
I wish you 'd be quiet,
For, spite of your riot,
I will not be born till I please.

Your vagabond crew
Would fain bring me to view;
But stay where I am I had rather:
To please you, good scum,
I 'll be curs'd if I come
Till Joanna has *found me a father.*

Now all may go home,
Again here to come
When your party some new present raises;
Till then don't return,
Or with rage I shall burn,
And send you all packing to *blazes.*

Enter Towzer.

Well, brothers of th' elect, I hope at last
You're satisfied, and pleas'd with all the past.

First Believer.

O yes; such vonders told in these our days
Vill presently a new subscription raise.

All.

Now ve have heard his voice vith our own ears,
Each doubt's remov'd, and banish'd all our fears,
Ve shall report the miracle ve've known,
And all vill bend at Shiloh Southcott's throne.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

TOPS AND BOTTOMS.

[From the Champion, Oct. 30.]

MR. EDITOR,

BEING an old bachelor, and consequently free from any real misfortunes of my own, I frequently visit the theatre, out of mere curiosity, to behold the fictitious troubles of the drama; and on my return to the city invariably stop at a certain coffee-house in the Strand, to digest what I have seen, as well as a Welsh rabbit, and a tumbler of brandy and water sweetened with capillaire. Last night, after I had taken my usual corner seat next to the bar, I overheard a conversation in the adjoining box, from which I gathered that its tenant, a cunning old fox like myself, was detailing to his friend the advantages of a matrimonial scheme, in which he was about to embark with a warm, though one-eyed widow, in whose name he had himself seen thirty thousand pounds, four per cent. stock, standing in the Bank books. From the snatches of his discourse I concluded that he was proceeding to discuss the dress in which he should be married, and his plans subsequent to that event, bearing, with great good humour, his companion's jokes about his charmer's economy of peepers, since, like Marmontel's *Philosophe* soi-

soi-disant, he only sighed *pour les beaux yeux de sa cassette.*

Immediately behind me the landlady in the bar was alternately giving orders to her milliner for various articles of finery, previously to her annual trip to Margate, and taking orders from the waiters and others for present and future feasts. Portions of the two dialogues occasionally crossing each other upon my ear at the same moment, formed such whimsical combinations, that, having a pen and ink before me, I was induced to commit them to paper, and the following is the exact conversation which my neighbour (whose name I found to be Hoggins) unconsciously maintained with the bustling damsel in the bar.

Mr. Hoggins. Let me see—I think I shall wear my brown bob-wig—

Landlady. With a pink satin cap and amber ear-rings.

Mr. Hoggins. My snuff-coloured coat—

Landlady. A flounced petticoat, and patent stays.

Mr. Hoggins. As to the breeches—

Landlady. All the ladies wear them, you say.

Mr. Hoggins. I think I shall go to church in my jockey-boots—

Landlady. With a poke bonnet and a red parasol.

Mr. Hoggins. People will soon discover that I am possessed of something handsome.

Landlady. A calf's head and a pig's face.

Mr. Hoggins. Should I have children, the first thing I do will be to see them—

Landlady. Skinned and cut into thin slices.

Mr. Hoggins. I shall take care to have them well dressed—

Landlady. In the fish-kettle, over a charcoal fire.

Mr. Hoggins. What a pleasure to behold them frisking before me—

Landlady. In the frying-pan.

Mr. Hoggins. And to hear their dear little tongues—

Landlady. Bubble and squeak.

Mr. Hoggins. My daughter shall be accomplished—

Landlady. With plenty of sauce.

Mr. Hoggins. Slim as an opera-dancer—

Landlady. With a pudding in the belly.

Mr. Hoggins. I shall make a point of seeing the little darlings put carefully to bed—

Landlady. And smothered in onions.

Mr. Hoggins. And as to myself, I shall give up my mind and body to the rewards so well earned—

Landlady. The heart to be peppered and devilled, and the sole to be fried.

I had no sooner written down this unlucky peroration to Mr. Hoggins's complacent exordium, than I burst into such a peal of laughter, that the parties, of whose conversation I had thus caught the *tops and bottoms*, suddenly suspended their discourse to ascertain the cause of my merriment; and lest I should be called upon for an explanation, I hurried out of the room, determined to pop my manuscript into your letter-box.

Yours, &c.

OLD QUIZ.

ODE TO ANNETTE.

[From the same.]

"WHAT's in a name?" old Shakspeare cries—
And brings a proof potential,
To show that in mere names there lies
No difference essential.

But thy fond practice, fair Annette,
The bard's position parries;
Else wherefore is thy fancy set
So strongly on the *Harrys?*

As

As husband, Harry J——n, first
  Thou chastely didst prefer, Anne;
But soon the marriage-bonds were burst,
  To fly to Harry C——.

As Helen fair, but, ah! more frail,
  Ere long thou fled'st thy Paris;
And as thy fav'rite next we hail
  Triumphant Harry H——.

But soon from him thy ready charms
  By golden trump are summon'd:
Presto! we find thee in the arms
  Of happy Harry D——.

Not long, I ween, erratic fair,
  With thy *fourth* Hal thou 'lt tarry;
But if a *fifth* to take thee dare,
  There is *but* one——OLD HARRY.

THE FIDDLES.

AN EPIGRAM.

[From the same.]

CRIED a Scotchman once, hearing old S-l-m-n play,
"Your fiddle sae charms me, I downa weel say,
'T is divine, by St. Andrew! shake hands wi' me, pray;
  This grip, chiel, my friendship insures."
Quoth S-l-m-n, quickly withdrawing his hand—
"Though *my fiddle* you like, my good friend, understand,
  That I 'm not over-partial to yours."

EPITAPH ON MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 7.]

HERE, aged eighty, sleeps Van Butchell,
  Of whom no mortal can say much ill;
He look'd as queer as Macbeth's Witches,
And wore a beard and leather breeches.

POLITICAL MEDLEY,

IN HUMBLE IMITATION OF MR. W———D'S SPEECH, ON THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, NOV. 6, 1814.

[From the Morning Post, Nov. 14.]

MR. Speaker, As no one is by,
Dispos'd on this subject to chatter,
You 'll think it uncivil if I
Don't say a few words on the matter.
First, why are we call'd here so early?
For cash? Mister Van, do not mask it—
'T will make the town all hurly burly,
If you should want courage to ask it.
Rum ti iddity, iddity,
Rum ti iddity ido.

Of the war we now wage I 'm not loth
To tell you I think it a shame,
The mover and seconder both
Should throw on the Yankees the blame;
'T was Canning's fault only—and now
I 'll say what I said to his face;
And I 'll kick up a bit of a row,
Since *in*, he is out of his place.
Rum ti, &c.

Who is Canning? I gladly would learn—
And for teaching will any one thank, Sir,
That now it should come to his turn
To hold an ambassador's rank, Sir.
While I must keep bellowing here,
His road to preferment 's made shorter,
He gets fourteen thousand a year,
And leaves me to fume with my porter.
Rum ti, &c.

Abroad he may touch up his rhyme;
But I 've yet a more forcible rub—
He "the hist'ry" may write "of his time,"
In the manner of *Boney* and *Bub*.
The death of Ross is an event
Which with Drummond's I needs must deplore, Sir;
For Barclay's defeat I lament,
But for Washington's capture much more, Sir.
Rum ti, &c.

By

By beating the Yankees, be sure
  We lengthen the war with their nation;
So, Cochrane, a copy procure
  Of gallant Prevost's proclamation.
These things, and a late reprimand,
  Demand that we of them inquire, Sir,
As burning great Madison's land
  The writings put all in the fire, Sir.
  Rum ti, &c.

Notwithstanding the Congress has met,
  The Continent will not be quiet—
For several nations are set
  On making a terrible riot.
To Saxony some would advance,
  With the cursed Don Cossacks' fierce "Hurrah!"
And some, as they Boney from France,
  From Naples would trundle poor Murat.
  Rum ti, &c.

I wonder the late restor'd Kings
  Some reason have not chance'd to gain, Sir;
What wretched contemptible things
  Are those of France, Holland, and Spain, Sir!
As some of them liv'd here so long,
  And to hear our discussions were free, Sir,
It needs must be own'd they were wrong,
  Not to come and learn wisdom from me, Sir.
  Rum ti, &c.

King Ferdy, though long out at school
  With Boney, it seems, no good taught is;
Or else he would not play the fool
  By sending to quod all the Cortes.
It has not much to do with th' Address;
  But, lately, when Mina was caught, Sir,
King Louis sent orders express
  That he might be off swift as thought, Sir.
  Rum ti, &c.

Now, pray let me ask if our rhino,
  Of Ferdy supports the ambition—
If so—then, Sir, we (that's all I know)
  Support the abhorr'd Inquisition.

'Tis

'T is hard we must pay for it there,
For Spain, or the Pontiff of Rome, Sir,
While Ireland we drive to despair
By not setting up one at home, Sir.
Rum ti, &c.

Now, to wind up and finish my song,
The Address made me speak till this minute,
Nay, forc'd me my roar to prolong,
As *none* of these things are nam'd in it;
To flight I 've put half of your number,
The attendance I would not make thinner;
Those present may wake from their slumber,
The others come in from their dinner.
Rum ti, &c.

SECOND-HAND CLOTHES.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Nov. 17.]

LEVI Samuels, at the sign of the King of Hanover, Rosemary Lane, begs leave to inform the public, and especially any young noblemen or gentlemen going into the army, that he has on sale an assortment of *German Regimentals*, as good as new, both for dress and undress. They have seen some service, but are not at all tarnished, having been worn by officers of tried and approved courage and honour, who never turned their backs on an enemy. The German tailors (as they are apt to do) have rather overloaded them with lace and finery; but, with some alteration, they might answer for an Hussar Regiment, and be made *more fit for British soldiers*. Levi Samuels has at present on view regimentals for two Lieutenant-Colonels, ten Captains, twelve Lieutenants, and a Cornet.

Levi Samuels takes the liberty of *acquenting* the public, that, if not immediately purchased, they will be sold to any manager of a theatre. In their present state they would answer without any alteration for

Merry

Merry Andrews, Fops, or any other ridiculous characters in the drama.

For further particulars apply to Levi Samuels, at the sign of the King of Hanover, corner of Marshal Court, Rosemary Lane.

"There 's Rue for you and Rosemary."—HAMLET.

HOW TO ANSWER QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[From the same, Nov. 30.]

Q. WILL the Minister mention on what precise day
The war-taxes cease by the act?—*V.* Cannot say.
Q. The act says the fifth, and the public so deems
Of the property-tax, without doubt?—*V.* So it seems.
Q. On the Continent, how many troops must we pay
Now peace is concluded?—*V.* Ask Lord Castlereagh.
Q. His Lordship 's abroad, but he surely writes home
Instructions to colleagues in office?—*V.* To some.
Q. While my Lord 's in the *rear*, what responsible man
Is to lead and inform in this House?—*V.* Mr. *Van.*
Q. From Ghent to Vienna at what common rate
Can a courier be sent?—*V.* 'T is a secret of state;
And the House, I am sure, its fair confidence lending,
Would n't press such a point while a treaty is pending.
Q. If we now vote these millions, what season will bring
Some proof how these millions were wanted?—*V.* Next spring.
Q. And when shall we know how the millions were spent,
As clerks cannot cypher till Christmas?—*V.* Next Lent.
Q. Will the Minister please but to say Yes or No—
Can our income maintain our expense?—*V.* I don't know.

CRIM. CON.

[From the Public Ledger, Nov. 30.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN our punishments for the above crime, it has been long complained, that the party most offending, namely, the lady, escapes without punishment; while the

the seducer, as he is commonly, but very unjustly, called, bears the whole weight of legal vengeance. I have long been considering how this partiality in our laws might be remedied; and I might have gone on somewhat longer in my meditations, had I not the other day learnt, from a recently published volume of travels, a mode of punishing the adultress among the North American Indians, on which I wish to build, not a theory, or a system, but merely a *hint* to the Legislature.

It is said, Sir, that when a North American husband detects his wife in a criminal affair, he *bites off her nose*, and then lets her go about her business. Now, Sir, as ladies of this description in England are remarkable for courting notoriety, and never so happy as when they get into the newspapers, or are stared at in the theatres, I think that this would be a *mark*, which would serve to raise them to that *distinction* they are so desirous of obtaining at a cheap rate, and would indeed infallibly point them out, without the least hazard of being mistaken, as is now frequently the case, for what they are not. It would also serve as no inconsiderable preservative of their virtue afterwards; for I understand that gentlemen in quest of frail beauty consider a *nose* as an indispensable ingredient, whether *pug*, *parrot*, or *Roman*. I am likewise informed of a very credible fact, that there are ladies who silently submit to the loss of their chastity, yet would make an hideous outcry for the loss of their *noses*. Nor let it be thought, Sir, that I am proposing this, merely out of compliment to the above-mentioned North American Indians, whom I do not reckon the first inventors of the punishment—I am greatly mistaken if Nature herself, in *crim. con.* matters, has not frequently a tendency to *nasal retribution*.

I submit all this, however, to the consideration of the Legislature; and if there should be found in any husbands

husbands a repugnance to do themselves justice in this way, the courts of law might be instructed to appoint a proper officer, under the title of *Nose-biter*. Such a one might, perhaps, be found among some of those cross-questioning barristers, who already examine a witness with as much passion as if they meant "to bite off his nose."

I am, Sir, yours,

SNOUT.

TAXATION ON SLANDER.

[From the same, Dec. 1.]

"A humbug, a nuisance, a damned villain, a robber, a murderer, a cheat, a pander," &c. &c.—REPORTS BANCO REGIS.

MR. EDITOR,

THE reading of a report, in your paper of the 30th ult. of the result of an action for slanderous words, certainly of a very strong tendency, and my recollection of several other trials of a similar nature, in which the law was laid down in the same manner, immediately threw me into a deep reverie, during which the words in my motto seemed to ring in my ears in a regular rondo; and it was a long time ere I could get the unpleasant jingle out of my head. I will not trouble you with one tenth part of my thoughts on the occasion, but merely state the train of ideas into which I insensibly subsided.

It is evident, said I, that a man may charge another with having robbed and murdered his father, and yet not be punishable by the law, if he only said it in an abusive manner, without believing what he himself said. In like manner he may say in the public street, not only that a man's wife is a w—e, but that the husband sent her a w—ing to Margate to get money to carry on his business. These are such trifles, that the price of eight fresh herrings and eight foul epithets is the same, viz. one shilling.

Now,

Now, Sir, I am a sort of Quidnunc, and I view all these things with the most philosophic indifference, except in one point which I am constantly labouring at—*the good of my country*, which I think may be greatly promoted by encouraging the growth of abuse; and which, if judiciously done, I do think may be in time made a most productive source of revenue. I therefore propose, that a small tax be laid upon slanderous words. This I acknowledge would at first appear like an attempt to check, rather than encourage them; but I will prove to you, that, as in all other cases plenty brings cheapness, so, in this, cheapness will soon make plenty; for, if it were generally known how much slander may be uttered for one shilling, it cannot be doubted that every one would have twelve penny-worth at times; and great numbers would indulge themselves very frequently in such a luxury, if their circumstances would permit, and they knew beforehand what they would have to pay. I propose, therefore, the following tariff, beginning with the smallest damages that are ever given by juries, and dividing the offences as well as I can, so as to come within the shilling; acknowledging, as I do, that the tax on the first article is much too high if the latter are not too low:

You are a humbug	¼d.
And a nuisance to the neighbourhood . . .	¼d.
You are a damned villain	½d.
You robbed and murdered your father . . .	3 d.
The waggon and horses you use are not paid for	½d.
You sent your wife a w—ing to Margate to get money to carry on your business . . .	7½d.
Total	12d.

Every other article in proportion.

Now, Sir, consider one moment what would be the effect of a law, well promulgated, by which every one could

could be indulged in the luxury of uttering slander at so cheap a rate.

The population of the United Kingdom is fourteen millions, of which numbers three millions may be supposed fully capable of exercising this privilege; and the poorest can afford it once a week—Saturday night at least. This at once brings you in 7,800,000*l.* every year, which may be still further increased to an immense amount by any good financier, when the habit of uttering slander has arrived at its desired height. Then, Sir, it will no longer be a mere luxury, but an absolute necessary of life; and by raising the tariff according to the wealth of the parties, almost every other tax may be repealed.

As to collecting the tax, I conceive it to be infinitely less difficult to devise a plan for getting every farthing into the Treasury, than to persuade people in general that they may so safely give way to their scandalous tongues, and at so cheap a rate.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
QUIZ QUIDNUNC.

P. S. I wish your Correspondent "Snout" would apply his admirable ironical pen to this subject in another point of view.

ON THE NEW L—RD M——R.

[From the British Press, Dec. 5.]

THE pious friends of Mother-Church
Affect to like our City *Birch*;
Yet some of these sly rogues—'od rot 'em—
Have never lov'd him much *at bottom*.

COGITATIONS

COGITATIONS OF THE HIGH PRIEST ON THE APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS.

[From the Morning Post, Dec. 6.]

Scene—NEWINGTON CHURCHYARD.

Towzer is discovered pensively leaning over a tomb-stone, perusing the following Epitaph:

"Near to this spot
Lies barren Peg;
She had but one issue,
And that in her leg."

ALAS! what 's said of Peg, to Towzer's woe,
Will presently be said of *Mistress Jo.*
Fool that I was to leave poor mother Church,
For Mother Southcott's service, in the lurch!
Paha! *Mother* Southcott—break, my heart! she 's none,
Nor could a score of Towzers make her one.
Who want them not, have oft a dozen brats—
'Tis hard we can't get one to gull the flats.
Blow loud, ye winds; ye rains, your torrents shed—
Pour all your wrath on this devoted head.
I 'm lost! undone! my business at an end—
No human being lives poor Towzer's friend.
Hope long has here been fighting in my breast
With *Fear*, and of the fray once had the best;
And fighting desp'rately full many a round,
Hope his antagonist seem'd to astound—
But he has now got from his rallying foe
A sad cross-buttock, and a knock-down blow;
And if I am not certain he is kill'd,
At least I know he has got soundly mill'd.
Fear to my heart, as lord and master there,
Prepares to introduce his friend, *Despair:*
Haste, haste, Joanna, haste, a baby have,
And not the world, but thy lov'd Towzer save.
O, if not in the straw, though near a wife,
Thy Towzer does not care a straw for life.
But useless these complaints, this anguish vain:
Though the wind mourns, and skies shed tears of rain,
All will not do—th' elect these cannot hum,
For, ah! that d—d young rascal, *Shi*, won't come.

Christmas,

Christmas, which brings to others joy and mirth,
Will make me wretched'st of the sons of earth.
Though Greenland's frost come with it, still too hot
The town will grow for me, and I must trot;
Shall I to some far-distant country pass,
Or, tarrying here, proclaim myself an ass?
What can I say, that will the mob content,
Baulk'd, as they have been, of "the great event?"
I swore—'t is true, I was not then quite sober—
A brat should be forthcoming in October;
And if, so I was flat enough to say,
I could not show it e'en on Christmas-day,
I then would tell them they were fool'd enough,
And own Joanna's writings all d——d stuff.
O, must I, after all my labours past,
Since to no *labour* she is brought at last;
Must I to all proclaim her barren state,
And let the glorious humbug terminate?
Howe'er I laugh'd, diverted to behold
The rabble listen to the tales she told,
I was, myself, sufficiently beguil'd,
To think she had contriv'd to be with child.
Alas! too late, the dire mistake I find,
And fall before the dropsy or the wind.
If, when on Christmas-day the mob are met,
I tell them *Shiloh* is not ready yet,
With unrestrain'd derision they 'll reply,
While dogs, and cats, and rotten apples fly,
To make my pulpit but my pillory;
They will but mock me, if I say the Hag
Means twelve more months young Master *Shi* to drag,
My brain 's on fire—come *Shi*—my head runs round,
Shi Southcott come, or I sink to the ground.
Swans, just before they die, a song produce;
What if I give one from a dying goose?
It cannot much my agony prolong,
And *Shiloh*'s self may feel the pow'r of song.

Tears his clothes wildly; elevates himself bare-headed on the tombstone, and sings,

WILL YOU COME TO THE COT?

Tune—"Will you come to the Bower?"

WILL you come to the cot we've got ready for you?
Your quilt shall be white, and your curtains sky-blue:

Your cot, Master *Shi*, ev'ry other shall beat,
'T is the pride of the City and Aldersgate Street.
Won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you
Come, Master *Shi*?

Will you come, will you come, and be born, Master *Shi*?
We 'll show you about, as the boys do their *Guy*;
If you don't quickly come, there will be such a row, Sir,
The Lord only knows what they 'll do to poor Towzer.
Won't you, won't you, &c.

O come, Master *Shi*, 't is a shame that a son
Should keep his father waiting so long as you 've done;
If you now could but call, the Believers would pay,
But, kept longer waiting, they 'll all go away.
Won't you, won't you, &c.

Having urg'd for your coming these arguments strong,
Excuse me if I put an end to my song.
Come now, and the public shall finely be cramm'd,
If you won't, you may stay where you are—
But I won't swear.
Won't you, won't you, &c.

EXIT.

NEW DEBATES.

[From the General Evening Post, Dec. 8.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE short parliamentary campaign being concluded by a truce of two months, permit me to make a few remarks on the species of warfare which seems now to be introduced. Instead of the heavy artillery, the 42-pounders, so frequently and with such effect discharged by those able engineers of former days, the Pitts, and Foxes, and Burkes, we have now a species of troops, who content themselves with discharging small *poppers*, fitter for a couple of duellists in Kensington Gravel Pits, than two brave Commanders in a field of battle. In other words, Sir, for I am afraid to trust myself with military metaphors any longer, *our Oppositionists* have adopted a new method of de-

bate, if it may be so called, according to which every thing is conducted *dialogue-wise*, and the affairs of this great empire are likely to be managed, as certain popular Histories of England are written, "in question and answer." Whether in both cases the intention be the same, namely, to "assist short memories," I cannot take upon me to say; but it is very certain that it is a far *easier* thing to put questions, in the manner of a cross-questioning barrister, than to compose or deliver one of those harangues, equally eminent for argument as for eloquence, upon which the fame of the statesmen above mentioned is imperishably founded.

I have a notion, however, that the *dialogue-form* of our debates may not have altogether originated in the love of ease, or in the want of those shining talents to which I have alluded. I trust I shall not be thought to hazard a conjecture too bold and ill-founded, when I venture to surmise that the plan has been borrowed from the *Theatre*. My reasons for this opinion are, that the practice of discussing Acts and Bills, and other public measures, *by question and answer*, began to make its appearance at the very time when the great *Opposition-questioner* became the *Manager* of one of our theatres. It is well known that he undertook the management of that great dramatic republic, when its affairs were in the utmost confusion, its *national debt* heavily increased, and its public creditors in danger of losing both principal and interest; when its Sovereign was dethroned, his palace burnt to ashes, and no prospect remained but that of destructive anarchy. At such a critical period, the gentleman I allude to stepped forward, and, by a series of prudent and spirited measures, completely restored the finances, rebuilt the palace, and became *Lord Protector* of the whole concern, which now flourishes under his government, to the great satisfaction of his willing and obedient subjects.

I assume,

I assume, therefore, that no man could have done this, without having his head filled with a new set of ideas, which, having been successful in one place, he would naturally wish to transfer to another, where, in his opinion, the same grievances are felt, and the same complaints are to be heard. It was impossible that any man, of so comprehensive a mind as this great Manager, could have given his nights and days to tragedies, farces, and pantomimes; to the delinquencies of secretaries, treasurers, box-keepers, and door-keepers; to the salaries of players, dancers, and singers; to the complaints of authors, composers, scene-painters, carpenters, &c. &c. without his imagination being strongly impressed with all these various and variegated concerns; and even his language on common occasions, and his conduct in common life, being tinged with a little colouring of what was perpetually before his eyes.

To all this, therefore, I think myself warranted in ascribing the *dramatic form* in which the papers have lately handed us what used to be called the Debates. When, instead of four or five columns, I see the sentiments of an orator given in two or three lines, and that in the form of a question, with the emphatic *stage directions* of "a laugh," or "hear! hear!" I fancy that I am reading a comedy in the prompter's copy, and that we shall soon see introduced the sly word *aside*, with the significant local precepts of O. P. and P. S.

Thus much, Sir, for an attempt to trace the *origin* of our new species of debate. Whether it be, upon the whole, an improvement, is a question I am unwilling to investigate. To myself, deeply engaged in a business of importance, which allows little time for political studies, it has, I own, proved both convenient and amusing; and I have even ventured to regale my wife and daughters with a scene or two at

breakfast,

breakfast, which they protest "reads like a comedy." But I have too much of the patriot about me to study my own convenience at the expense of my country, and will be content to sacrifice every selfish consideration, if it can be proved that the *Question* and *Answer* system is not preferable to that to which we have been accustomed so many years; and which, among other things, had this good effect; it created a reverence for Parliament; it excluded the petty quibbles of inferior talent; it permitted no time to be wasted in "frivolous and vexatious" propositions; and it threw an air of dignity on the speakers, and a fame for eloquence and argument, elegant as well as impartial and dispassionate, which, *probably*, may be ill-exchanged for a method within the power of men of very inferior abilities and very contracted principles, and who are generally more remarkable for displays of temper than of talent.

I am, Sir, yours,

A DEBATER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

RECEIPT FOR A FASHIONABLE ROUT.

[From the same, Dec. 9.]

TAKE all the ladies and gentlemen you can get, place them in a room with a slow fire; stir them well; have ready a piano forte, a harp, a handful of books or prints, put them in from time to time: when the mixture begins to settle, sweeten with *politesse*, or wit (if you have it); if not, flattery will do as well, and is very cheap. When all have stewed together for two or three hours, put in one or two turkeys, some tongues, sliced beef or ham, tarts, cakes, and sweetmeats, and some bottles of wine; the more you put the better, and the more substantial your rout will be.—N. B. Fill your room quite full, and let the scum run off of itself.

A CHARACTER.

[From the Morning Post, Dec. 10.]

HIS jokes, as heavy and as dull as lead,
Which rarely wound e'en where they chance to hit,
May show the man to be a *true Whitbread*,
But clearly prove he is not *bred a wit!*

ACUS.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

[From the Morning Herald, Dec. 23.]

THE proverb declares, to our senses appealing,
Though "Seeing 's believing, the truth lies in Feeling;"
But now a dup'd Doctor has found out, forsooth,
Even Feeling is not, *in all cases*, the truth.

RODERICK THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Dec. 26.]

YES, Laureate Southey, by length unappall'd,
Thy numbers Miltonic I've scann'd 'em;
So roving thy measure, thy Hero 's miscall'd:
His name should be *Roderick Random*.

For man and for reptile with provender stor'd,
How kind is thy last of the Goths!
First food for the Critics thy pages afford;
And secondly, food for the Moths!

PROJECT FOR THE PACIFICATION OF EUROPE.

HUMBLY SUBMITTED TO THE SOVEREIGNS IN CONGRESS.

[From the Champion, Dec. 31.]

I SHALL make three assumptions, which I have no doubt will be readily acceded to, before I proceed to state the detail of the important arrangement which will tranquillize all Europe.

In the first place, the right of the strongest is the only right which can possibly be acknowledged in politics.

In the second place, individuals have no rights, no feelings, no happiness, separately considered; but are merely component parts of a great whole.

In the third place, it is lawful to destroy or annihilate all those persons or states who shall oppose themselves to the wishes of the majority of the strongest.

On these three incontrovertible maxims I shall build my reasoning, or rather my recommendation.

It is obvious, that Europe has been for centuries disturbed by the desires of different great sovereigns, who have now and then taken a fancy to some little neighbouring territory, which would make the most convenient accession in the world to their own dominions. The little neighbouring state, instead of quietly submitting itself to the wishes of the superior kingdom, has generally had the impertinence to resist by force of arms; and then, so strong in mankind is the love of fighting and cutting throats, that in a short time the whole continent has been engaged in war about this same paltry principality, which ought in the first instance to have been blown up by gunpowder.

Now, I wish to put a stop to all this wretched absurdity: there should be no small states in Europe: they should all be absorbed in the greater. For instance, let there be four great states, England, France, Russia, and Austria, all of equal strength, and let all other states be merged in these. If, after an impartial

division, there shall be a superiority remaining of one or two odd principalities, the best plan for preventing all future dissensions will be to root them out, with all their inhabitants. Some opposition will perhaps be made to this scheme: Prussia and Turkey, and Sweden and Holland, may grumble a little, to be deprived at once of all their consequence; but the bayonet and artillery of the majority will soon silence these senseless clamours.

It may seem, at first, rather ungrateful to exclude Prussia, which bore so distinguished a part in the late war; but what has gratitude to do with political convenience? and besides, how dare Prussia complain, who would, if allowed, at once pounce upon Saxony? The Turks, it is evident, have no claim to the merciful consideration of a Christian congress: indeed, I never could understand what business they had in Europe. It is high time, either that they should all be converted to Christianity, or else be transported to Asia or Africa, or disposed of in some other way by means of Christian fire and ball. Sweden will hardly have the face to object to a little robbery just after her theft of Norway;—and as to Holland, I really could never see why a set of fellows who wear trunk-breeches and sell butter and cheese, should be allowed to have a state of their own, just as if they were a well-dressed and genteel people.

There are, I am aware, several other states and even kingdoms, but they are too insignificant for particular mention: though I must just hint, that I would convert Spain into a great Jesuits' college, of which the Pope should be president, and Lucien Buonaparte the lecturer on the Belles Lettres. That confounded name puts me in mind of the man at Elba, against whom I see no security, unless he is either hanged or made a Bow Street runner. I incline to the latter part of the alternative, because I would not destroy a sinner while

there

there is any chance of his repentance, and because his activity and large experience would make him a most useful officer of police.

The advantages of the partition which I have above described, seem too obvious to be dwelt upon. In the first place, there would be no more fighting about the independence of petty republics and free towns; and these equally balanced nations could never, on account of that equality, go to war with any chance of success. Each would be a match for the other; and to prevent any two uniting against a third, each state should keep its own heir apparent, and the two next successors to the crown, at the three other courts, and, on the least symptom of a treacherous union, the said heir apparent, &c. should be immediately strangled.

The next advantage would be, that the four great states would become in time so assimilated, that there would be no longer any foolish and partial preference of one country to another, but we should all become citizens of Europe. There would not be much occasion for large standing armies, and the kings would just keep up so many soldiers as might serve to amuse the women and children.

Finally, it would be as well to have only one religion in Europe; and as the Protestant professors are the least numerous, they ought to give up their tenets to the majority. In the mean time, lawyers, and physicians, and mathematicians, and men of letters, may in private hold what opinion they please, but must not publish them under pain of being deported to Africa.

This is just an outline of my scheme and its advantages, and I think it would be much better for the Sovereigns at Congress to adopt it at once, instead of wasting their time in affected hesitation about petty depredations. Let them go to work boldly, and then show me the man who will dare to oppose them.

WHIMSICULO.

FIRST SCENE OF A FARCE NOW ACTING AT VIENNA WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE, CALLED

THE CONGRESS.

[From the same.]

Scene draws, and discovers a Collection of crowned Heads, Potentates, and others; to whom enters A Norwegian.

KINGS, Emperors, Princes, Commanders, and Chiefs!
Most noble and mighty, attend to my griefs—
Ye know that, for ages of tranquil repose,
We have cherish'd our rocks, and rejoic'd in our snows;
At the rigorous frownings of Nature have smil'd,
And lov'd the rough charms of our desolate wild:
For far o'er our hills, in the snow-buried vast,
Under canopied pine-trees that rock'd in the blast,
Sate Liberty thron'd.—Through her veil of white sleet
Her eyes shot a lustre so joyous and sweet,
That we wanted no suns, and our icicled trees,
That glittering tinkled when wav'd by the breeze,
To us were more dear than the clustering bloom
Of the Persian groves, or Sumatra's perfume.
And now, may it please ye, a foreigner comes
To startle our wastes with his trumpets and drums,
Who swears we are barter'd, like cattle, to him,
And, because we object to comply with his whim,
Our towns he invests, and, besieging our shore,
Starves, murders, and seizes——

Potentates.

Pray, rustic, no more!
All this, you must know, is a part of the plot
Arrang'd between us and Monsieur Bernadotte.

Norwegian.

Our fir-trees may bow to the thundering ball,
And the snows of our mountains may tremble and fall,
But nothing that breathes shall acknowledge his rod.

Potentates.

Then, fellow, we 'll all of us make you, by G—!
'T is part of our beautiful system and law
To succour the weak—keep the mighty in awe;
'Gainst aggrandizement, conquest, tyrannic control,
We have all of us pledg'd both our body and soul.

Norwegian.

Norwegian.

Surely Norway 's a striking exception.

Potentates.

You fool!
Don't you know that exceptions establish the rule?

Saxony.

By your promises, pledges, and papers of state—

Prussia.

Pho! that 's a ridiculous story: don't prate!
You 're *another* exception—'t is easily shown—
For I want your dominions to add to my own.

Poland.

I claim restoration—

Russia.

O, quite out of place!
Another exception—a palpable case!
You must strengthen my weakness: the balance of pow'r
Without it would never endure half an hour.

Italy.

But Italy still may rely on your word,
And hope for her freedom.

Austria.

Completely absurd!
Another exception as clear as the light;
For Italy 's mine as a matter of right.

Talleyrand.

Exceptions enough, I perceive, you advance;
But for whom was the rule then intended?

Potentates.

For France!
'T is pleasing to see how we 're spreading the cause
Of reason and right, true religion and laws.

Spanish Patriot.

As witness our dungeons and prisons, that groan
With heroes who bled in defence of the throne,
While a fell Inquisition and brutified King
The heart of our country remorselessly wring.

African.

As witness the horror that howls o'er our plains,
The hell-dogs of trade now renewing our chains;

The victims who, raising their hands to the sky,
And clanking their torturing fetters on high,
Appeal to their God as they crowd to the bay,
And groan, with clench'd teeth—"Castlereagh! Castlereagh!"

The Pope.

I have done what I could for the good of the world,
And the Jesuit banners again are unfurl'd;
For which all my former possessions in full
Again I insist on—if not, here 's a Bull!

Potentates.

Peace! toddler, you shan't have an atom of plunder.

The Pope.

Booh!! Fire and fury, perdition and thunder!

Lord Castlereagh.

Most excellent Pope! worthy monarchs and peers,
I cannot allow you to fall by the ears;
Your Holiness knows that in matters most knotty
We lately applied to our friend Quarantotti,
And are willing to pay for assistance at Rome,
In curbing our Catholic subjects at home.
And you, mighty monarchs, will doubtless allow,
That at every pinch Johnny Bull 's the milch cow.
Then settle your claims and your losses, and say
How much compensation you wish us to pay:
We paid for the war and assisted your views;
To pay for the peace 't would be mad to refuse.
Vansittart will manage the Property-tax:
Besides, we have Huskisson now at our backs;
He 's a dab at financing, and knows very well
That a loan or two more is a mere bagatelle!

Omnes.

O really, my Lord, you 're exceeding genteel;
Such generous conduct we cannot but feel;
You 've settled our quarrels for ever, we trust;
So, up with the Congress, and down with the dust!

[*Exeun*

THE END.

Printed by S. Gosnell, Little Queen Street, London.